



Collisiom Blossoms:

**Of Mono-Dis-Curse and cRude Becoming;
A Multiform**

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Collision

Blossoms

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Part One - Inert

The collision blossom began as a method for making objects that were precisely composed as a plan or score for the generating act, but which made an event which was unpredictable and uncontrollable in its significant last image finalizing stage. The method broadened to a concept quickly. Yet the object making method remains perfectly exemplar of any extrapolation of the idea. I made a grid of small circular holes. They perforate a thin vertical wall. I choose some of the holes such as they form a pattern. I draw a square around each of the selected holes. This helps me to detect, in a lower resolution, the initial pattern formed, thus allowing better overview. I thread string or rope through the holes, depending on the size weight and scale I wish to use. One end of the tether I tie to objects, random or common, any kind of variation I wish to compose for at the time – indeed, the visual score for these pieces is precisely as the physical apparatus appears. I then take the opposite ends of the tethers, bundle them together on the other side of the wall, and pull them quickly tight. The objects they are attached to on the other side of the wall converge and crash together, fixing tightly as the bindings pull, and as the various angles of the objects find fits into each other. This is entering.

Race/culture/species/politic, religious/philosophy/status, class/age/gender/love, hate/purpose/organism/ - pulled tight, converge quickly to form the flower – all divisions of things, fed into a harness collar or yoke become suddenly and dramatically, and, spontaneously, and momentarily, and for this rendition, brought into an urgent order of perfect conflict. Well, if the attachment to these divisions are loosened just as suddenly, they become lax, and there relationships that you have violently fixed in their collision is suddenly at risk of dissolution. They may quickly fall away from each other, and not connect...strand broken... and so again, - and all efforts to put into order and such as the classic orders even, and so forth to divisions, the humours, or elements table, or, arts and sciences in school curriculum after Ramus' dichotomies the efforts have this attachment, a string that when is pulled with others in a tandem or so will move their objects toward some place, the place as being somewhat diverse, as determined by the yoke we have seen described – even yet a view is obscured and (we) should see the smallest point or evidence -, or this way...

Things seem to be in a standard or known order or logic and place, but they have a small or thin attachment to a common but a separate field, and these attachments become taunt or tightened and the things as pulled from their relation with each other, and then converge to the new place or field which is the end field of all their attachments – and these things then collide above and on the field, and forced to touch, they should form again, all of their relations with the other things –

The commons, stone concrete brick tar metal prefab, smokestack car motorcycle convenience store venders yet a flat slab above as if a tofu from an endless pan, and this descends in thin needles and it makes a presence through the first horizontal place, that is perhaps some expression on a wall, or over an electric box at a street light, or along a concrete barrier on a highway, someone has painted a fish, a bird, or flowers, this is the descent of needles from a concentration as if you picture in the mind the levels of a big parking garage -... aside, but is there something from the lower rising up to touch with lace pin tips the upper most, something that from below is a like concentration to the descended?

There is one human race, but what is height and weight and eye and nose (or lack of bone) or colored skin, then what is it we name? In my wife's womb, now, two sets are both mixing or are fighting... will it be relaxing or be born to competing and be ready for its tests, or wander in the forest, far away from cramming school... and I am listening through my eyes in through her lower belly, but, too soon to hear, the loving or the fighting in her sides, of our two halves of it...

Far and low and near and high are only of location, and the values are unsaid or never clear from that -. We had a thing that sat between. The in between is gradated like a carbon disk with thick and thin, or on a plaster wall, where patches go too deep and gradate from dry to wet. And gradation on the X-ray when the switch makes its Kathunk as if a heavy blade is dropped, and there, a little leak of rays, or then a burst that roasts and roars. The softness of the possible between is tangled but is not in balance, it is held up or is down by a confusion of the distress of a web, the objects of a birth beginning in the sequence like a bean descends a channel, but, then when it falls, it mingles all amid the leaves, or grass, or hair -.

An image of the time and matter posting on the shattered shaft, a mending bone, is influential as a plan or map or guide as use of wires rising work inside it is like tiny healing hands.

The wooden blocks are magnetized, and slide into each other's arms and only pull away when gravity is strong on the one more than on the other. They should be made different by some one common quality of wood, and then, they stop to love, and fall away. In nature, they should form a numerated box, synthetically, should seem to be a branch or trunk. This is something that would seem to combat recognition of platonic shape. When attached, the wheel would fight the block or cube, and spread as pride spreads active on the field of battle, like the clutter of the broken and the cracked. Even stuttering, the wooden tongue will babble unto splinters in the narrow channels of the throat. There is a tapered carbon line between the recognition of akin and recognition of a kind. If the things are pushed are forced are bled like valves and then repeated in a row, a solid blemish, then a pocket or a pool will let the spirit out that filled the likeness sack through tiny veins.

Standing on a beach of sand, then rocks begin. Soon the beach becomes a ledge, and there is no way to return the way you came. There was no path, but only your direction and the peddle of your legs and granulated spaces up ahead and there below the feet, and grains became as boxes and of cabins made of quartz and stone, and pressed mud filled with shells. There is no path through after time has placed you from one place after the next. You should walk, and walk some more, but not the way you came. The coming is extinct and now is only going on.

Where in some point of writing is a something said, but after and before, the thing once said is not, but drops into a drain and leaves a mark at best, there only something once was said, but now a mark around a perforated drain becomes our history of the written word and of the drain. This stands, containing frequent bluing of the hands and face, and growing heavy of the hairs between the brows, and thickening of forward facing muscles of the scalp... expression is repealed, an then retrieved, from down the drain... what of bluing, what is right in answer following before a mark is made to turn the stated to the cautious word it is, some downturned sentences are drawn, and stains the sides and we should read then as we spin in orbits as we try to form the square. The hands, a sanded color and a paint with metal filling in the pores and on the genes it leaves its stain and bluing to the generation of the smile on the ceramic face of many forward facing gods who's blue heads wait for pleasures of the fruit and bodies ripe to them, and wait to hear the sounds of drums and temple gongs, and softness of appearance of ceramic robes, and pageantry, and pleadings at their shoes that sit up on the pedestal where you would slips yours off to be below-...

On a ladder, barefoot, on a floor, the tile is cool and clean but in between again, the mortar has a dirty hue. As underneath a stool, the three feet are embedded with a hair or tiny stick or dust piece of some skin, and in behind the table up against a wall, a village has arose -... It is a common mix, the order that is made, and then the secret living we should think is gone. If you have cast too far, your line will turn to air. One has been waiting for a circle of a space to put possession in, but thus desire for a rounded thing requires it be round, so, round and round it goes, to reach a perfect round, and never gets to leave the many sided square; age is victimized such that possessions are a forfeiture of those possessed by rounds.

There is only just a little measured field a cubit in which this small sliver can be raised. There is a thing to introduce, the pin that makes a note or song or passes through a fabric or is holding on a sleeve, or speaking in a voice...

There is tyrannical moving through the impulse locks beneath the first and higher layer of the skin. It reveals itself through ripples like a snake that undulates forward covered by a sheet of sand. If suspected, it will know, and suck itself from up and down, and sink into itself, so nothing will remain but an impression of thing that falls in doubt. Then when the cautious time has passed, it creeps again, toward the farthest point, the end, the tip from which it launches – as the influence involving what is seen and taking in, and what exchange. A thing is set apart inside a silent war, and opposition is elastic, stretched from where it comes (inside a hollow stem) to where it goes, on metal rooftop sheaths. Announcing it at dawn and dusk, the steeples and the terracotta both return the call, and pass it on, and organs pipe a tone to drown the sound, but add a note of desperation to the song. It is a swamp song, a desert song, a city song and a brambles song. It is nowhere bound, and free, but never leaves.

The wellness wish departs the mouth, it swims in air and vapid corners, it mounts another wish and pumps, it drains another of its water and leaves it dry behind, it swells to bursting then it vomits up a sickness as a tick would spew its virus through the flesh, and, it darkens with the wish of ill, and mounts in turn, and bounces on a surface of its target as a ball on slanted solar panels down a roof of water flashing the way magnesium powder fires when lit, it is that way with the water in the sun, with bouncing of the wishes, on the slants, and diagonals, and tilted rooftops, angled for the rain, and in some farther place, is angled for the snow, as gravity is optimistic to its use, and lends itself when given smallest offering, that gravity is living in the smallest of circumstance. Offering, the slant, to many things, offering, the bowing to the ground. Should we fight the force, then it would let us go, and we should float away.

Mid-point night and day. Mist arrives while threatening to pull back. Change purse could jingle, on a bedpost, while a person stirs, and thumps an arm, and makes a sound. Bird is acting, rooster is acting, dog acts, coyote packed with friends is stalking, deer are moving quickly through the field, plant stems tug manipulating their dew and sun hood for the day or night, - shift sun and twisting earth shaped in its spindle face and turn away, and come to conflict. Arms ripped, joints separated and boiled down with cabbage, copper wire stripped of varnish, hats, church. Day of difference, days of lining, evenings of haste and private changes of the attitude, and strategies, the day again, born again. That is what is at this juncture.

In some body places, there is commentary by the breathing of the heart. A shortened breath, a shallow breath, an deep and gathering breath, a fast series, a hallow set with long divides of rest from breath, a deep and spirited, and a deep and broken and or interrupted embellishment of dramatic breathing, ; then the partner of the other has a throbbing and a rushing beat, a pounding and a skip over a note in a set, and narrow followed by a trembling or tremor like a shaken earth, or like the dribble of a creak that has been fed but now the pond is drying, and the tiny twigs are like the massive dam... should you read the one of these, you would then pass on to the next, and read, and read more, and not to stop to sleep or eat, you would become the commentary too -... as you would take this on, and be it, as the sole

identity of what you were before -.... And after that then what you can become -... it is a kind or variety of vision -... the eyes of the contraction, and the embedded muscle -...

There is not to study, there is not to learn. There is a sitting place, a reversal place, and forward and a slowly sifting through a funnel with a screen place. There is the optimum place, and at an end, which tapers like a cone tip, is a minimum place. How likely we should marvel, that they face away and never see each other, but can only feel. Should they face, they might converge, and make no place.

We have planted, on a barge. Upstream, going, then the tide -... one is shared, the ground, the other may as well be gone, detached -... after the sewing -... but, a one is still the ground -, into which was sewn. How the force that keeps is mimicked, while the both will stay and seem attached, but one is not the earth, that one is of the air, and not the air, but using it, more as if a barge below the ground that was sewn -... and this is a puzzle of the sharing, and a puzzle of extent, and of the contour of the featured mix, and the features of the compounded, of the separated but remaining and the as-if dynamical mildness of a harmless lie -... that tricks a body, and, becomes as of the set of useless things the products of the mind. The sun is shining, it is day, the air is moving, it is a wind. The sounds of something churning, it is my organs, and a factory in the distance. The simple thoughts remain untouched. The complications have a busy life like the birds' hearts.

Extravagantly not with flamboyance but with buoyance, drifting the sea, inside a wooden boat with wide flat deck, and rowing gently, pine tree islands on peninsulas ahead, and turning to one side to see peripherally with the eyes beyond and to towards where the boat is being rowed, sun has set, and fog has set (in) and the air now wet from bubbled popped of circulated spins of the oars that shoot up then and spatter like spit in the air, or, the bits of fog as if like bullets of dew air being swept by buoyant air, and pelting the being whichever one is with the face the turns to feel it -... a river at its mouth is salt that meets the sea, and tides like oceans in the river empty out the bed and clams for clammers in the mud and mix of salt and fresh water muds, but rowing in the highest tide that hovers at the stain of water lines-... pictured, imagined, retained, revisited, fused, another boat, and time, a fog and falling fish bait from a fog, a boat, and tided up to a dock, and lowest tide, the boat it sits below the dock, and fish that fall fall through the fog, and seem then to be falling from out of nothing, as if being invented in the air above, that whites out to a water line – and then pitching with a pitcher or a pitcher fork into a set of wooden pockets on a side, the boat, and falling fish fall more, and rapidly, and this too is a dream of more extreme, that when they go, the fish fall endlessly and far advanced of pitching them away -.. and nightmares come from daylight dream of work... now sewn but not as planting but sewn as stitches stitched, to this, the other boat and peaceful fog and twilight, too, a balance of the senses and that we should never fall to sleep then even in our drifts, that we should wake and be awake, before the time to dream is all we know, and never wake up again.

Water, water, heat, fire. No cold, no cool, hard particles of heat pierce soft dew drops. Dews drops, laying dead, upon the ground, shot dead. Dead waters are everywhere, little bodies.

If you cry tears your tears will be shot. Do not cry tears, lest they be killed as they emerge. Why enjoy the murder of the birth of tears... it is too cruel.

Sliding widows screens filters for the stacks, flames lick the rims of cement and iron tubes combined, rooftops tarpaper water heaters, tubing, red lanterns through the open windows, curled tops and the carved enthusiasm of a brightly painted dragon of the air, and then a sea dragon one billowing clouds one billowing waves, another of the earth is billowing flames. Booming of a temple drum one night but who I wondered, painted on its side I could only guess, was which of those, who's drum was beat ... maybe I imagine, it beats for my own power...

A thing asks as a request, if I am broken, brake me more. If I sleep, let me sleep. If I am thirsty, give me a book with every corner of every page turned over, so that one edge of the book is bulging and pressing against the binding and twisting the entire form out of its convention. This as request shows the nature of the asking thing.

Some time is murdered suddenly by waiting, some by sitting or sleeping in a standing position alone waiting to leave or outside in a long line, perhaps that there are others also murdered next to you and you do not yet know, but in that line it happens, but then, sometimes, time is murdered in the wake of rushing when from behind time is stabbed and crumples on the tired floor. The floor must always give support to time, which likes to rest and grow fat. Then, the floor must cup the corpse of time. The floor should sometimes move toward a wall, and vomit forth a bile to fill its place from which it has removed itself. Sometimes walking, you will find you stand or step here, and you know, the floor has had enough.

The baking is made to be smelled and cared for in the case of clay before firing, and smelled in the case of potatoes and bread, and are made to be touched, like objects are encased will force desire to caress them through the glass – bake is means for invisibility and silence while the others walk, and some subset will stay, and pull a curtain to its head, and put a slippery on a foot to make no sound as when it creeps it might with withered feet or bone clubbed feet that pound the floor (so tired floor) instead to glide across -...

The understudy of the performer has made a preparation to infuse the actor with a surface like a butter mask. It is a happiness it is impractical to be in character as any other than a butter covered face that holds a mask – and limiting to render any other than an actor holding on his head a covering of butter like the butter mask -... to render as the actor, the butter covered face, of an actor with a butter mask.

Tires are on fire in a circle, each a circle, makes a perfect recursion, of a circle of fire, made of circular fires, burning rubber tires. In some circles, this would be excluded, but the only circles that are important are the rubber tire circles that are on fire, which are inclusive of them. Flaming tires, sometimes are not for a circle, but are individual, and make for perfect yokes. This from bad movies and cheaply printed newspapers ink gets on your hands oversaturation, color, picture flames too bright, but good to kindle fire with.

It is, is it possible it is to know, do the hands float... and how many others that are like postured questions in their pose, to know, if the fingers will stop the turning of an electric egg beater, how it feels to fall from a tree and land on the back, how it is to fill the lungs with water, and what it is like to be turned inside out. The question has answers but to find requires they be last questions, and, no guarantee that we should know the answer, as awareness may to be a part of the cost. So as speculation

is for free, and we may write, but even to inspire so to be observers guarantees us nothing, as it may not be a thing to share, but still it is an easier thing if we inspire, because, for another is the cost and not for us, so we may make this small and meaningless risk again and again. I would still make smaller risks, as putting in the socket on the wall of some my parts, or putting finger in a hole, would want as well to know the things that transgression against the common sense would have us not to know, even sense that costs us just a little for some pain though one eye left is all you need.

The first things have the most import, but better to outlast it with a thing that follows and will be forgot. The first is first to accommodate, and after is less friendly, as continuance is familiar, and to know begins to steer toward mistrust. The label or the title of something to be called put on a spinning lid so newness simulated is refreshed from a closed pool can delay and if sufficiently diverse and long, a spinning lid can operate at the brink of memory, but not beyond, so not remembering requires introduction each time when it would be best to move on to the task at hand. But at the brink of memory of the title of a shifting thing can demand something that's just enough demanded, so the mind is exercised, but not so taxed as to close off all to comfort of the knowing just a little, and, this is a state in which a thing may be coerced and pulled in closer, and then some advantage taken, by a host or some other of familiar kinds. It is a gentle or a soft control, like the thumb used as a nob, or, of a sea cucumber that is pressed or stepped on to be used as an electric switch.

Rigid rigor vigor rubber ribbed, patterns extending in reflection of a tilted mirror seems a long thing into vanishing points... how to add a width precisely planned along the length that you can test in length with reaching of the hand as far the arm extends, then you can tilt it and it seems a thickness that does not recede for so stays as if its distance is always just as close at hand until the impossibility is stuck to the mind like a smack on the forehead with a flat thing slightly curved from carving so to fit the forehead so a vacuum is made and the flat thing sticks and must be pulled free with a force that makes a popping sound and leaves a red mark and a pucker on the skin. When the illusion fails, this is the time to flee, because, an unsuspecting one may find a circuit being crossed, and when a circuit goes, a limb can throw, a muscle part so fast it spills a soft content onto what was clean before, and something can be arced from static eruption. Positioned between research, morbidity and expression, the plan revolves around the use toward impurity of intent. The plan makes three revolutions and then makes a side exit from visual field, and then revolves three times again until and spin of wind is tight as knots and must reverse releasing in it concentrations of a force that makes nuggets or nodes that may be fuel sources... but this is away from sight, and evidenced by inference, and not enough for conviction of the spirit in the mass mind. So it is, that trial should be conditional on evidence of the senses, and not of reason, or other fact.

I discuss the idea of hybrids with my wife. It is curious, we think about what animals can cross and what cannot. We discuss that maybe early man and modern could cross like donkey and horse but now we just have one human race and nothing else to cross. But she and my skin color and facial features are different slightly, she is Taiwanese, Chinese I am American white, Swiss/German descent we discuss what is inside her pregnant body now. We discuss this because, she has brought it up, as we will need to find some common themes for joint art exhibition we will have. We are making everything that is duel, our duel national existence, our duel aesthetic one between our separate disciplines, and duel perhaps

do we have duality of race or are we one race so much political it is but we should see what value from us our difference of substance has, when born maybe, its known, what truth the matter is -... now it is a hybrid in our minds, or is it a chimera... constructing out an abstraction or to change the word abstractive planning, we are molding in a womb, a principle, a construct, a structure, a conception, a conceptual rigor, a living dichotomy, a flesh of the categories, a discursive statement with a pulse...

Cross eyes, if you do that they will get stuck, if you play with your pencil it will fly into your eye. If you have a coil of rope on the deck of a boat you will get tangled in it and will be sucked under water. If you play on the rocks, you will slip and puncture your eardrum with a stick and then have a lopsided face. Don't lick various things. Don't swish mercury around in your mouth, or chew on a lead pipe.

Dissection is a common way to study anything. Breaking something open is one way to look inside. It is done in a methodical way, so that the information gathered and retained is put inside a slot the same from one time to the next, and even when prepared, or sliced or sampled and examination specimen is made, it is the same from one thing different to the next. But, if you would slice a thing and cut it into parts to see, the thing will not perform as once it did, if it is living and a life remains, it will not act as if you have not disturbed it, and dissection necessitate the death of a thing oftener is the case, and from this death, the part will not behave or move as once it did as powered by the thing of which it is a part, which once was moved by living. Better watch the insect in the tent or hive, or try to become like a moth or butterfly, but this is difficult and leads to accidents of fate, when someone falls from the canopy or is buried in a hole of caved in earth. It is a seesaw balancing, the thing to do – it is a best thing to stand still and not to act in deference to indifference to the functioning of working things we have no need to know about. It still requires we establish a knowledge base, and this is something too, that some things we should know, are needless to know about-, and in addition to that, are merely things we have no need to know about. I know nothing of the stomach lining, other than it is good to eat cold with some green onion and vinegar and chili pepper.

I have seen a many earthworm, coming out at night, the ones they call the night crawlers, they are sticking up their heads for cool night air or dew, an shine a light on them and see and if fast you might be able to catch one too if you can pull his body from his hole without snapping him in half -. An many an earthworm from digging in a garden or turning over a board to look for snakes, but also when you dig for them along, with purpose to find the earworm for to go fishing, and then the medium sized ones are good as good as the night crawlers which are maybe best for bass or pickerel. And, I have seen a many earthworm packed tightly inside a bottle or a can so they are one solid mass of a pound or two, wiggling and moving over each other as if in one version of a compressed and not a spacious hell, where tormented souls slip and slides over each other in thrown of burning suffering in excrement. And I, in some heated revelry between the time of days when it is cool before the times of day when it is hot and wet, then I am picturing a cup the da bay the big cup full of chi but in the cup that hold in all I know a hollowed thing, as if the monkey on the mainland, and the men who use a spoon in their illegal lust of flavor and the coarseness that is budding in this flower of that moment in the lives, when they would eat a living creature brain out of a skull, and I would think, my own pot full of these earthworms that move and shift and weight about the same as of the human brain which might have gone away into the gullets of these greedy men if I were in another life -... bait for sale, and we could all be living in another life...

All the water in the mouth has gone dry. Skin resolved and lubricated with a cotton stick, but dry, but thank you, for the time, you let me wet the mouth, but thank you for the time, you let me moisten my knee and sooth the bite (the tick laid on me for an hour and, it bit and moved and bit, an didn't find a place it liked) and make the crusty skin so it would stretch a little bit again. Thank you, oh, the prayer goes, for the water, and the mouth, and the earth beneath the shoes and also, thank you for the mix of soil, it says, of compost and chicken poo and filtered cinnamon. I have worked this life up to the point of milking out as graphite sap, and of that, made a reel for father's fishing line, and of that, made a handle special and one of a kind, for someone's car in the future, and of that, made some sticks of it and drove them through a sleeping hand and calf so I could move again and recover from the tingle of the sleeping hand and leg, and of that after that repeated in the act of giving to the poor some wafers thin and sharp that etched with messages of boron finding homes for messages between the spy and I, I fed the poor and on their tongues the razor sharpened wafer placed and they would have had swallow(ed) them in trust, and I, in the/a distant(ance) in a trance of heat and exhaustion and suggestibility weakly rest on knee pads in the sun. This is the emptying of all that you should know. To memorize, and then, forget again, and move it on, to just play man, just play that jazz.

*

The space is covered in paper. The performer brings tape, string, pencils, and odd objects. Perhaps the pencils retains their function as drawing/ writing tools, perhaps not. The materials are used creatively over several hours to help release the pencils from their limited life. This may involve inventing projectile techniques, extensions of one's own body using objects, or unique interactions between pencils and things. The papered space will be there to inspire a conservative application of lead. How will a small collection of materials find expressive equality with the pencil?

A thing is all alust for is all alonged for is all abundled up in an old pill covered wool long coat, but inside it is a cold well ground metal machine with shards as spears would jut from hole traps in the land that I have walked through as I saw the statues and compared the flesh from photos to the bronze and kindness glancing to the future of the world's children for the nations name sake, and, compared the heads at others feet (who were they) and the wooden posts, and huts, and compared to fluff it up, the metal box in the wool coat cries like a baby and a cat, and I am looking at a metal box, with developer dripping from a peeled back lid, and lead solder lines clearly visible and even on the seams that hold the shards that shift where shoulders shift, and, I heard a laughing sound at night, but it is too late, why does a child's voice laughing come to me, and I am suddenly jarred from this premeditated state as I had wanted and had planned to think a thing, and this is what had come.

But, there is an unpremeditated state of being which is as a horror of surrounding, when a circle is declared to hold a thing apart and keep it in contained and out of contact, out of touch, and out of sleep and food. It is the monster in the midst, when any one may be declared, and the time arrives, and it is over, and the ghost is planted and the pound of dirt is soaked with kerosene and punched in pin cushioned with plant grow spikes.

Salt elaborations, the chiseling from the pillars and piles and points and crystals from the deepest caves and mines, moved around and chipped in place and left, to imitate some surface thing for the string of blinded works who should never see the face of salt, least throats close up and noses bleed and calls come from the voices to relieve them of their posts though there is nowhere else that they can go... the salt stand at the beach resort, a packet one or two in lettered numbers in arrays that give an order to an arbitrary band (as if they were ones joined by cosmical purveyor of the rare) of human souls that wait and wile and sniff the air and clot the capillaries with the soured sea. The castes are singing to each other from a stage, with paper ribbon curtain, blue and red, and silk dyed gold and purple sashes where the bathers slice the heat like ham.

...To make a sliding door of all the things at once of all the needs and all the photos as a sliding file would be, but of a set of instances and processes of coming into view, the instances we know and think that we imagine in some other person's cabinet of sliding things. What has happened is that they are covered with a mold. The hinges that allow the moving and the folding up to fit inside a person's cabinet are frozen with secretion. (from a thick sapped alcoholic tree) A person is suspended while he tries to fix the moving of all things that otherwise would pass as slides through sliding doors that feed him steadily, but now, but how, he pulls and tugs, he lubricates and hammers- what is broken now is done, - but he is also saved, and, only as a matter of the course that he adjust to without sliding of all things, as this what he called what is his, but, gone, then there is nothing that would move him forward or, to change from days to night to days, so he can stay suspending, and, he live(s/ed) outside and feel no progress and, can feel no failings or the losing of tone or swelling of his fat - ... with this a bargain, he would still prefer that something come, as without something in the sight, the knowledge of the moment fades as does the fact that there was every anything took place -...

The touch of something soft, the feel of sensitive of parts is drawn out from the hardest bone. The feather draws it up, like warm from cold and makes it more the same, then there can be a fluid coming out that meets the touching thing and smooths relations so it seems, that two things close can join, and then, the feeling disappears, and too, the sense, that something else is there, and is the empty feeling, nothing left to touch the bone, and in this case of being, something feeling absent never is forgot.

Canisters of air are leaking, we should breathe them in. Pulled apart as if the darning needles frozen in the lake ice, higher up the chain, a cold barefooted southern animal which traveled hidden in the wheel well of a truck should pass the winter with a head cold and a pair of slipper it had salvaged with its articulated digits from a garbage can behind a smelt shack dry docked above the water line on the grassy shore while unprotected from the theft at night. Canisters of air are leaking, they are down beside the shack, and once we know this, we should run, to not waste precious air, to fill our lungs with every puff. There are limits to the resource, and, the things that move should take advantage of the knowledge they have gained through stealth and spying in the world. And this is something taught, as in a class, as in a school, as in a district rich with seeders of today... some are highest, some are lowers in the world... the young, replace the old... commands...

Distress for one is as a piercing of the tongue or nose, another feels it differently, as if the eye is dry, or elbows creaking from a dusty hinge.

The undescended may be one designed to be drawn down from heaven, but, is tangled in a tree or on a stick along the way, or, undescended, like a testicle that fails to fall through nature's hole where it would drop but sometimes even it is scared and rushes up to hide. Undescended may be two of three most planned escapes from some highland prisons down to low, or from a ledge into an ocean pit and cave that is eaten by water into the granite of a shore, where sailors duck to run away, or crabs are captured and enslaved by mollusks. The undescended are on a path or journey quest like quiet Californians on a cult leader's secret mission crossing through the middle states and spreading discontent in the wake of massive suicides at border trailer parks... so that even despair gives way to deeper and more profound despair...

The ocean parts for the fin. The pebbles are ruffled like feathers at the feet of the chicken. The squid is ground to particles like hamburger and pressed into shapes that resemble some small animal's kidney. The light through the forest flickers as the branches sway, and is accompanied by the branches' creaking sounds...

The ancients wait, they know they will be joined, reliant on the fresh and dead, just buried and the wailing and the mourners real and hired pump them up, and here, coming to them, great grandfather who was fading in his strength will now be worshipped, with the elders that he joins, and he there is again the lowest peg, like at his birth again, but back on earth, the surviving are made longer suffering victims of his wrath, as it is known his discontents, and they are amplified as he is raised up now, and there is even fear – that his deep discontents in them was what had raised him down, and being fearful born and lived, they should placate him the MORE that he is gone...

Make one pile for each thing that you know. Clean with pearl flames. Wash dry with ash bone. The nude dancers swoon before the butchering of the overfed pig... is there exhaustion, or is there relief... stretched beneath a curtain, covered in fish fat,...

Powdered jade and hot cobra venom are mixed with wine. To drink it in a cup you must swallow in one gulp or the throat will swell closed. Some wishes should be made. The spirit should be cleansed. The erection should last eight years. You should be like the villager who has drunk cobra blood and venom thirty times.

There is an average protection. It lets hurt slip through, damages one in ten. It protects, mostly. There is more secure, but it is cumbersome and hard to carry because of the weight. Least is most free to be, but risk it fifty to sixty percent that there will be hurt and damage of unpredictable extent. The church I grew up in burned down three times, only the church bell survived. This was a freer church, but suffered like the free man who was at risk for many things. It was unusual that all the hurt the church had was the same in form, of fire, and, not each time something unrelated to the time before. Yet with low protection, this is typical of the manifestation of hurt; it is unpredictable, unlikely, ironic, sometimes.

Poking sod into a wall, a person tries to block the weather. There is no enclosure but a single free standing wall of three feet height, of stone and cardboard shapes, and cones, made round to let the sod pack into it, and tight. Perhaps, the weather stops when driven by the wind and hits the wall, but on up to three feet high up from the ground. Was... never meant for something more complete, was only one

design, to stop the weather once in this one way, that it would somehow drive down to the earth and move along the ground, and driven by the wind force stop before the wall and maybe turn around, or break into another thing, a cluster so small in its parts the whole cannot amass enough of force to form a single front...

Ingestive, who watches, absorbing from one pipette, accepting nutrient then throws aside the bag and into someone sleeping – goes... moves lights to planning strategies for shadows and the presence of perspective in the room...

Prediction, unfolding collapsed canvas and black rubber sheeting you should use beneath your roof shingles, but now are wings that fill a barn from tip to tip... to this display, demands to beg forgiveness from display, demands a worship, and appeal, and honoring, demands a list rolled out and tensing up its wings...

A house clam, a hundred acre mudflat, a fish jumps landing on a rock... A storyboard on an image burned screen, a movie with a camera made of safety pins and Elmer's Glue... are things that could connect together in a web to filter out a perfect match for several other secret lists... some lists calibrate, and some are test zones, you will never know, as it is always silent and inside a paper box, and numbered, not descriptively concealed. This is a coordination that seems like destiny, or happenstance depending on the likelihoods and strange coincidence of more exacting things.

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If Language is a bridge, it is one with some boards missing. It is safer to say that language is both a bridge and a barrier. Communication is never absolute, complete or entirely as intended. The problem is that, at least for everyone I know, language is older than they are. It is borrowed, not their own. I propose to start again, right here and now. Watch or participate. Forget it or go home and think about it. I plan to take a bag of random objects that mean nothing to me, some paper, tape and markers, and over the next three hours, begin to make a language from scratch. I'll make up sounds for objects, lines for the sounds or shapes of them, and post the signs on the wall to make a dictionary. Hopefully I can find a way to talk about them too. I'd like to know if there is a way, at least symbolically, to learn to talk with each other.

An objective delusion, and have one reason but none will agree – it is something in a long digression, shave and sand but maybe lead, and, the person should throw down pieces of wood – the statues, are they heavy painted wood or are the ceramic, they are line in many rows against the walls in balconies above that you would look up to, and gaining them, they still will tower as they sit on raised thrones putting them even higher than their platforms... fierce expressions and forward looking eyes, not seeing below, the most indifferent the blue faced. Too many are the answers, pressed the mind. Older, outside of town, run down outside, a yard, a path, a grounds, a spider hangs, I've seen one like it once before, the size a hand – a web between two trees and thirty feet across to catch a bird – he hangs in air – Many shades one question, the blue one, facing forward say nothing. But strategy but plans. A pack of wild dogs runs loose on the grounds, run freely into the temple proper, across the courtyard, things gone wild here -, mountain, like a lady laying down – the sides of the head collapsed, earthquake – a

grasshopper in the courtyard – a dog sees it the dog attacks, it is a large grasshopper, the dog attacks it like it would a squirrel or cat -. The dog growls lunging, the grasshopper flies and lands and turns around to face the dog as if to charge. The dog, it runs again and, the grasshopper flies and lands up on a freestanding pillar above the average eye, and then seems to forget the dog, he turn to looks, then turns himself away like with rotation of his legs. Local and universal local drama. What do I declare, as I approach, so many whisper to one who holds the pieces of wood, an hears the whisper and he throws, people asking. I would blue faced. I am blue, I shave and sand and paint with lead. I should inform myself and I should ask, am I a god... the experience dwindles... it is commonplace...

Ten, one thousand or one million days between will determine the number of installments. White caps catch the pages and pick them apart one fiber at a time. They dissolve, are reconstituted when they settle and they pile and they form a different book. The simple way of thought, locked into the nature of matter, -...other things than thought can hold their medium of form, though they inflate and shrink at some other matter's will. And principles are as massive stone slate covered worms, that turn and burrow in the shale, and can't, because direction of their scales, reverse. And the tar black evening with points that we should never see like lines, supports the whole behind an old wool cloth. My truth is the time left back alive after singing, and the winding cattle as they reach the water hole. This alone is packed and folded to be carried on me and released when I should need a paper hat. Words are nothing what's more, ever body talks.

While breathing we are prisoners of the air. Moving, we are slaves to the ground and highways, and champions somewhere. There is burning smell, burning plastic through one area to drive, the stacks synthetic clouds and forms the fog the rolls up down the street, everywhere, the respirator, summer brings the hanging air it rolls through like an old but steady machine. Heat and particles shares, and join, and roadside, restaurant and roads then like the covering on a couch. Yet I am overcome by feelings of beauty. Local dish, local god, local parade all are acted in and spent through. Red button crushes paper, there are the people in the industrial world. Impulse bursts forth like gin blossoms. A wheel is held steady with its power brake as suds on the teeth are washed away by torch. Girly bar, KTV, a beetle nut shop, Chinese medicine massage parlor empty lot one place filled with stacked corrugated metal siding, blurry rush to make the light, and then again the same until the second light a blur, and to the third, a catalog the same and more. Straight road follows on a line, a high speed rail. A high pitch whine that phases which you only hear at night, is blocked by sounds in day, and see the flame plumes too atop the stacks and there are shifts all night. Product manufacture, product all night long. Air borne powders, penetrations, sticks for answers, casting wide, some task.

When I hear the name, I turn. It was my name, but I am having a new name now. It is in the sounds made new to me. It is a deer and a foreigner. That is the meaning, of my new name, it is, like a native American name- foreign deer, sounded out in archaic words, not much now in use, some not knowing even, the meaning of the sound words anymore -. Even I should know my name.

Wrinkles form but not on the person but on the life it lives. Cold is freezing but a heat can swell a thing to jam so stopping too. And fat forms and can be quickly consumed so why not gather closer to the

flame-. Behind the eyes could be a candle (like a lantern) are they self-starting, self-cleaning and maintaining-... vines grow out of control... grease pockets, more fire -... I live too...

Stacks of bubbles, oil silt and grain, sweet potato, it was hard to find the food and tree root even bark... rice was rare and not enough, eating dirt... eating plaster from a wall... some things fill you others pass through -... some things are like promises...

Change collects, I have metal from many places, I should give it to something thinks it's rare I should never carry all this weight, my bag was full because, I as a man will spend the paper money lazy to count out the change -... Airport security check must empty always slipping into some other place -... I wait while checking, I forgot, I had a pocket there, the bag, I was wondering, it seems too heavy now -... this psychology of collecting and devaluing but if I needed something would I eat to fill the stomach with a thing that expands or would I wait for something good – like how the person deals with change, like how to eat and what it is for, and can we trick the switch that makes us eat and thinks that we are satisfied, - or thinks that change is like a pest... a principle of to devalue of a thing because it is too small or it is not sufficient substance or equivalent -... in cold I shivered and I ate and moved such much slower and I grew with fat, and hot now climate I should eat but dwindle... should be equations with a root -... the counters and the purposes resolve on paper -... like a magic bean.

Forgiveness of the median, aversion to the side, attraction to the center, suspicion from above, diagonal pressure and upward magnetism slow are pouring in.

The female voice is imposed and regulated inside the male head and says one thing, the being both exhaustive and complete can dull the soul -. I would examine all the things found in between the cracks, the things that sneak away and ground into earth becoming fossils or embedded in a water or an oil and to later serve to fuel some need, not intellectual as I would write a log of what I thought from what I saw of it... not that...

It begins in the present. A man is sitting writing letters that perhaps he is afraid to write or send. He finds his pen has no ink. He continues to write. This solves the problem of his fear. It frees him. He writes a letter, puts it into an envelope, addresses it invisibly and prepares it to mail. And then begins another- he is freer..... with every stroke of his pen- there is no fear left- invisible letters, he can write everything he needs or wants to say. The man is writing love letters to someone. There is a flashback to the past. A man places pink tape on the floor. Pink- romantic, symbolic color of love- yet it is tape, making lines on the floor. It is a journey. All he can see is the tape, its color suggests what is to come, but the man is laying down the tape, his journey, unaware that there may be a destiny beyond his travel. He makes a route and that goes far out into the room and back, the tape line ending near where it began, at the desk. He has arrived on his plane.

This is a flash forward. Whatever was to happen has already taken place. He has met her and he has fallen in love. There is a moment in the present again- he is at the desk- but then he lowers himself to near the floor where the pink tape line begins. He finds several sticks of different lengths. He puts them

in his back pocket, and takes one back out. He moves along the pink line now, leaning over, using the stick he has chosen like a cane- it makes him a certain height, hunched over. His cane is a certain length, like his length in years- how long has it been since that first journey? His cane is not the shortest, not the longest. He passes by some sticks that jut into the room from a wall. He changes canes so that he is walking taller. He snaps the jutting sticks with his chest as he passes by them. He is younger- He has overcome an obstacle in his path to return. In a few more steps, he has changed his cane to a smaller one- he leans farther over- he passes under sticks jutting from the wall there. He is older, much older- he has avoided some obstacle by his age- perhaps these stick might have been better broken. This happens as he passes from cane to cane, from age to age in his life, as he tries to make his return, and he follows the same path, but it leads, like memory, back to the present, and the desk. We can't tell what has happen. We can only tell that he has tried to return, and that his experience he had has lasted through time. The present time. The man is at the desk again. He writes another letter and places it in the envelope with the invisible address, and the piece has ended. Again, it is unclear. But it is clear he has committed himself somehow to this presence that he carries with him, and that it somehow instructs him, and guides him on a path of returning.

There are two products, an abstract one and a concrete one led to by the other. There is a binary switch but it has a glitch of dust and makes two kinds of moves – one move jumps over the dust suddenly like it is a hump and there is a dimming, and then the second state is achieved, but not without this first hesitation, like an insecurity... the second way of the move is that the press wheel rolls over the dust and flattens, but also pushes forward so the flattening is uneven and a thicker part even pushes up the wheel toward the end of the pressurized piece of dust, so the result move is one that makes tiny steps toward the second binary state -... earning to, making, valuing at, promising to, preparing at, submitting to, -... the two words, struck more inversions as collision blossoms, more conversions as in values stables and for trade from one to another, equivalent are real -...values of the trade in beans, the bean itself, for gold... what is the product of conversion?

Pouring in and pouring out and pouring in and pouring out. Low pitch small engine sound. Click, a metal gate. Pop following, like a mouth sound. Something brushing against the side of the neck, it could be your sweater. Itch in the eye, perhaps small capillary.

Should there be singing, we could harmonize our listening as two would their tones. We should hear one note in relation, and then another, but not the NOTE. We should hear the implication. One person, one, another person, the other, another.

Pearl fire, must repair for the loss... my books are gone, but ones I never read, I will use the title and I will write them now.... Point to point, is direct and narrow, but to the entrance, it is wide with a variety of pots, buckets, and shaped bottles to accommodate broadest entry... there is a sound of a tin loudspeaker, it is broadcasting, something, closer crackling clearer, it is a Chinese reed instrument, but the speaker narrows its tonality to the quality of a kazoo; another speaker on the other street side pierces with a temple gong, but with an insect leg, and farther on is noise but music like a temple or a gamalon but it is metal pans and spoons being packed away and clanging together from food stand at

end of night market... steak eggs noodles twice, squid, hearts, fish cake... electrical cords, hoses, litter, it will all be gone by morning -...

As barbed wire requires, there is active search for broken glass, and foot wide edges of concrete wall -... that should be the home -... what finds its way there will be the codex for anything else to be understood regarding the terms of wire.

The beat is heard, through a monitor, through a system of interpreting through wire and electrical things, but we should see, it has a picture too, that seems to pulse and move, so like a movie we align the two adjusting to our real understanding of living flesh to the electrical – sinking in, and even feeling, emotion, touching, proximity... so you would pulse with mouth some pitches to the beat, and make a syllabic sound – is this its song – yourself, preparatory and background washing, through the door, more voices, feet moving, hyper, sensitivity – corncob, chicken bone, mulch from friends, a cabin, a dream away, the natural sponge, old disease from new the secret deposit of languages unused -. More beats I want to cover my ears, I am afraid they will suddenly stop or race, or slow, or become soft, or loud, or whinny, or deep, or turn into a frequency... or, crack the machine open, and suddenly it is born from the machine, part human part metal part circuit and spinning knobs, X ray powers... for some reason accusing me of something, or, wishing to devour me as the first outward meal... yet I am excited to know so much all is haste -...

So sensitive, to read the lint on the eye, is it blurred – to not make incoming sense ... is it blurred to not respond to seeing, is it blindness to not understand or read the word for purpose, or the lips that seem to speak other than you hear -...

All sides grow, turn and twist, and insert in a pocket receding into another outgrowth... to clothe, to house, to lend, as nothing is owned after material -... passes is a side of to recede which is to push out some fine other spud inside the potato bag -. I have seen, most things will represent from micro-world inside the opening dug through a basement wall, where cement was cool, and pipes were cold another hot, and candles burned on flattened stones, and corner hid the centipede and we were safe in basements just as in the attics -... such as passes with a little drop of wet -... there was a ditch, a rock on one side, soft mud and a trickling down the center, we should jump across, and it was a test, to pass and jump and land you could attend the secret meeting, with the plastic skull and stolen candle in the hole, and here and in the attic in the eaves with buzzing summer flies in the window near the insulation, secret transition from the playing grounds to the cloaked mystery, and the organ stuck key that breathed until the end of the earth and the scorching of the moon by the firebird -... some guard would X ray us, to pass their worthlessness a line, to leave the empty place but not without one stabbing with their silent light, that entered in her womb, not knowing yet our child – and I in peace would aside myself and step onto that uniform and neck of them that thrust the silent light into my child – this feeling, protection – outside – a thing borne in but dormant now responds. (?) when elbows raised up to squat and then a legs wide parted stance, and then a leverage of balance on one leg to prep to throwing forward weight to fend to fend on to break and to crack open the shell to show the shrimp within -... the crab beside it, and the sand flea community on the edge of the costume's inside skin -. This is normal most to ready to defend. To break off in a symbol of the will to risk, the will to offer up against, to force

that other would the least compel, to line the opposition in a mental cue, and make a chemical to trigger on the body to repulse against the arms, the feet, the pushing of a hostile sound of the throat, to strangle it, to silence non-submissive power in a range -.... viewers who wish objects and surfaces should what they would, define themselves for connecting to the picture. In time, removal, transfer, replacing.

Emergence twice, and then a pattern is set, and emergence continues with phantoms. Each phantom is akin but not the same, one wide followed by a thinner then another middle, another as before, some radiance, but pulls in the light from around it so that illumination is contrasted with a special surrounding double density darkness within a certain distance of some feet. By in large an enemy of most but through a point of reference which is customized per viewer without limits, but, there is powerless(ness) to harm when fear is shaved. It is as another which is thin on sticks that tightened from a bonded marrow inside a shaft that parted, hollow and the marrow formed without. It is a stiltwalklegs with sharpener pins than urchins so to move but make each subsequent motions count as each step must be freed from punctured footing. It is also things like phantoms not possibly knowing the context of sensation through an episode. It is as running with mad-irons toward a market in the rain with a knees on fire and a sore impression in control, the facial linking of sets booklearned to condition and draw out from other entities the measure of reaction to the ratio of what is spent in facial gloss -... it is so obviously a black stick working toward a conflict. The rows of local gods descend from their pedestals, their leg bones cracking open leaking marrow and sinew, and, some leaving feet behind that snap at the ankles that they twist free from, copper metal shards and bloody soldering – would they battle with the black stick in the courtyard, there would be frozen grasshopper and charcoal wild-dog muscle for the clay elephant to eat... local laborers should not interfere, as they are weak and have no stake in the gods, but serve them only in the offering of food, which comes from local gods, and they so misunderstood have turned away from those poorest souls with their weakened plastic poisoned genes, and farm beaten footpads -... with frozen expression, this is how the carvers casters made the gods, so they are always frightening and always malcontent – did not occur, that they could with a puppet mouth that opened closed and pulled up on a rope(s) from left and right and middle lower upper make expression and be more to local liking and be more to needs for those that made -... instead this breaking of away and revenge the awful faced, and even painted blue with paint and lead and dusted plastic factory covering the hilly mountain shaped like sleeping woman -... a flood, a flood of soft marrow, the courtyard submerge, a sea of marrow thick like mud. Motor scooter wash away and down the hill. Trees uproot. Women older scream. Laundry and blankets, clotheslines, irrigation pipes, looms, rugs. The stomach is strong and sucks in and sucks out and makes a waves across the road, a power-man sucks in sucks out his guts and rescues as a bridge of rope is thrown and looped and he is raised, and now, the local god who sucks his stomach in and stomach out. He is dangled from a rope, and soon to rise again, his, the made of carved and cast, and his legs copper, shoes of stone and steel. They appear as if two stoves in winter. That confront each other across a snow covered New England blueberry field. That slam their lids to threaten, then embrace, and then apart, then crash their lids, and swing their doors as if rib-sawed cages swinging saloon doors that open to engulf -... they would consume each other in their belly flames, though tempered blackened iron and fireproof calking in the seams would like resist this mutual attempt to dominate and to become and to absorbed, so rattle, so their doors clash and flap hard, to bend one hinge enough to lesson flames and lose come coals and burning logs

onto the snow, and temperature will drop, and stove one tries to limp away, and maybe one peg metal leg has folded under, of its weight, the three remaining feet more transferred onto them sink into snow and grassy field and wet below, and it is stuck, and fear itself in horrors of a winter hard outside filled with rust -... are the angels in battle on the field, compassion, trust, long suffering, blindfolds and executes gluttony, lust, envy, - and local gods these too, of aspects stacked in thick into interiors of the gut that sucks in and sucks out -. The clay elephant, with its huge balls and erection wildcard goes and moves around the open range, and no one knows, who's side to take of it -. (a referee)

Solid matter forms in strips in folds, solid matter moves together converging these shapes to form a thicker braid that twist, these then begin to move aside, and as aside, they tuck up under as they go, and form a ball, and other balls, then many balls, and nodules science dubs them they roll out the fold and land and in a hole they roll to as the hole is lower than the land and gravity is such, they go, the holes are filled in later years with nodules, and to shovel out around the holes so that the dirt around the holes will form a sack of dirt, and open at the top, we have these nest to hold into museum vaults, until the time when messages arrive, from out, that waiting for the nodules, have there been too many who should risk to bend the earth, and those, too gone by their ambition to perceive it clear, are forced to reproduce from memory the nodule and then not produce the items stored, and in the jip, they are revealed, and nodules are assumed the ones to fault, and nodules must be found and saved, unless the warehouses of museums be collapsed the nodule buried or destroyed, and this becomes the field of battle, for the things the pockets of the balls from folds, that in the end, would be the food the local gods desired. This began one battle on one field. Should merge, should talk it out, should split into pieces and reexamine should blend by crisscrossing into a weave, should make sounds that vibrate forces the pieces into a dance so borders are flurries in activity and unclear to see as separated -... and I would force you through a straw, so I do it now, I force you, I would so I do, I follow a seam of old joined things and thinking it is the weakest point I try to pull apart but it always breaks next to it because the seam is where it is the strongest. It is an oldest fashioned battle strategy but is a mythic one that is a fiction myth. There are things to add, that should be broken off their path, things like mittens, things like canned beans, like scalloped onions, like paper carnations, like synthetic crab meat -... like the feeling on the skin after rubbing with sesame oil and applying wax paper and a hot ember on the back of the wrist, or the front of the hand - , like a hammer that has had its handle broken in several places, and has been repaired using rubber calking, like boiled walnuts flash frozen while still hot and imbedded in the eye-sockets of a road killed possum and projected quickly into the vacuum of space, accompanied by a pair of skates with an old fashioned skate key, a shoe lace that has been bronzed and then sharpened and used for a letter opener, and a selection of examples where newspaper has been used to wrap Christmas gifts... and bean curd. Imagine hands in use. Imagine seven knuckles and twelve fingers, nearby sixteen toes and the torsos of two people, and imagine all of these parts brought very close, by those who they are still attached to, and imagine those (people?) converging in a single place close together so all of these parts are close enough to touch, and those parts not listed then are covered by a blanket and not revealed, but just those mentioned, are near, so they may be admired, rendered in art, and photographed together, and perhaps, brought into a unique relationship as a community of parts, with permission of those (people?) they are attached to, to form their own relationships, and exist in a unit, as a family, and as satisfying each other's unique purpose(s) in the world aside of outside of the

accidents of ownership and birth... do these part then yes they do to revert to statement they have an essential intelligence and innate independence as parts formed unique from the rest originally they shared purpose with but it a different circumstance these are unsatisfactory demands on individualism... should wait, for this utopia.

Notice I am still apart, notice I differentiate, notice I have not been absorbed. Notice, I am up on the hill to listen to the coyotes at night. To oneself, to distance from and to value from. See swirls of air the leaves are spun, nor'easter, hushing of treetops, shiny eyes some bodies out of view ... waves, sea wall typhoon... a bolt of lightning underneath a cloud... the trees, suggest to dress them in a traditional garb, colors, tassels, hats, bells, traditional wine flask... the linings too, of every room has a jacket, the lining. It is at first the paint, and then the things inside, but after the ideas becomes familiar, it is seen, each location has an inside, and it is a sack of a kind, a glove, a... lining – it can be taken out, removal is to turn it inside-out at first, which freshens, and, it can be inflated so to fill another other environ with it, there to sustain the room where it is from, to transfer even if it's buried in a stone, or floating on an ocean or balancing on a hill. This is a practice that is largely secret outside of where it is practiced, but the information of the process is always at risk of spreading to environs where it would be threatening the way a foreign insect or plant when introduced -... it is a condition of a foreign place where the unfamiliar dwellers bring what things they can to try to keep inside them what they know by housing it (them) as if they house inside the self because, it shows the fact, that we are nothing that we carry, and nothing that we lose, but we are something which is the vacuum of loss. Yet the commons is to fight the state of it, and turning linings inside out and reinvesting them... On my back, I wear a gong to be my shell – and I am in a hot mountain woods, this is the dream -...

Many things to turn to vapor. To make evaporate and laden a space heavy with a vapor, and turn the next room to another vapor room, of some related evaporation, then to another room, to evaporate something in a higher contrast, so that all the room will be settling with their own dew, ...

Perfect (conditions), blue with lead, red, mercury - , cobalt, boron, - it happens as if a body ascending, it sways with drunkenness, and there is a feeling of fervor. Exquisitely but with difficulty to remain straight, it stands, it leans and it has an unusual arch in its arms, a round, bent slightly at the elbows, and arms out from the shoulders. -... it seems apish, but it is human, it seems too straight but it is bent inside its head. I have seen it, in a group in the children as they tranced and danced for ten hours and then again, I have seen it in the church, but in the foreign fervor that is the transplanted church, that must have demons and magic, so devils fill the body, and there is healing suddenly, and collapsing, and the eyes roll back. But I am calm – I say to someone God is a rock, not a leaping frog -... dust from all night, the 24 hour and now it is later so, the phasing and the humming is in the air -... the factory is mystical ...

A notch appears spontaneously on the corner of a piece of paper, then moves by magic to the hand and becomes a small nick, but it is a paper cut, the hand tells the brain-. The hand moves quickly away from the paper and bumps into a knife on a table which falls onto the floor and puts a small stab into the wood. The paper notch was just a tear, and the tab that hung was folded back and taped. The paper cut healed itself and the stab to the floor filled in over time with dirt. The problem remained where the first, the tear in the paper, came from – it is possible that yes it was spontaneous, which makes the entire

sequence then miraculous no less. The brain should struggle. It could happen again or never, and on a different scale, or in a circumstance in which it mattered more... then one should move and be precise, and cautious, and maybe not be so inclined to roam – concerned to move – stay still just breathe. Yet assault can come to you. As the year of the dragon arrives with the fetus.

Burning money and firecrackers,... sun and stillness. If the god does not eat the food put out for him on the table it will be eaten later by the hosts -... bilingual Christian church, warns against going to temple - ... glasses clinking, trauma, interpreting the wants, fear of ancestors, themes of praises set to contemporary pop music and boy band sounds - ... I have missed the Bach invention based songs the hymns of the old fashioned Christian church, or the hockets of the Sacred Harp -... the higher arts of Christianity – that remains for the Protestant -... the hymns are the backbone -. Stuffing envelopes with money, bonus at years' end, workers honour family – I have one envelop on a shelf, my USD ten thousand dollars, my emergency -... shaming, a grandfather is crying... complication, backing out of doorways, imagine one's own, special cowering, wearing diaper, cover face or hiding head in a box, -... plastic surgery, change appearance, then return to talk badly about ones' previous self -... complication, gestures like conducting... ah, one was forced to try to face themselves in the image as projected from another mind and not, or suppress the view that one mind looks with to see itself, but put on the other view(s) as if to try on clothes at the store -... and, loving each item, want them all, and forget what one wore into the store -... feed but waste -... suspending and what-if personality template, one week, return, grief, weight of desire to suffer -... pride shame honour masks, fast across the face the hand snatch and grab, and the new face, and it is just a snatch and grab, but like so quick to feel some magic in it, snatch and grab -... and then the laughter but it is nervousness relief -. Sucked into the dynamic experience of native tensions.

Popping sounds form orbs, worlds around which another sound wraps itself, you may layer many times around it to make the suite. Backfield grinding sound that is a phased whining at night, the factory sound twenty four hours a day, but it is New Years' eve, so maybe the traffic masking sound not here now, so it appears, a new sound in the day, for what is always there; - is coming through the open window as the breeze is blow in, but there is no smoke, today. An orb is pressing through the screen of the window now, trying to be strained through it, a sudden rushing of the grind behind, it is sharp enough to cut the screen and let the orb into the room, but the grinding dies, revives again rising just up to the threshold and reclines -.

Swallowing many times, once missed throws off the balance of a set, and there must be additional swallow to “catch up” to the next occurrence of the complete cycle, though, beginning then with a fragment, it should end with the second or first half of the fragment, which may satisfy the local balance, but from outside of the cycle, there is an imbalance made by the division between beginning and ending phase – you must swallow many many times to return the swallowing to conformity, and it might happen that between the local and universal balance, there is never perfect, and, the best to hope for is the assignment of the swallowing task to another, a novice, who can take the weight from the throat of the fatigued first swallower. If another swallower is introduced at a lower volume or is slowly brought in from silence and forms unison with the first, it is possible the introduction at the beginning of a swallow cycle may put up this weight, and adapt the overall swallow to the new cycle,

which was introduced by the second swallower from the beginning of the swallow cycle, and not from the middle of a phrase, so, the first swallower bows out by diminished volume until evaporated, replaced by the second swallower, who then continues only until the end of the cycle but then stops – replacing the first swallower without audible seams. It is the simulation of a perfection.

As individuals one person hopes something will be descended from them. They are not only one, but one several times over, at different times. They should replace themselves once, each time, but once for each time. They should replace themselves in the space occupied and replace themselves for once at the end of their whole term. Each should find a personal equation that makes a sense of this and does not contribute to redundancy or overpopulation.

There is weight of several objects in a potato sack. We should not discuss what they might be, but feel them and shift them around and over each other, and try to force the sack into different sized areas and enclosures, and enclosures that are shaped different though of the same volume but requiring the objects in the sack be relocated within. This is an unknown practice.

This is a track and an experience of money and hope, of liquids running down the neck of a tube or hand blown glass jar or a fish fin embedded in varnish on a table top veneer. It is the rundown from one to the other of a list, and there are many more, at every turn and opening and regarding each blade of grass on a lawn, or beetle in the dirt, and there are over six hundred and fifty thousand different species of beetle. Every time someone looks a new species is discovered. And every time someone bends over in a lawn, they see another blade of grass. And something always gets stuck in the varnish. Stop counting the floaters in the eyes.

Objects composed of substance can expect to be pushed as with a plow, as if another object is a plow, or becomes a plow when close by. It is one of the natures of any object next to another to push the object near. Snow, plow. Sometimes (there is) an oasis of objects, near the place where objects have gone when they have lost most of their features and have begun to fade from view. Pushed objects recover for short periods, but continued force breaks down the outline that we recognize, and shortly they begin to weaken and edges soften. They can become transparent. They can drift into trees, water, pavement. They can become object spirits. They haunt the lands surrounding the oasis.

These are the dawns of the new exercises. Some are shared dawns, some are private beaches. The dawns are vibrations of hard woods and aerated natural cements that set the same way as sugar water when the water dries. Honey too, wax, sap, venoms, -... the new exercises are as comforts, while supplying lung expanding and heart liquefying conditioning; they lull the elements, through application of very fine sand heated and sifted over the extremities of these elements, into a state of tranquility as if resulting from one thousand worm massages. This state enables many effects to be inserted over the recipient, such as copper wire cocoon wrapping, with rippling gravity, which follows the inflowing of current, dialed from one end of the cocoon to the other, using a potentiometer, a second effect of this being the forcing out of all body fluids as the power ringer squeezes the aural shape from tip to tip -... and, a shedding and instantaneous regrowth of species preferences transforming the nature of satisfaction to a daily choice of dissatisfactions, which may be acted on immediately TO satisfaction. The

scuffed, particle pitted feeling on one side of the face on which the wind blows frequently decides the fate of the days' bodily manifestation. There are many factors that may be mapped on a slide-rule-like device. This makes the device a valuable advantage, as there is competition for the commodities of use for the variable states, and, many still wish to act responsively to emotion without calculation.

Mark down of the words and old supply, and three suggestions made of parchment, sandpaper, and rag-cloth for ratios of contrast and similarities use up one day of time. There is a magic condition thinker who must sleep in short shifts.

God sees, (in a downward direction to a lower level) has underseers, has marshals and wayfairers, then hobos and deer with broken legs. Songs and arias are provided along the sidelines from living vessels without souls, with hollows for eyes and stained lip corners.

Some person has spent time living knee deep in water. It is polluted and is the edge of a river, the water rises to the level of the bed mat (which is raised) and they (the wife and the he) sit and watch a bird in a cage hanging from the ceiling with their legs dangling in the water.

Someone should make note of someone else right now, but the moment has already been lost.

The stillness of morning after sitting up, and the late night settling of the body into layers of mixture draws the thicks downward, and, the thickest is at the head part just above the jaw, where it has come down from its circulations and is ready to be dumped, the head turned upside down and poured out, the jelly on a tabletop to be admire, and returned -. It is a thing, that thoughts should be looked at but, not squeezed through the fingers or used to grease a pan. It is a pastime of these two times of day.

Fireworks outside the window, dragon year begins.

Shaping into squares, shaping into ovals. Shaping into circles, turning are spirals to a faraway point. Shaping into liquids, responding to many pulling as liquid travels across where gravity moves suddenly like animal behavior. Gravity predatory on material.

Putting elbows up, and knees, they are burned first.

Placing seasons against the will, there is a snap, and both fall to either side of their common axis. There is an accumulation, as there would be pieces of wood beside a sawhorse, or chips beside the chipper, or water beside the well or my friend beside his wives –

A half waiting person almost arrives. How would we fashion, the face to end all faces?

One takes talking by example but can never stop so that there is no escape to the purposed illustration. Salvaged, nerves ticking the way the fingernails make the sound on the gate, many pass by and drum. Furniture carving, done by a dreaming child who gnaws the bed posts, wetting; heated grill, too close, but standing close to dry.

Render something close to me, revive, talk down from the man on the end of the high pole, to attempt the abrupt plunge, convince through slowly fed chains a reason for a selection of actions that each may branch to some other post but the one the person sits on. It should come like a recombinant prayer.

Try to see what targets arrive, wash off with air, the coat, the film on top the coat, the treatment of the film with protective salt and the textile fingers that condition the layer into the coat, and then, the textile as it is left to rest, on top the treated film and coat, for reminding, for repeating.

Predict with rolled back eyes, and eye-whites gleaming, pull the cheeks up with a tooth pick lodge in the lower gums and jammed into the skin of the cheekbone orbit, and powder the eyelids, and turn them, inside out, above the glassy. Impress, inspire confidence. Predict, instruct to gain leverage, to gain control over appropriation. Control, the permutations of the act, each being packed into a tight and form fitting mesh, revealing but binding.

Asserting,(verbally, in appearance) gritting teeth, clenching fists, sucking in the stomach, arching shoulders, tightening neck, tightening hip muscles, preparing to spring (calves) readies. Ready to mount, aiming both eyes to triangular any launching, considering outcomes with expectation of predictability or reliable outcome from input, want, desire, driving cause, belief and confident knowledge are preconditions and necessities peculiar and adjusted across long traditional society...

With the sensitivity of the thug, and ape is weeping and then, filled with rage. A wall of cut rocks from ledges, north, and Europe east, pictures of intent, and royal blood, perverted splendor masks weak metabolism, masks incorrect breeding. Winding paths through sod and moss and good coating of slate below, the rocks rise to the surface and their edges are vertical, they may be plucked up like a file from a cabinet, they may be scratched on, they are tablets for the journeyman, walking, poems of the landscape. Formulas, for the keep and for the air and sea. I can feel my blood my castle my journey (my one) from Zurich, (not the poets' journey, but the journey of the starving man) to the north, and to the new land, empty and corrupted as the cell they will hold you in is bound to its corners by corruption of the earth in all its mold. Every generation, in its generation passes through a cell, a holding room, cold, testing, observed, and then through a surgery. Flight from generation past to next new air spirit and new earth beasts old spirit of glory, flags, rags, onions and potato, richness in the red dirt, vitality, the brown, the pure the white and yellow -... as it is falling away as they shed skin or dry flakes from the scalp, you move, and forward lean, and when you fall you may land facing the future time.

Measure twice but then again, and every variance births several more instances of the measure to compare. If error occurs it should force repeating, and that if no error occurs inspires confidence of accuracy until an error occurs again, and then repeating many times until error does not occur, eventually, stopping, and a set is complete. The body of a set then comes from the correction of the error and the addressing of the error and not the perfection of the measure.

Arrows and conditional promises take and grasp for multiple meanings as a compiling of a dictionary to accompany. This is common and is called threading, the stream flowing away from the first intention. There is drawing, and set reflexes drawn DOWNWARD from the intention and the numerated each to its belonging traits and their respective families in the creation. The desire to wander on familiar paths in

the dark and test the memory and body knowledge without the brain or reading maps, to be so part of the fixture balances with the need of newness testing skill in ratio to habit. The plan is formed a plan is maintained a plan is changed and the plan is vaporized while another plan is in the same instance is materialized over the evaporation.

Had they read like this, from dots in different inks, there might have been more story and opportunity to diverge from the normal of the read, and normal of the reproduction and motivational channels. Throwing hooks away from and beyond, with rope to hold the torso and waist and pull to as the mountaineer but over and across the field of endeavor and artistry of improvisation skill requires the invented suit of imagined needs as might be required of the next place, as one might think it will be, when invented by the story or plotting of the many various “what-if” inventions the prepared mind, conditioned to the improvisational task, could compose. This may be, that this is a literal throw of hooks from bent coat-hanger wire to a string to a wrist, that thrown from a walkway, pulls the actor into the bushes and the trees. This is then a preparation, or maybe, the final form – of the composition of the activity of the throw, improvised, into the wilderness.

To identify the thousand stabs makes them no less painful.

There is no reason in the page. Paper is a medium, and can only hold some as an idea, or the instruction for a picture, or can keep some moisture for a time in its fiber.

There are shared indexes of qualities and quantities. They intersect in such ways as to imitate origami designs. Yet there is no skill in making them, only the energy to act. They are as formations occurring secondarily to accidents and decay.

Preparing the stamp with your ink, you should carve the stamp, and add a step for each mark you make. In the end, there should be no break, and no other activity but the stamping.

Desolation trees and land but there is no human caring, but organization of purposes and enrollment of enemies. Critical conditions are hurtful and thus adjusting shapes as needed. Most objects should be made to fit. The odd shape serves an actor's role, to give the negative example.

Light in a room has a casket. It is doomed but is waited for burial. It should illuminate and show where it should rest, and illuminate and show, the box into which it should go. It is not emotional but is waiting without feeling, only a practical concern for the closure of the coffin and the quieting of its radiance. It is time.

Abroad, mixtures, anticipations, anger subtle answering with corners that are pointed and prick the skin; this is the nature of communication, the underlying communication that goes in attached as the way a ringworm moves with the animal. It slides under and permeates the flesh, multiplies, aligns and fixes its length along the bodies of the other such as also they are so pure and attaching, and, if numbers are tired of this, they converge and marry what the neutral first, and then the purely kindnesses of the day are too, and make of them a subjugated half. And this is how an influence can operate inside.

Allowed to meet. How, but through a blind spot in the mat. Allow for invisibility, allow for constraints on the shapes of freedom to act as any other shape than ones' own. There is a conventional shape.

The eye closed black page whitens when the static light or afterimage points connect by force of mental coordination – illuminate black retains the qualities of black and white simultaneously – head fuzz, come on from the distracted body, momentary illness feeling frees some portion to remove and like illuminated black the same momentary strength is drawing down into the body too-, a deep point powers to release and hold a substance like an action on the corridor an on the tongue as the solitude of in that point, as if in vapor of water on hot tile, a dag stands by, a cobra rehearses a pose, hot in my nostrils, conjunctive time confusions, and then a result of concentration, and the brilliance of the brightest chemical fire -, and, melted sand -.

There are baffles opening and closing, and there are reeds that are blown through that emit bird sounds, and, attached to a valved instrument, produce sweet and sonorous tones. Pump organ collect in corners of parsonage attics crawlspaces in the church and in the steeple. Wind blows them sounding them constantly in the winter evening. Face skin feet hands, portions read and performed as if player piano, from the grooves pores and bumps. It comes out these late nights, out on the peninsula, from the steeple to the odd-fellows assembly to the instrument.

Tumbling down a hill, how you topple, end over end or roll, and leap then collapse and slide, makes a difference, for the song of the over-the-terrain object, with its shape, and the instrument shape of the terrain, combined.

Vocalizing together makes a shape that is a common space. As a group of two or more, a group can form a variety of integrated, social entities in which the individuals are dependent limbs, and other parts. These entities move in the common space by altering the various limits and ranges of the individuals. This is an abstract description of a form of group vocalizing. I think of the whole group as a single organism, improvising in turn using a set of simple rules and categories. Between vocalizing, we will take turns drawing our organism's shape, which will then be vocalized, discussed, and vocalized again. Through this, and examining contrasts, such as high/low, close/distant, directing the voice/ muting/amplifying, still/moving, as well as consideration of the GROUP as art object, we will realize the social group as art in progress through one of its capacities; the voice.

Held in like in an orbit, and with nothing to fly away there is a reason to hope for the progress of a lifetime to be managed in a continued state of tidal regularity. ;dark blue and gurgling water, and thin crash of saucepans together. We should put the parts for metal needles in the box for bones and into the box for organs. Holy to the hope of an intelligence, prayer goes to the abstract mental image and not the picture or the finger or nail, we should pay attention, but be forgetful to flex for fitting what we find, and what we hear divinely come. Gouged in the high wall with small scoops that collect the sap and then they overflow in single file, the living wall, you hurt it, cut it, slightly, bleeding it. Tip of the tongue effect, constantly, and only. Add the shaking of the lower jaw as if a battery has almost run dry. Turn the dough, finger exercises for one hand, force the second hand to maintain a working factory life, the other

improvises in long phrases always looking to anything that will mirror it, a fender, a glass window, a similarly situated second hand. Many small plastic parts that seem to be made to attach to a whole are cast using a blue/grey plastic which is appealing to the eye and calming to the spirit. They are pleasant in this way to have around so they may be stored in large quantity in stranger's basements and back yards, even protected by them for their loveliness. It is a cost saving on the way to the parts to be united with their purpose -.

The crab moves perfectly, defensively, (sideways) clicking to suggest an offensive nature (and displayed with other crabs as social, as the casual drink comrades.) And, they judge each other, and are crest fallen, and raised up just as quickly...

I am native only to my thinking. I am communicated only to the categories that were forged by fate and my first disconnected studies and expressive compulsion, and the sufferance of the thrusting of my pelvis. It is halfway done to introduce self, then on to the next person, the person was thrilled to find they could speak with dialogue about the life. It was the argument they made with themselves that occupied both sides, and this was a / another person first.

It is boiling oil, it is the caldron that holds it, it is the attachment of the molecule to the sufferer, it is the offering of the belly for boiling, it is the fear of crustization, it is the desire to be eaten but not alone, that makes two fighters fight toward a precipice.

Sensitive pores – feel them open and close, and the breath coming out, and them breathing in. They are children, thousands of them asking for something.

Activity of wounding requires a desire for assault and a way of being in a continuous state of readiness to inflict a damage. This means too, there should be no slide into a kindness, or a regression into a socialized state of interdependence. The individual must exist with less than might be shared, and have more of what has not been given away typically. Wounding binds the victim and the perpetrator to the occurrence. There is a burst, and the act is done. It is a revelatory moment of a ballet.

The engine needs a reason to turn. The electric current wants to know where it is going. The lever doesn't want to waste its resource.

There are unifications of tone with ingrown barbs and there are surfaces as rough as the cat tongue, and there were brown papers creased and folded into cups, and there have been baths to keep the pictures in our eyes, so the present never fades but stacks.

Archaic advantage of the scratch, as a means of the mark in a glass table or a rock beside a deer path, to write, with a hard thing held, and a foam coming from the mouth to lubricate the tools -... solid in the mass, and solid is the way, packed down by the walk, unsure in the overgrown and wild -...

I won a syllable I had invented, but was god given I assumed. I had lost the quality of the word in the mouth, but gained an utterance and a machine to produce it from its dendritic source – it was an artifact as a pocket of document and the subject, and the device a hollow limb that was blocked inside by a moth larvae.

Cabin cars cargo and lift, and cranes, and landfills, and dug holes, and level gravel spread and a circular and temporary road approaching inward from all degrees, steel girders resting now, on their sides, and a sleeping chain -...snowflakes drop straight down. They are as darts. They start and are only a few then stop. They stop and start over a winter night, several times, each time, just a few which melt on contact.

Lock into one way. Then do not choose but follow the one way. Feel the outside of the one way, but do not trust it enough to change or become curious. Do not allow the self to think outside of the one way. The outside of the one way will then be born as many ways that seem to be acted on and have a representative, but they are occurring by themselves, because as they are of no matter and consequence, they emerge as backwash as the other, not chosen, emerges as a chosen not. They are represented by the null set, which is larger than the chosen way. Do not pay attention to it.

Beans are in a pod, eat plant fiber, strings. There are clusters of pods. There are posts for the vines and stems to grow on but the plants grow away from the posts. This happens in one year, not before or after.

There is a registration of intentions and all purposes, and a waiting for response which depends of one judge of accident. There is no training for the role but only birth. Discursive and paranoid communication key, the bird is laying down, the bird is dropping one feather and growing three – the bird is charging its energy source from without, and the bird is hearing the sounds and intonations from without. The bird is flapping wings so that each time a long finger which has emerged from each tip, grows a little longer, like it is being shaken out of a shell. The long fingers, one on each wing tip, have three joints including the knuckle joint as the base, and curl and stretch as if practicing a future movement that will become familiar. Perhaps a single stringed instrument will be played, or an activity related to gather or selecting food is being prepared for. It is possible, the fingers give the bird some rights and responsibilities. It is possible, the bird will judge in domestic and legal matters, using fingers to point, to accuse, to tap a faraway shoulder to draw attention and to make emphasis, and to dismiss and resolve. As the bird passes through its phase of becoming, it lays in the dirt, it is avoided. It is observing, it is in a heightened state where it misses nothing and no meaning to events passing by and within the ranges of its senses.

There is a feeling, of the solidity of an old fashioned porcelain sink. There is the sensation a thing has when looking at it and seeing a hard water stain. There is the paranoid feeling, slight, when watching the water drain, that is might not be draining perfectly or there is blocking, and there is feeling of responsibility to unblock if it is blocked, but there is concern that the sink will be broken is disassembled. There is the jump to the balance of changing and sameness in a broad way.

Should procalmly proclaim, should find to study so to not become the smooth brain, should work, should occupy a fire wire margin of a shape, should washing that, should address, should pose to be seen, should see. Like the vulture to guard its prey, the kill of another, the vulture, to call to others, attend, to community of service -... to the vulture, who does a cleaning service -...

To the thematic essential thing, the walker should approach with true concern, not hiding selflessness but proudly displayed -... and, consider the participation, exemplar, to the theme, to be convincing, and,

to be participating in the ruse -... remembering the lie that sees; the thematic attention, the thing most important in the circumstance, the local shift to relativity.

The walker should dream an permeate the ceiling so it stains light brown and think it smoking, the walker should remove from the room and enter the open space, resulting in the dulling of the blue sky, for another sake, so broadly there is discontent as the sky is dull, and the walker should move away from open spaces and find the points where vertical things against the horizontal uppermost, the graduated filtering of the air atoms where the rocket plane begins to stall -... it is mere presence of the walker that is effective. The walker should be sure to seem to walk in segments, in phrases and movements, and to allow for commentary to spill or vapors to pass between the selected actions, so to form the continuity for followers to read and take inside the hungry pockets. The walker is stepping, though the walker may jump and stomp, and take a taxi or mule.

The key is for a junior evolution. The key is attached to many chains, attached to many walls, so the key cannot reach any of the locks.

There is excellence modesty and advance in small things below a certain scale and size, but the detail to some other circumstance becomes the curse of focus that would turn the animated to a set of bones. There is the thrill of discovery of the missed, and the atomic and simplified irreducible condition of an obvious truth dejected of the dishonest dirt that rides excess matter – there is, the overlook from which one to one and corresponding things, so closed, are as objects never hungry, never eating, never exhibiting purposefulness, but exercising sleep, and infusion. There are these, that participate in the mulch of value to the invisible hungry, blind out-acting.

Pulling apart and leaving as if two syllables of a recognized word is dismembered or castrated and left on a line, its syllables are, left, pulled apart and leaving, but they before they leak out life might move apart and find another vivisected plan... to find the sensing too of plans when syllables will join with breaks and walks between, and throb together as the cells can feel a beat -... the walker mills about, dismissing and approving as if wandered to a gallery museum or a shop, and when a corner out of view, might move a thing, or push two things apart or close. The vulture and the walker are a curator...

There is an I, and it is a found object, and it may be traced and without origin, and it might be thought to gain again, and serve a purpose secondly, but with it, past, still lurks the ghost of first purpose as the prime mover was -...

Participate in the evening, in the day the feeling of the fearing for eyes, the feeling for the joined exclusion of the corner story and, inhibit, to the voice that is most feared, that culls and pushes easily, and wait the law, that out in open, no one takes the breath or muffles the heart, openly... the thousand daily murders, of the heart, unseen...

Proclaim from a pedestal, and, it's offered, take it for the use, to speak, the throttled stream. Must, hand held head beneath a wave, the splash over the edge, the bathwater on the tiles and floor drain, wash the silence and the bubble holds the scream, beneath the tiny sea of waves.

Sweep, a sound, each piece of hay, it, as if an arrow into soft tissue, and the ear is that. – the pieces of the broom combine, bound together, piercings –.. as, to hear the sweeping.

As, you would pull away violently from common experience.

Wait for the dry leaves to come, scoop into them, eat from them, crumble them, sprinkle them.

Curtain, veil, partition, shade.

Spill, into containers and vases of the blessed matter, fill them, casually, not to empty.

Posted on a wall will be a schedule after which one day is posted an introductory statement(s) and discussion opportunity posting further a time to converge on the introduction among the readers, and await the further post. There is something as aside that cat is missing which takes on a further use.

Miss the song and active part, the chance to join. To be their part, become the one standing close, and can feel the breath without backing away, and calm the senses as the breath is shallow, and to see the bead of sweat despite the cool. And still, see into planetary faces, the muscles not used to shape expression but to fetch away a fly, and even this, not fleeing far away. To stay.

One, ask the other, if the noise was heard that might announce arrival or recall, but not, it was a sound for pulling, while in that then the pulled filed deeper in a set volcanic step (with pores and holes set into it as well will give the other air) filed deeper in a box held down safe under where another guards and tries, to hold out and protect, these files –, a moving once, now twice it has been, openings coming, make safe, protect, borrow and hide the body out, the use implied by asking, is a loan, but in the file and guarded, assumed the secret, and, the safety, this moment, to guard over you, even sleeping. Stay.

Force then to have what is had. Represent the possession of. Proclaim, admire. Comment, allude. Make happy, assume, compliment. Disguise. Accept.

Cultivation is at the length of an arm. The dreams had are mistaken information, they precede the write down of the mystified life.

Sudden sharp, there is constant expression of surprise, the spark, the shooting of color, the firework, the whining of a reed and the working of a multi-legged dragon up a street, temple drum unloaded from a truck, and gunpowder smell, grey air and bits of red paper, explosion, rattling of metal disks and clashing on the beat, the boom, the temple drum.

Ways lead to appearance. Ways lead to better or more economical use, less waste, more space, more, less, different. Ways lead to discarding of the material, embrace of the transcendent concern, less use, disinterest, abandonment of material systems, disinterest, making –, disinterest. Ways lead to the heart stopping, the lungs still, eyes clouded.

An average shape is something to be notched, cut and trimmed many times, by many influences. Many approach, while the shape is only one.

Soft, laden with eggs, fruit, stems and roots, spices and nuts, iron filings and coal, wood ash and fresh timber, holding enough, a feeling of having, following ownership of nothing, and hungry.

Using the basic element of the line, drawing literally outlines ideas and forges pathways for the eye. While the mark left on the paper is widely criticized and critiqued, the potential planning and mediation in between artist and pencil, and pencil to paper, are rarely considered. Using common and household articles and some easily obtainable others, this class will develop unique ways to deviate from the received path from eye to hand to pencil to paper, and introduce many possible and individual variations and enhancements. Drawing need not be a single line between the accepted tool of its production but rather a complex array of objects and alterations as the mark is finally made.

Iron rusted, the welds, the gate, the resident, the land markers, the bulkhead doors. The eyes are too close together. There is a divide line through the mouth, wrapping over the upper lip and ending at the nose, running down the lower lip to the tip of the chin and down the neck to the Adam's apple, and spreading out into tiny branches around to the back of the neck. There are rust spots on the cheeks, and on the fingers. There are indentations located in many places, from being pelted with nuts early in development. There is rust that comes down with the rain, as something coming from the mines infusing clouds, perhaps, and seeds them with the powder from the ore. Lightning comes as flying sparks, grounding in the atmosphere and shorting out their circuit to the earth. Ball lightning, to the metal decked ships at sea.

The circle shape, the pond in irrigation channels that spiral out into the countryside and land from the central round, irrigation, design; our way is improvised, there is jazz free form of dirt and grassland, microtonal gravel and sand dunes. Sifting sounds, shifting sounds, coded, noted.

There are patterns of pursuit or following that are the essence of washing and wiping, and the hopelessness of cleaning with something dirty. Reviewers routinely evaluate locking loops and geometrically expanding atomic acts in effort to control the spread of futility.

A study of harm, a study of soft hissing with spittle, a study of large kettles and hollowed logs used to resonate the walls of caves, and a study of hay in winter finishes the curriculum.

A person inscribes him/herself into a room, on the floor. They take duct tape and put it down, making a shape close around their body that is original and personal, in that it allows them to move approximately how they want within it. (a sort of comfort zone) The shape does not exceed the reach from a stationary position at the center. At their leisure, they make extensions from the inscription farther into the space by altering the tape and laying down new. Two or three others enter the space and inscribe themselves into it, making alterations and extensions. These are idealized bodies. But at some point, they become dwellings. Perhaps this will be accelerated by numerous others, or the greater number allows for a multitude of examples of which such a change would be at least a single

instance.(?) See also any natural instinct to acknowledge each other while retaining the decorum of this contained life; the familiarity affects the altering of their “shell.” Perhaps they extend tape borders to each other, or the opposite; courteously avoid extending toward others. Perhaps, at another location, there will be something other than duct tape in an otherwise empty room...

There are some reasons for indefinite milking, and others for finite calibrators. There are opposing needs for dominance, purely subjective, and others that involve practical limitations and ethical boundaries. Grazing, milking, water pools, thin sheets of icing and frozen pond surfaces, and the evacuations of fish overpopulations add several factors to the overburdened equations.

Imagination derivatives swarm from the rims to the valley. It is an end time fantasy, it is an oceanic demise of a practical reading.

To join the unlimiting of burden and to hear the ring of bone clicks, the self professed masters of the skill take ropes and single part devices to a private, unknown place, and there, they work a healing plan. The early stage process binds the release of the gas to the visible shackles and creates a lightness necessary for the bones of the ear to engage in the multi-conditioned states of readiness as required, to achieve the desired and rare result. As with shakers, the task required after this is one of waiting, waiting, waiting. It will come, in its own time.

Look at me as if to test me, as if I am an animal and you are another. Foam. Another is separated by a brief pause. We will fight for the same space. I will move, another will step there, I will move back, the other will shift. Small fight, move again, press against the floor, like to push it away, resume standing and moving aside. Secret knocks fill a closet space, and come through a shared wall muffled. The attention is drawn to it, and fighting is confused. The limbs begin to move independent of control, throwing randomly, arms suddenly jabbing the air, and legs kicking out in every direction. The competition for space is over, and two perform a dance of broken machines. The mysterious knocking continues, and drive the two into a frenzy of fish on land – hours pass, the knocking has become the wrapping of many sources, many hands, as knocks overlap and are cascading as a section of an orchestra with its first second and third chair, but, outside of rhythm and harmony. It is a futility loop, and it can last forever. At this stage of saturation, there is no way to determine where it came from. It continues, but it is finished.

The skill of proof remains, but proof ascends, and leaves no trace of evidence behind, and nothing falls back down.

...deal with the relationships between materials' functions which are connected but not interchangeable. To exchange or invert them disables them from fulfilling their purpose. But, this said, what new role might be served? We should examine numerous physical examples of the holder and the held, the body and the support, binding and bound, container and contents for our purposes of discovery. Their hierarchy establishes orders and activities, as well as necessitates conditions and

physical states. Do the inversions of container and content demand a change in the sequence that brought a content to be?

To individuate is to abandon oneself in every way but awareness and the impulse to change or move. For the artist, the alternative is to place oneself into the shape of the socialized artist, as one would pour water into a container or bowl, and take on this shape for oneself. The socialized artist wishes for recognition, and finds it through the shapes established for him or her through his/hers social group - and, through it, to offer back the forms expected, and to repeat from a list of acceptable messages. This kind of identity puts no value on individualism or the voice that belongs to art, which is as the shape of water, always adjusting its form, determined externally by its outlet, and determined in its behavior by its own internal chemistry. Art that can be categorized and addressed in a larger context is already adapted to another purpose, political, entertainment values, or business purposes. This transition drains away the creative independence of any art, and is thus the means by which art is made acceptable to the larger group, who, demanding a perspective view that is shared experience, is contrary to the singular responsive mechanism which is the kernel and the core of an artist access directly to the creative impulse. If an art can be understood, that it is of no creative value, and the impulse has not been shared - only the artisanship of a maker, as one who cobbles shoes or makes candles. The illness of art is that it in fact needs to be shared, or, made and put away from the artist, and best in clear view of others. The health of art is that this sharing be an impotent gesture, that it falls on the ears and eyes of the deaf and blind, and that it elicits no understanding or response. The social identity of art is this other thing, that it is a role that is satisfied which is consistent with the mundane and everyday experience. The true identity of art is that it represents the abandoned state of the art maker, who has devolved from his social role and has inverted into his own complete and separated state of sensory response, and inward turning, in a kind of dying away from the ordered world. In terms of true art made visible, performance art represents a conduit or channel more attentive to arts creative identity; this is due in part to the openness of performance, and the fact of its relative newness in the field as a discipline. But, as performance art begins to be taught now in schools and art universities as a discipline, the openness evaporates, and we are left with another shaped container into which the socialized artist may pour his work, and find acceptance. The creative impulse thus has drained away rapidly from performance art, and newness or individuation in art must find another set of conduits to satisfy the innate desire (of art) to be seen - in its wish to be healthy and, a living thing. It is my belief that an art which can be contextualized at all is not art, but something working as a placeholder for other human schemes, and a mindful distraction as part of the realm of the mundane. In this way, art really has no role and serves no purpose, only the creative impulse which is akin to chemical reactions and biological drives. These impulses and drives are of course connected to the mini-death, enlightenments that are personal on the part of creators, and like the end of an individual, is singular and is impossible to share as experience. We may have a knowledge of art and something about art history as it has served a socialized role (as false art) but as a group, art cannot be understood or used. Art is an individual, an identity unto itself, like water that reforms its shape as it moves, and which no one other than water can really hold.

Profess, rattling, as the tube, as the bend and folded,
as the fine and fancied, and the stress placed by the weight of fat and function,
blow from soft enlargement and the centered soft extreme

from where the coursing river rises, and the system of the temple of the either which it raises up
dial twice, the first to make attentive, then the second to recall the choice
and place a blame, and extra for a third, what have to express, to make, or break, or
empty out, as marrow to a mouth, the kiss,
the running forward to be joined in lines, the dashing to the bridge that only one
can cross,
the burden of the wish deep in defeat, has all us bending as
too, once before, and folding once again, as when birth took the forming and resolved to
burden many times, that took out from the last cast made from
anybody's low float sitting boat,
that wouldn't push upon the skin expected to be served up for the bait,
it struggled from the hook and screamed, and noticed, they could not return
the act that brought the spirit to a low ecology, the sound, resounding, saved it
for the late resolved in darkened afternoon, and spirited around grey tables,
every thought is something multiple-ly introduced, to watch the window by, and then to move
when best to act, when best to say, now can be done what opportune was missed, again
when watching, waiting, passing through one course
and narrow tubes, and marrow of the kiss, it comes again. So, that each of us should watch
after all, themselves.

The falling from the tree,
so kind the earth! The back recoiling, said to take the blow again,
so crawl again and throw
and down resulting next stand in the line to mount again
until the back recoiling strains and stops, and this was learned as limits would,
the socket of the wall, the frozen pipe, the vacuum hose, the pencil in the ear, the eye,
the broken bottle in the field, the jump across the ditch, the rope around the neck, the swallowing
of stone,
the holding air and swimming in the deep,
the brook, the current and the hold on to the branch,
the waiting watched from the grey a table in a place, and turned it close,
the two, on slips the current and it falls and spins away, but last it pulls the other crying,
not to be today, no drowning in the river, wait the lake.
Found, the cigarette butts on the ground,
the dim smell smoke the paper hardly lit completely ant consumed the tip,
placated, river wet, to sit beside the secret uproot tree forgiving, each the other,
for the future and the past, the stutterer was born the squirrel that dropped, the tree
and digs into the head, as reminding, there it waits, the act out from the moment next which
every body waiting for
surprising, and confusing, and comforting, and accepting, in the ripeness of that brain,
that is the beautiful hardness of strength.
all along the water, power-boxed, my father's father punched and broke, and fear of legends
as the witch would push it in, the boxer silently would break intention in the confidence
and rightness of the hurt,
all powerful the legends of the fighting man!

The pact, agreement permanent to promise cut in birch bark cut in blood,
recuperative, brotherhoods, revenge,

reliance, then the pride with elbows high runs forward
and, depending to the other to be sharing in defeat
they take the field, remembering, there is an honor in the pact
and the pain is leveled and there is no fear of pain and
there no knowledge of the fear, or memory to pile in nerves to learn.
The bones are broken, bones are born, and bones are mended, and,
are filled.

The bones are pipes, macabre, drama scene the dandelion weed
The cattail pitted lung, to smoke will bind
The bones will keep the truth in exercise, the plan, to ritual the pact,
Recalling, never tell, the smell is not forgot.
When we built tall machines, we rolled on wheels onto the street
when we suspended with a rope, three arms, a hood of wood
and gear to move, and plastic bottle filled with gasoline to squeeze and light with matches
shooting down a flame,
although, our giant fell.
Later then, with model rocket missile eyes, exploding rocket engines (packed inside) burns up the grass,
destroys-
the giant stood again and held up both his arms.
We should sing like Frankenstein, for joy, our plans.
And modest in the wood, she found the boy,
Compared and rolled like giants
Promising as well, a pact, to never tell
compared and science like the giant and the rocket
with the twigs and crotch of learning,
put aside the starker future of inventions
to compare, for long and journeys too,
and risk for wonder, what she had between not like the self
was long and learned for many times through life
and pacts are put in line and smells forgot or fixed for yet another in its place,
how every thing had suddenly as if a science in a lab had
changed.

I'll wait for you, she said,
and she was one of three
and none of them
the same.

Instinct and abstract proclaim the same as are both living also in one place
that not to share but pulling over
tumbles purposes and reason in a ball to rolling like the giant's wheel
the housing pushed and pulled about its frame
the circle bound and moving deep inside the cavern of the soul that wants for both
as it should suffer mind and youth.
Missing nothing, each for all, the body greed, the greed creation
hunger want devoid squeezing tight the flashing light
the salt and skin.

You should walk two paths for living, one path for each foot
that keeps the torso going in directions both will lead
but doing something when the two diverging
as, to stand when they
are farthest you can straddle and, to there you stay and find the limits of them both
before another move that topples you
you find how much is all of it
and she said find the limits of the things you trust in me
and I would find that there was little risk to start.
Where now an elder waves and says mortality I see your face,
there sometimes from the grey men smoking at the table sitting back to see,
is a blank and empty stare from eyes that all of white
have put aside all seeing for the safety that it brings
as if mortality can form nothing from the black and floaters in the eye.
They resenting would be killing of a child
and hold it in a basket or
a castle queen from thirty corpses made a daily bath
to keep a milky whiteness
and to offer up the shells to mortal life
that she saw waiting at the end which she knew she could never buy
but magic so to trick the shade as she was young in flesh that soaked in same,
until she burned and age rushed on her like a pike, the fish and not the spear
and, mortality was there to pick her from the ash.
When we are too young to wait, we are immune
to those pathetic fears
and even faced the end as near
will often ask, attended there,
is for a fresher me that waits beyond the wall...

When the season moves, and pale green shadows fill with colors
the milk is whiter and the smoke and rivers fill the palette
we are racing, through the hours, nothing stops
who, what person rich enough would not
through extravagant occult promise
wish to drain that explosion of the invisible will...

With elbows up, a charge into the sea
inertia carries even while an engine fails
the body goes
a man in body carries in it spirit without scars is still a child
and so without the fears it is compelled ahead without
the thought to even cover it the lack will make it go the farther
out before it knows that all the thoughtless throwing
could have ended.
So how it was, that that fair ocean turned to black and unkind hard
and rough hewn beat a ship with man his elbows up
resisted it, and took a wheel, and turned a stern into the waves
and in the cabin flashing light his eyes closed mortal warned surprising first contact

retreated when the man opened them and finding pinned against the cabin back jumped forward
took the wheel and drove the boat again straight on and through the wave, and once more too
and never turned the boat side as a dog would show its belly, side the boat is,
but, he took the waves, straight on and through.

Drifted half sunk low in the water, flat sea moon light radiant lines of schooling fish beneath
and hooks and propane heat for gaggles of fish and gas to cook
and swallowing the makeshift harvest took a feeling of a power up against it

vain and hubris still so that survival was disinformation

took away from living through it nothing new

and still no fear or bowing to the wave so fate would one more time

demand a test from which the passing was a smaller chance, as fate should do it

every time a higher risk

and each year passing risk is more and more for double for the stupid

up against next time

comrades different bitter versions of each other, three is rolling

two to balance one as like a weight inside a roll that moves a hollow tube ahead a weighted engine

that the same is three of people too, a perfect engine moves the whole, and tells its stories

as a single book would do containing in it suites thematic but apart, complete themselves.

One's mother was a country witch, but he was practical and striking out to sea, a water dragon

and a small framed but a powerful and steady staring man

who took the field in every time before a thought

and he was one, who on a second day when all was peace in low sitting bailing by the bucket, he

was with a hook, and fished up something with a fin that cut the surface half a mile, and three took

time to pull it up

but he, had took the field that rode the shark on deck and cut its gut and embryos poured forth and

then he cut the head and threw it to the others who had gathered

to consume a dying cannibal. The splash of red that washed the deck a fountain burst from last pulsing

of the heart of that thing never rested swimming with no sleep for unknown spans, was dead, resisting
with a red water punch that last.

He was ready for his time he said, and ready too to take who else. He was a madman of the sea.

Saint Elmo's fire, cannibals, Neptune, the Flying Dutchman.

A second was a first deck hand, tall and thick,

with darting nervous eyes that show suspicion and,

a bulging arm from boxing and from punching walls,

and slower mind than fist but quick enough to drown at sea.

Third was him, the slow discoverer and slower learner from the wood

and river edge who found the womb with sticks

and robots and the manuals he threw away and kept the science kits,

who didn't take the lesson, even as was thrown about and carved the water

second hand, the third.

One boat, full.

Six eyes glassy lived through that.

The drifters found retuned, and one remorse, the captain with his short arm hardly reached

but pulled and in his house he made a sudden arch across his wall, and left behind a dog.

The boxer's friend, the boxer eyes would never settle for a moment after that,

and move and dart and hardly keep him in a line when he would walk and sing

he moved on through his course slowly disappearing infrequently to see until
was nothing left and saw no more.

The third who was the second hand was more to come
not learning and, dumb to the lesson
took the gift ungratefully
and moved to greater accidents
of which perhaps the catalyst- ...

From hands of poison swelled like mittens
some artistry from these some day, at once he thought ahead
but cut the doctor said, but wait he said
from these are not gone far, which finger? all...

Cut the artist's hands it said
but he is not an artist
yet
then cut his hands

all he need he said while waiting, being in a car and being driven
and a driver drunken and himself awash in fate who had before
a history of a taking with a car another now a threat again the innocent the passenger
exclaims above the din, the car that knocks off tips of snow banks like a bomber in the war,
all I need is one frail digit on a limb and half a head...
how true it was is no one's measure, that it could be true at all, but
seemed a thing to say when faced, a true thing with no lesson learned
that he should wait now patient and, a thing attacked him slowly unseen in the blood from
fish from work, from simple act of work, and not the thrust into the void, that that could be
the spear to bring him low -...
from hands
and so at doors of risk and all a week and two and overnight before the day
it healed
and he was moved to nothing but another day
with still his hands and still the mortal kept at bay.

SO with hands, he chose to study and some artistry but not too much
lest losing hands would waste his time
some half committing seemed the way
possibly a lesson in it, possibly it wrongly read.
SO an influence but not becoming is the ratio
of assumption.

And in foundations, shapes, to draw and shade
and he would wait and lastly put the charcoal down and take the pen and write,
that I image this shape here, and that shape there, and finishing, he's done
the drawing drawn.

And then the feeling of a god amused, he toyed with feelings he would stir
and angry watchers stupid to him who had never learned his lesson from the sea,
who still his hands and leaving them with little skill
no want for fear of losing, and this was then, his first

and unrealistic human fear, the fear of losing
fearing of a wasted effort
simple crude and coarse a wish that
every effort
be
repaid.

He as like a fruit begins to spoil. And visits him at night,
in some disguise in some himself, mortality in dreams and sweat and multiplying fear.
The same in way as toxin'd moved beneath his skin,
the same in way as heads swell up with pride and brains swell up enlarged
and press to death against the case,
the ratio was shifted from the low begun, where effort was repaid or not
to want for pay no effort bound,
and thus, a pattern made that's hard to break.

The mold accumulates the way the fat insinuates beneath the tits one day
early to reverse...

but who would stop what effortlessly comes...
who would turn away the accidents of fate that offer gain...
each half effort marks some time.

Each boiled pilgrim is an effort to rebound from drastic threat
so like response, reaction comes extreme compulsions come
as if they ride on solar flares,
so impossible to imagine, anything is self produced
that seems to be contrary to the host.

The city brings a vertical and horizontal set
that placed against a stack of green and somber blues
and rounds made long one end and soft and short the other,
builds a witness knowing both the panel
that leaning on a third place wall stage sets
how many acts the backdrops will require
not sore reaction but a way to bring in still dead language of the past
snapshotted frames cavorting over memories reunions
counting out the faces unattending
which remiss, and which are gone
placated some would listen with ironic betterments
mostly who would you unbury for the date -...

early modern lecture hall and found a chip of stone when sewer digger makes a mound, and holding it
instructed it is from the 1200s building here, it has all been built before, and far afield
was thought only, how close was the sewer worker while the lecturer here – speaking
feet away, how different the digger from my words or essay -... when I he says deliver air shaped words
and he, toilet water...

*

As a group, become one by several means; by being tethered to each other at various distances,
attached limb to limb closely, back to back, taped and wrapped. We will then perform a set of acts;
walking, coordinating hands for making drawings, making sandwiches. This will lead to further changes
and adjustments designed to make and sculpt a more useful organism of us, unique perhaps for

performing certain established functions, unique perhaps to doing acts that the form itself will dictate. This is an experimental class in exploring ranges, capacities and alternatives. As always, patience, and a broadly focused mind are a requirement.

so transgression born dejected in vocation every soul is punctured
with the thousand stabs -... but for pity we should wait to judge...
each carries with it some long shame-...
one alone holds each,
a set from which a private game is born.

Updates abounding,
makes a stutterer
logger jammed
crust of pie in the throat
speaking clearly please
the waffle in the afternoon, the Belgian lunch
how stranded there once made a man alone,
in Gravenstein the castle keep
they even cleaned the cesspool down below, as they did with the roman castle too
but frescoes still were brown and emperor the shit stained tile across his face-
of puncture points, many used to link across the gaps, the beams pass through from one
porthole into the next
and we can make a single rescue camp,
for every sufferer and every tyrant who fell,
and inventor who made machines with broken parts
and singers making songs with twigs and wind,
and instigators of all kinds, and the silent
withdrawn
hearts, and weak pulses -...
even in castle dungeons where you still can smell
even in the highest tower toilet made the farthest to fall the closest to God, -
where they sit, they are feeling someone's deep discomfort and distress -...

If someone called, perhaps it was not heard. If they spoke, someone heard but said nothing. If the next person spoke, not clearly connecting to the other's stream, it could be it is enough to have a voice come back, depending on the expectation and the usual response. It would be different from a family home to a train where no one was familiar.

Sometimes in an overwhelming speaking, one is saying more than another hearer can take. Sometimes one is in the speaker role the other listens. One has a mouth the other ears, but the speaker can't hear their voice so may be enunciating incorrectly. So, nothing is transmitted. It may be positive to supply both with a mouth and ears. But based on past, there may be confusion as to role, and nothing would be communicated if turns were not taken, or one was in speaking condition and the other was napping. Also nature of communication, shared vocabulary, even language, as, when my wife with family extended becomes tired and I hear only sounds but she fatigued from words, of which I have some fatigue but from another kind, of hearing sounds, and not from processing.

When prayers are heard by others who it is benefit for there may be confusion, as someone once asked me to pray and then seemed to wait but I was praying and they prompted me and I said, silent prayer. It was for their benefit, but realizing the situation, they had wanted me to pray aloud so they could hear the words I said in their behalf, and not be wondering at the content of a silent prayer, and when aloud, it seemed to do more good than silent prayer so I would wonder if the God is listening does he distinguish between benefit prayers aloud and silent prayers, and is he differently responsible to the two kinds or is he free in both situations to answer as he wishes, as it is strange, that the recipient seems to prosper more from out loud...

The words that can't been seen, the conditions that can't be emulated, the smells that overwhelm yet can't be described, the overbite that makes the person eat certain kinds of food very well, the size of the feet that are particular advantage in one environment are all concern of one person in an environment described by the advantages and conditions here, or, each being one factor in less described environments or interactions or as many people as conditions number, in as many environments.

A greeting is given that is twice as long as the response and three times as long as a set of words said by any possible second hearer, who should make some small commitment of friendship but in a scale with the others as it is through accident that the person has overheard, and there is an equal though short responsibility, but one that runs less deep and depends on superficial aspects that may be read from a person's appearance and continence.

A hard sound was given a muffler, but a soft sound came from a larger thing. It was made to sound louder, so to warn, although the first, which was muffled because of its volume, was not given this same consideration, so that no one knew if large or small after the fact of muffling. The first thing was often suspected of being large and dangerous by some, but the new heard only the muffled sound, though when informed by others that the thing had been muffled, they didn't know as well, if it were small or large. Generally, most were unsure regarding the first, though two thought it was small even though it was muffled, because now, it had a softer sound. Perhaps, it shrunk when the sound was diminished. They couldn't help but make the association with the sound. The second was a problem to none.

A person in a massive ego cloud as wide as he could see in all directions walked with it, and entered others into it, as it was like a bubble that surrounded him. As others who would happen entering there had no sense of an ego cloud, so had none of their own. Effects of which are that the person entering is made by him or herself to submit completely and to only see the person with the massive ego cloud, and have no thoughts their own, and shadow the person with the massive ego cloud, not looking upward from him, or downward or to any side of him..., depending on how many entered into the cloud, the central figure made a wave of mimics with every step or gesture, (of various extent) but there was some delaying to respond, because the closer to him anticipated him, and farther could not see that he had flexed or readied himself to move; it was often like the whipping of an animal's tail, and every time he moved, he whipped the tail again.

Someone learned that they could paint a wall inside the air. It hung and you could walk through once it was dry. You dust the speckles off yourself, and should repaint if you would pass through it too much,

but as a wall, it served its purpose, and could block the view of something or some land another owned and wanted to protect from being seen which some have thought should not be something done for free. While the land was owned the air above was not so subject to a clearly written rule, so there came also some who claimed that they could own the air, and painted it and blocked the views of some who owned the land who wished to see it...

A land fill, modestly emits a smell, and feeds some animals, and skunks and raccoons live from what it provides, and trailers grow nearby, and bits of tree and land and swings, and monkey bars, and smokestacks, and above ground swimming pools. Modestly, the land fill provides for many small number of things.

In a degeneracy of a growing power source, one slide control will purify a stick, and one slide decomposes it and makes the operator's mouth feel dry. Tool shops have begun to build and feature items and machines with a purpose that will only be found through future use.

The frog eggs in a pond correspond to the elder's failing health. When the elder hurts, the tadpoles inside the egg sacks shiver and squirm. Sometimes they are rivaled by the salamander eggs they share the pond with. The salamander eggs correspond to the dating life of a young woman. When she is in love, the salamander fetuses' bellies become whiter and plumper. It is two styles of egg.

...this is involving the process of developing a performance art structure from immediate availability of participants, materials, and environmental frameworks. Without adding to what we find, we will select three close by spaces to "perform" in. We will examine materials or lack of, determine what would constitute a valuable exploration for the specific space and materials, and go about composing laws, actions, material uses, and purposes; a miniature world. We then perform as inhabitants in these three worlds. The potential for growth with this method is considerable; committing the creative act in its barest and most revealing state.

While competence, control and skill are desirable in art as much as in other pursuits, art demands more as well. For art to be alive, it must contain the unexpected, novelty, and the unknown. These qualities may be introduced by intentionally exploiting a list of typically negative aspects. Within every untested conception is misjudgment, error, straying from plans, and unrealistic expectations. A negative view is that these are mine fields of difficulty. A positive view is that they are gold mines that can increase skill and broaden experience. The perfect model of an art piece is the mental picture of it as it is conceived or as it unfolds. The reality of an art piece is the rendering into time space and material. The model and the reality are separate products.

What would be the purpose, I had dreamed of faded green painted corridors, the paint was high gloss, it appeared the corridors were the inside of a sappy plant, and they were narrow, like the veins of flowers, but though the corridors seemed to express enormous scale, there were only one or two very tiny rooms like closets at some corridors end, and on the sides of some that were like little buds on a stem. Through the dream, I tried to find a room that I could occupy, but only found these few, and so small all

that I could do was stand, and there were no lights inside them only the shiny green paint, and white trim and ceiling. So I walked in the corridors that never seemed to end. I walked all night in the dream while I dreamed.

The brain is rippled on the outside inside of it the outside mostly as the orange skin the center small sized bowling ball and just as solid made of bone, and, this is what they have to work with.

The brain I ate in thin soup was a half cut down the middle boiled unsalted sitting in the water as I ate with spoon, it cut it easily, tofu tasting nothing. Pig brain sheep brain across the strait monkey brain.

Accept. Accept the mangled finger, and the conditionals, and accept, and accept the turn taking of the watchful eye, and, accept that offering that seems like a demand. Display the watch hands made of wood, and paint the eyes with radium. (see how the finger points)

One should be collecting straws of different lengths and widths to control the breathing rate and depth at different times of day. One should be collecting paper, to crumple and uncrumple to control the length of inhalation and exhalation, to crumple and uncrumple in a steady pace, and follow it with breath.

Vibration of the smokestack shaft, a ringing tone, a set pitch but an opening and a closing of the sound as if an envelope is opened and closed to reveal it, every night, the window open, factory. Mask by light of day it is less pronounced. Artistry always reveals its source, and my observation, it hints its location and conditions. The artist sits writing near a window, so the factory occurs frequently, and even the sound of birds found in compositions, while the composer worked near his garden... this whole a plastics factory composition...insinuating everything and even breathing...

The thumb was gone,
and some a finger at a joint that missed its tip and cried
the joints are in the river now,
washed through a pump or tube, or caught inside a filter
incinerated or, inside a hospital, a refuse bin and landfill bound,
the same is just as gone
blood skin poison he remembered back,
a child observed, his home
the church the deacon fingers hands it comes back inside a threat inside a dream inside
the week of fear,
pure the factory loss
even later would describe the cheat, of one who lost
the thumb; who was a carpenter
though factory took the greater portion
piece meal later would remind this
even then the fisherman who cut his hand wound in a ganging rope beneath the water
with his traps his scuba knife strapped to his leg
his other hand cut off he lived and rigged his boat to handle one handed...
here back mill town paper sulfur SMOKE again is the same
the paper mill, the cement factory, the plastic factory the rope factory

...remind, the sulfur smell volcano Indonesia in another time and the earth cracks
A town and men
have lost,
thumbs,
index finders,
up to hand
up to knuckle
up to second joint
packing plant (sardine factory), a careless fire, burns to the ground, gas tanks explode, 2 fireballs
boats in the harbor sunken (pierced by debris spears)
sardine cans washing up on beaches for two weeks -... a firefighter loses finger
awash of factories
impresses the brain, (to gain respect of the brain)
the rope factory burned down 30 people unemployed someone torch it
it was a hated job the boss named Mort was like the guard at a gate
remembered someone fell the elevator shaft
remembered working there and hands would claw up stiff at night
the bobbins of twine to rope from 6 to twelve spun together on an engine inside a drum
and keeping all the bobbins full of twine a magician dance of attending to
and nightmares of the runaway bobbins on an increasing speed machine...
and, he knew the person at a different plant who'd used a drill
and somehow nicked the tips of all the finger off on one hand...
he was drunk and heard a blur of speaking, suddenly, jaunting speaking,
reckless speaking, ashamed sounding, angry speaking clownish, imitating voices speaking,
velvet voiced, slippery speaking and whisper speak -...
something something something fingers something something finger fingers...
a digit and half a head,
back in church the deacon walks about but doesn't take the offering right, he finds a straight walk can't
be done, he's come obscure, he wonders why someone thinks he should suffer in his mind the loss of his
beloved left pinky but he feels not a thing not even phantom pain but cannot steer right with his body
and it was described as true that he had lost his trusty rudder or his fin, and though the pinky seems a
useless thing, he couldn't walk for shit -...
in the factory you are being watched always
there is mirrored glass in offices that they look out –
they are watching always
and you should rush to keep ahead and keep it faster
and you should rush through eating because
they are watching you eat
and you should not try to talk with more than one person at a time
because
they are watching and will think you are organizing something -...
and you should have the job be cause it is in the countryside
or in the city
and anywhere there is not other work for you to do
even at the canoe factory there are no other jobs but the one you have
and they can cut your salary in a bad year and they'll say if you don't like it you can leave
but you have no choice in it because you need the job and it is the countryside
or the suburbs or the city or an outsourced country or in the middle of

utopia, and you need the job and there is no other job that you can do, because everyone has just one job they can do and they are doing it and if they don't they do nothing because it is the countryside and the city and the suburb and the moon station and the ocean bed and the wormhole and the vapor in the morning and the rain drops and the surface of the sun and the chickens liver and the eyes of the chicken are watch you ...

Changing Plans ... merely divides the space repeatedly by imaginary boundaries, which are made visible by blue painters' tape. The performance begins with making parallel lines close together in the space using the tape that fills it from one end to the other, on the floor, and wall space. Next, the performer feels compelled to walk and move only between the lines, much like "step on a crack, break your mother's back." This aversion is relieved by simply taking a razor and cutting segments out of the lines, making roomier spaces, squares, and other pathways other than the monotonous parallel lines. This performance like the first lasts three hours. By the time the piece is complete, the parallel lines will have been cut and pieced together in many different ways to allow for a variety of more comfortable movement..

gently slow down,
breathe steadily,
be calm,
close the eyes half way,
breathe in
breathe out,
get a towel...
and,
though,
you are feeling a little bit overloaded
and you should evacuate
and be reminded of the hoarders you had heard of, true, you would rather not think it but the fact is,
you knew them well...
they had a name, and it was An, and your name was Jo, -...

Jo worked with a house fix it team for some short years when he met Mr. and Mrs. An. Jo's job was to sand and paint walls. He did well, but not greatly at this labor. He was paid less than some others by his team boss. He accepted this. The Ans had a big house, big enough to hold inside it many other smaller or normal sized houses. It was obvious that the Ans were very rich. Even so, they complained at the house fix it team's price, even while they were not being paid to fix it in many of the rooms they were asked to work in. When the work was done, the Ans delayed payment but finally, they negotiated a somewhat lower price than the price agreed upon, and payment was made. Shortly after the job completion, Jo was contacted by them to see if he would continue alone, without the rest of the work team, to do jobs on the An home, at his lower price than his fellow workers. Jo agreed. As it happened they wanted him to do painting, and then other work, on their entire house, and not just a few rooms, and wished him to do the equivalent work of several people, and they even told him this. He agreed. Jo considered, this

must be how they retained their wealth, by being clever with the services they demanded. Jo felt a bitter taste in his mouth like he had eaten bad food. But, he learned to live with the taste, rather than spit it out. It was, after all, work, and he felt as he was his own boss now.

So Jo was often at the giant house for very long days. The Ans rarely went out of the house, but rather, had things come to them. And Jo saw how they frequently got more for less, using what they called “negotiating” for better prices. Maybe some service would arrive late, so they would ask for a lower fee. Or, that there had been some misunderstanding about the price, based on unprecise wording. So, this was what negotiating meant.

Jo eventually learned more about the Ans, after they came to trust him, because he conducted himself in such a silent way. Mr. An received his business from his father. The business had been a company whose business was to buy other companies, make changes to the company, and then sell the company for more value. Mr. An’s father, and then Mr. An, never actually made anything, or fixed any broken objects. They used number on paper to make companies look better so to sell, but didn’t actually make anything that the companies they bought might have made. To Jo, this seemed like magic. But, was it white or black magic? The sour taste in Jo’s mouth increased, but he did not spit.

Mr. An eventually sold his company that ate companies, and now, traded bits and pieces of companies on paper, using some of the money he had made, always making more money with his workless scribbling and signing of his name on paper.

Mrs. An seemed confused in character. Jo learned she had done many kinds of work, even low paying jobs, had a daughter when she was very young, and had very little education. Yet she had learned to speak well enough, had been pretty, and talked frequently of the poor, often referring to poor people as “parasites.” Jo thought, but you were poor, before you married a rich husband, but he thought it in silence, and did not spit.

It wasn’t long before Jo was doing many other kinds of work other than house painting. The Ans would ask him to do various tasks, and he never turned work down. He learned that Mrs. An had once had a cleaning lady come in to clean. She was from a far off country, and Mrs. An was frustrated at how little the worker understood of Mrs. An’s language., and Mrs. An was very particular about how she liked things done. And, Mrs. An knew exactly how much the cleaning lady made in pay, she knew the cleaning lady was quite poor, or, was a parasite. Because of this, Mrs. An distrusted the cleaning lady, fearing she would steal from her. So, she felt she had to take the work away. Jo was asked to do the cleaning lady’s work now. And even now, Jo would often see Mrs. An opening the boxes that contained her jewelry, and carefully counting each piece to make sure nothing had been stolen. Jo wondered, did the Ans also now think of him as a parasite? They seemed to welcome his presence, and would often talk to him about the situations of people, and what it meant. Jo understood, though, this must have been partly because of his silence, and the Ans never seemed to have visiting friends. Sometimes, Jo would almost speak, but would stop, for fear that he might spit. The Ans never noticed; the silence which was his response was the perfect engagement for the Ans kind of conversation. They would talk more, and more, revealing whatever the silence seemed an agreement to.

Jo worked on, doing many different tasks in silence, with the bitter taste in his mouth. His mind was often somewhere else, far away,. Because while Jo was a simple man, he held inside his brain a heavy little circle the size of a child's marble. That circle contained a passion, encompassing some expression, and inside of that, all wrapped tight, a finer set of things that made a perfect world and perfect life. What no one knew was the Jo had traveled far and had seen many things. And Jo had fallen deeply in his travels for a woman with whom he only wished to be. For which now, he worked. (figuratively)

Over time, Jo could see, the place which was his homeland was becoming filled with others who thought like the Ans. And even while the poor increased, they began to think in strong and isolating terms. More important than other people were the things that they had bought, and wished to hold and hide from others. Even as in one big way, the poor were nothing like the Ans; the Ans were rich. But all the local world was telling all the people how to think like the Ans, and soon, they would be as rich. And, this had kept many people silent, though they had in their mouths the bitter taste.

The time came when Jo had enough money, and he made plans to return to far away, to be with the woman he had found. His mother had died, and left behind a small amount of family savings. While Jo was poor, the money was enough to put him on his way, and Jo was familiar with chance and fate. Stating his intentions firmly with his employers, they were quite shocked with his clarity and confidence in his purpose. So, after some weeks of much harder work in light of his leaving, they had to let him go, as they had never bought him outright.

Jo traveled across the sea. There were storms; he left in a deep winter, and at times his travel was interrupted on his way. Yet in time he arrived.

The mountain sees, the mountain knows everything. The mountain knows us all by name, and knows our fathers and mothers, and theirs, and all the way back to when man first came. The mountain knows every story that can be told. We are small and young, and the mountain is big and old. How can we approach even, what it knows?

White Dog is barking. White Dog is a funny and foolish dog. Chi lived with a friend once, the friend left, but left his dog behind. Like the dumb plants he keeps, and dumb cats that someone other left, Chi keeps and cares for poor old dumb White Dog, the foolish White Dog. White Dog lives outside the house on a tile floor, and has a big doghouse Chi built for him. It is even protected from water, with a plastic sheet between the boards to keep it dry inside. White Dog likes to sit in his doghouse and look at the wall. But when it pours rain, White Dog will come out of his doghouse and stand in the rain. Even in a cold rain in winter, White Dog will stand in the rain and wag his tail. He will sleep in his house in the morning, but in the summer, when the sun is up and it is the hottest time of day, White Dog will come out of his doghouse and stand in the sun. If Chi is home, he will come out of the house and put a wet cloth over White Dog's head. White Dog will stand with the cloth over his head and do nothing all day. In the morning, Chi will bring out a bowl of fresh water for White Dog, but White Dog never drinks it. Instead, he will go over to the dirty old aquarium filled with dirty water and slime, and drink from that. I think, if there was a human being like White Dog, his family would be ashamed of him. But White Dog is just a White Dog. Chi just laughs at him. "Who are you before?" he asks him sometimes.

There is a paint crew, gathered to paint a big cement house. There is Chi, Di, Jo, and Min-Chi. Chi is an artist, and he paints murals, and many other things. Even houses. Di is also an artist. Min-Chi is a print maker and carver. Jo is a white man. When Jo met Di, and was asked his name, he said Jo, but you can call me white dog. They all laughed but didn't call him white dog, because they were too polite. Jo already knew Chi and Min-Chi. Jo is engaged to Min-Chi, and Chi was a school mate of Min-Chi's, and became a friend of Jo's.

White Dog barks now. That is unusual. He is alone in the gated front of Chi's house, up the street from the house to be painted. Why does White Dog bark? Maybe there are street dogs outside, making fun of him. Street dogs are smart, and maybe they pick on White Dog because he is so dumb. Jo feels a little like White Dog here, because he feels a little dumb, not being able to talk the language much yet. Di acts a little like White Dog is not here. Min-Chi likes White Dog, but always feels a little uncomfortable or shy to pat him much, because White Dog has a big black sack between his legs that sways like a handbag when he moves around. Poor White Dog. They should go to see what he is barking about. If there are other dogs, Chi will chase them away. He loves animals and doesn't like to see things tormented or suffer. On the way to the house to be painted, only a week ago, there was a spider's web from near the top of a telephone pole that stretched down to some low bushes. In the center of it, way up in the air, hung a spider as big as a hand. It was an amazing and beautiful sight to Chi, who enjoyed it every day. One day there were sounds of children playing outside. When Chi went outside, he saw the children were throwing rocks at the spider. One big rock hit the spider and knocked it off onto the ground, killing it. Chi yelled and the children scattered. Chi saw one of the children later, and told him that while he slept, the ghost of the spider was going to crawl inside his ear and eat his brain. The child ran away crying.

The paint crew walks now to Chi's house, past the remnants of the spider's web, to see if White Dog is okay. White Dog greets them with tail and black sack wagging. He forgets why he is barking for now. Maybe he is just lonely. It is starting to get hot, being summer. The paint crew goes inside and everyone takes a nap on the floor. They will start the house painting job in a few hours. "I think something is wrong with White Dog," Chi says, then falls asleep. Jo snuggles up to Min-Chi and closes his eyes. "You are my white dog," she says and strokes his hair.

They wake up after an hour. They should eat before they work. They go to get into the car, to drive down the mountain. White Dog squeezes through the gate as they leave, and won't go back in. Chi tries to catch him, but he runs every time Chi gets close. So, the paint crew gets into the car and drives away. White Dog chases them. The road has many turns, and you have to drive slow sometimes. White Dog gets in front of the car and stops them. "I don't know what is wrong with White Dog," Chi says. They push the back door open and White Dog jumps into Jo and Min-Chi's laps.

At the foot of the mountain, they go to a popular eatery and get four quick meals to go. Cold black tea is free, so they fill two cellophane bags and tie them closed. Back in the car, Min-Chi says she will puke, because she has three black sacks in her lap; the two bags of tea and White Dog's. "I am glad you don't have that" she says to Jo and points.

They drive back to Chi's house and put White Dog in the gated front, then walk with their lunch to the house to be painted, and go to the third floor open balcony. It overlooks the mountain range, with the big mountain at its center. Clouds move in from the side, and weave between the peaks like big strands of cotton. It changes constantly. To the left on a slope is a gleaming temple, with tiny human dots scattered around a spacious tiled plaza. Jo wrote a poem once here, when Min-Chi had stayed at home for the day.

The temple on the hill
that climbs the mountain
at the city basin edge
glimmers from the sun and from the tiles
two lions small from distance
on the side of white stone steps...
clouds pass over and, between
the peaks, in my view,
that every day will take
a different and a special path for just that day
as from this balcony i watch, and feel
the sweat that trickles down my chest
and as I gulp for air
in humid heat that yet puts spirit
in a perfect cool,
I am calm, and gathering
with silenced brain
these moments that are mine,
away from birth more far
and so more close
she waits, down in the basin
my axis, on which
all my things
will turn.

The pork chicken and fish meals and fried rice are eaten in silence before this scene that is never mundane, only powerful or calm. Chi eats his chicken and then the bones.

Di looks suddenly to one side. "Did you see something?" he asks, looking into the room.

"No, no..."

"It was like a ... white face..?"

"No, that would be me," Jo tries to say and the others laugh. But Di seems a little uncomfortable still.

Finally they start preparations for painting. There is much sanding and plastering to do. Each crew member finds their role. Jo wipes surfaces down. Min-Chi is an expert plasterer, perhaps because of her skill in working surfaces, as a carver and printmaker. Chi uses a grinder and takes down rough cement nobs. Di puts down drop cloths and then begins to plaster. They have a late start, so work into the night.

During a break, Chi and Jo go up to the balcony and smoke a cigarette. Chi smells the air, then his armpits, then points to a small garden across the street below, lit by a street light. "I think rotten vegetable," and makes a face. "Maybe sewer," Jo says, and points to a grate below, in case Chi didn't know the English word, then acts like he is passing gas.

They finish for the day at about nine o'clock. It is still hot and humid. The paint crew picks up, then walks back to Chi's house to relax. Chi puts on some music, while Jo and Min-Chi look at art books from a stack. Di is quiet and seems lost in thoughts. In a little while, he says he is not feeling well, and will not stay the night, even though they should begin early the next morning. He leaves, to drive down the mountain on his motorcycle. The others go back to their idle amusements. In another little while, White Dog barks once, and there is the sound of the gate opening. Di comes back in, taking off his shoes at the door. One pant leg is rolled up, and there is blood on his leg. He collapses onto a cushion. Chi rushes to get a wet towel. "I fell off my motorcycle, up the street," he says, "right where that abandoned building is." He winces in pain as Chi puts the wet towel over the torn skin. "I feel like someone pushed me. My motorcycle is still there." They bandaged his scrape, and he was better. "I thought I saw something in the road, so I was almost stopped- otherwise I would have been going faster. But there was nothing in the road."

Chi goes out, and in a few minutes, Di's motorcycle can be heard in front. "It's okay, just dented," Chi says back inside. "I think it is a strange night. No sounds from the woods. Birds and insects are silent."

The group sits in the living room, and after cups of tea, each drifts where they rest on cushions, into fitful sleep, and all share a dream.

A man stands on an edge. Before him is the solid ground. Behind him, the earth drops away into a black void. The man is rocking backward and forward on his heels, barely balanced. A red bird suddenly appears in front of him. He reaches toward it, leaning more solidly over the ground. But the bird evades him and flies away. He rocks dangerously backward. Another bird appears in front of him, a speckled blue and black hummingbird, which flutters in place. The man reaches for it, but again, this bird too flies away. The man draws back in despair, and this time loses his balance, falling backward into the void.

The group awakens suddenly and at once, like physically jerked from sleep. Outside, White Dog is howling. "What is wrong with him," Chi asks. Chi goes outside and White Dog stops. He comes back in, and White Dog starts again. He goes back out and he stops. He comes back in and he resumes. Chi takes a mat outside and lies down for the night. White Dog stops howling.

They have coffee or tea in the morning and walk to the house to be painted. The owners will come today. No one has lived in the house for a long time. The new owners want to move in, in two weeks. There is a lot of work to do in that time. Along the way, they see a grasshopper in the doorway of a house. Jo picks it up and holds it in his hand. The grasshopper pushes his fingers apart with its powerful legs and jumps away. It is as big as a mouse. "Many things grow big here," Chi tells the foreigner Jo. "It is a strange place, even though I have lived here my whole life," he says. They continue on their way. Di is limping a little but he says he feels well enough to work, if he doesn't have to stand the whole time.

The owners come. They are a married couple. The man is white. He is friendly to the group, except to Jo, who he ignores. He has a list of additional tasks he wants done on the house. Chi seems unhappy. The others find out later, the Chi is doing this job at an incredibly low cost. His fellow workers will be paid, but Chi, the leader of the group, will take no money. He did this for a favor, to welcome the new neighbors. And now, they begin to ask for more. Jo tells Chi, never trust a white person. Now everyone feels a little bit bad. The day drags on very slowly. Jo and Min-Chi try to cheer each other by visiting. Min-Chi plasters on the first floor, while Jo is on the third floor. Every so often, they will sneak up or down and make a surprise visit. Min-Chi thinks once she will go up and put her hands over Jo's eyes. When she gets to the top of the stairs, she sees a shadow, but not Jo. The shadow seems to hover in the air, then, she sees that Jo is at the end of the room, with his shadow next to him. She looks back to the suspended shadow nearer to her, but it is gone. She and Jo both share a thought, though he doesn't even know she is behind him. "Hey," she says and walks across the room to him. "Hey, I was just thinking of you," Jo says back. She puts her hand on his head. "Don't ever hurt yourself, okay?"

"Of course not," Jo says. "But, how strange, I was just thinking the same thing of you..."

"Why should we think that...." Min-Chi says.

Jo looks behind her and sees no one is around. He kisses her leg. He wishes they could be at home right now.

There is a wooden shed on the way to the house to be painted. Wood doesn't fare very well here, it is falling down and a little rotted. Inside the open front of the shed are old scooter parts and stained plastic buckets and a few sticks. Stretch in one corner of the shed opening is a spider's web. Jo goes over to the she and pokes around sometimes on the way to the house to be painted, and then catches up to the others, the brisker walk beginning his day of sweat. One morning while looking about the shed, Jo sees a rare thing. On the wood of the shed beside but not in the web spider's web sits its maker. It is a rare spider. Jo has seen photographs of such a spider, but never the actual spider. It is several tones of grey, but on its back, it holds the perfect likeness of a human face.

In photographs of this spider, Jo remembers a detailed, restive face, with lips, nose, eyes and eye sockets, and even eyebrows, all rendered in white or slightly off-white fill. But, this spider – instead of a completely vertical orientation, the face is tipped, at a diagonal to one side. The lips are clear, but there is a white mark from it that descends downward. It looks like a thick tongue, hanging from the mouth. The overall face is thin, like a sickly man. A slight nose, and the eyes, the eyes are round, like bulging, and the eyebrows are arched as if in surprise. Jo thinks about the fate of the giant spider. He hopes, children will not kill this strange thing. Even so, wishing its safety, something of it makes him uncomfortable, and he feels dislike. As he walks back to the road, he turns once, and even so far away to see the spider, he thinks, he sees the face, and it is moving... He should come again, the next day, and the next. In the morning, he stops at the shed on the way to the house to be painted. At first he thinks it is a different spider, but he recognizes the peculiar markings and the face, it is the same spider, but plumper. Its body has swollen overnight, and its abdomen is thicker than the end of his thumb.

Something has changed on his next visit to the shed and spider. Jo finds it, but its body looks wrinkled and collapsed. The web is filled with many baby spiders. Jo counts them. There are exactly one hundred. He reaches into his pocket and finds his Swiss army knife, and folds out the magnifying glass, and looks at a baby spider. On its back is the same face as on the mother, with eyes bulging and tongue hanging out. He looks at another, and it is the same face, and the same on the next. It is odd, he feels, the face is like a stain. Not just on the spider, but on this place.

Everyone is uncomfortable now. Di must leave the job, because his neck has started to hurt him, very badly. The owner is concerned about how long the job takes, and the amount of money. He visits several times adding more to do on the list for Chi, and at the same time, becoming angry about money and time. The others can see Chi is very unhappy, and feeling pressure, even though he works for free, and as a favor to his new neighbor.

It is night. After a long day, Jo and Min-Chi stay over at Chi's house again. White Dog begins to howl. They look at the clock on the wall. It is exactly midnight. Chi should sleep outside again to keep White Dog comforted through the night. Chi rolls off of his mat while he sleeps, and wakes up on hard tile, his body aching. Di is out sick with his uncomfortable neck, Jo is disturbed by the spider and the many faces, and Min-Chi still has uncomfortable thoughts about her loved ones hurting themselves. She says in the morning again to Jo, "don't ever hurt yourself please, okay?"

It will be a difficult day, the owner of the house to be painted has asked that glue that is on the cement stairs, once holding down tile, now gone, be removed somehow. There are two flights of stairs with the old glue still on them. It seems an almost impossible project that could take a long time to do, but the owner wants it done quickly.

Min-Chi has another job to do in Taipei city, so she goes down the mountain. Chi and Jo go to the house to be painted. They start to scrape the glue from the cement stairs, but it is very hard, and it takes a long time to do a few inches. Chi says, "I will go out to get a solvent." He returns from a supply store with soon with a five gallon bucket of solvent. He pours a little on the stairs, and they begin to scrape again. It goes a little faster, but it still takes a long time. Chi makes a growling sound and drops his scraping tool on the floor. "I will be back with blowtorch," he says. Jo laughs. "Oh sure," he says, like it is a joke. Chi leaves. Maybe he has some other idea. He comes back shortly and yes, he has a blowtorch. Jo is nervous. Chi is energized. He pours the solvent all down the stairs from the third floor to the second, completely covering them. Then he picks up the blowtorch. Jo says, "hey, that solvent is probably flammable." "Yes, I know," Chi says and half laughs, then lights the torch. It is as if something has taken possession of Chi's mind, Jo thinks. He goes to the stairs and puts the flame against a step. There is an immediate eruption of fire. Chi says, "Shit," in English and jumps from the stairs onto the cement floor of the second story. Jo sees Chi is on fire on his pants, and runs at him and puts him out, but himself gets too close to the stairs and his shirt catches fire. He slaps the flames out on Chi's leg, as fire has begun again on him, and then he slaps them out on his own chest. The flames rise from the stairs and along the ceiling, billowing black smoke, while at the top of the stairs, the fire rises into the third floor, and makes the whole room black with the smoke. Jo says, "get, out, get out" to Chi, then sees the bucket of solvent left on the stair. Jo runs into the flames and grabs the bucket, then runs down the stairs to the

street with it, but not seeing Chi, he goes back in. "Get out," he says to Chi again, grabbing him and pulling him away. Di, who has called in sick, suddenly appears. He has a bucket of water from the first floor. He throws it onto the stairs, and amazingly the flames die down, then disappear. They go outside and stand in the street. Back inside in a few minutes, they see the damage. The wall along the stairs is charred black, the ceiling on the second floor, and the walls and ceiling of the third floor are covered with soot. The charred wall can be fixed with plaster and repainted, and the rest can be cleaned. They are relieved. "Don't ever do that again please," Jo says to Chi. "I won't." He says. Jo has caught on fire once before, many years ago, and gotten a little burned. He was jittery now. "The owner will come later today," Chi says. "I will have to tell him." They start to repair the damage. They work in silence for a while. Then Chi says, "I don't know why I did that. I know better than to do that." This releases laughter in both of them. They feel they have cheated fate somehow. Jo feels most lucky, as he flashed back to when he had been on fire before, and relived it at the same times as he experienced it again. "I really know better, I don't know what I was thinking..." Chi says this several more times. It stops bringing laughter. There is no more release. A fear has settled in, in its place.

It is a bad scene when the owner comes. He questions all three about the accident, but focuses especially on Jo, because the owner is white and Jo is white. Jo feels the owner thinks he will be more truthful, maybe because he is white, like him. Jo finds many whites abroad are like this, like the owner. The owner says that Mr. Chu from up the street has said he could do the house in half the time as Chi has and his team. Chi says Mr. Chu lies. After the owner leaves, Chi says, "when we finish I will never talk to this neighbor again." Jo and Chi share a cigarette again on the balcony attached to the sooty third floor room. Chi takes a puff, and makes a face. "There is that smell again." "Yes, it is worse than before," Jo says. "We should paint the balcony yellow," Chi says.

White Dog begins to howl, every night, starting from midnight. The neighbors begin to leave notes on Chi's door, because their sleep is disturbed. Chi's sleeping next to White Dog becomes less successful in calming him. It seems like many things are bad right now.

One day when the house to be painted is nearly finished, the paint team get into Chi's car at noon and drive down the mountain to have lunch. Coming back, they near the abandoned house up the street from the house to be painted. There are three police cars there, and a van, and yellow police tape cordons the building off from the street. Two men are wheeling a cart with a long black bag on top of it to the van. It becomes obvious what has happened, and is an immediate answer to the question of what brought bad luck and strange occurrences on this street. It is a body. Someone has died. The paint team goes to Chi's house, and then Chi walks down to the abandoned house, to see what has happened. He returns in a short while. A man known here who is very poor and who became ill has killed himself by hanging. He has been hanging in the abandoned house for two weeks. Someone called the police and told them about the horrible smell coming from the house. Now that he has been found, he will be buried by his relatives.

The paint crew was shocked, but relieved as well. Maybe things will go back to normal now, and the strange haunting will stop. The crew is quiet for a while in Chi's living room, so they can feel sorry for the hanged man. "The house to be painted will be finished today, and so will the story," Chi says. "

"Maybe good magic will come next," Jo says, and squeezes Min-Chi's hand, thankful for something, even when there are dark forces that threaten.

After a year, Jo found that he was forced to leave his fiancée and new country, at least temporarily, by a convulsion of laws and conditions... he promised his fiancée that he would go to his homeland, and when rules and laws allowed, she would join him, they would marry there, and return to the island. Then, they would be legal. So sad, Jo departed for his homeland. On returning, he was examined and prodded, as if he were an enemy. It seemed, something was quite changed now. The appearance of people was one of a sameness, a shaping, by way of life and habits. Yet, each seemed to look at the other with a gap of distance and difference. How was such a thing possible?

Jo wanted to work on returning, and though his situation felt tenuous, he was quickly asked to work for the Ans. When he visited them, they greeted him with a stilted friendliness. "Have seen what has been going on?" Mrs. An asked. Jo admitted, he had not. "Soon, we will be at war!" she said with some urgency. Jo looked around him at the entry way of the house. There were stacks of boxes everywhere. They were all labeled with "emergency supplies" on the sides. "There is allot of work to do," she said seriously. "You can actually start right now." Jo's first task was to take tape and cover over any of the labels on the boxes. Even though they never had visitors, they wanted no possible visitor to see that they were making survival preparations. The boxes were then moved out of the front area, in case anyone came to the door, and temporarily into the dining room, with other survival supplies, which had already been disguised and carried in. Mr. An shot Jo a tired or confused glance. In the time to follow Mr. An would take Jo aside and confide in him, and ask what he thought of all of this. He was clearly worried about Mrs. An, and also concerned about the money that was being turned into this.

There were televisions everywhere in the house. They were all tuned to the same station, a twenty four hour conservative opinion news channel. They were always on, with volume loud, so there was no silent space between rooms. The various shows on the station urged preparation for a coming disaster or war or revolution, citing situations around the world as evidence. There were demonstrations and protests. The poor were seen as being activated by chaotic political groups, who wished to take the wealth of the rich. There was warning of violence and food shortages. Extremes predicted natural disasters and the end of the world. Mrs. An had become frantic. There was much more work for Jo to do. All of the Ans possessions needed to be put in sealed bags, and then boxed, and labeled in a coded way so only they would know the contents. All closets need to be emptied, clothes and fur coats carefully bagged and packed in boxes, and coded inventory lists devised. The television and Mrs. An's monolog was the continuous background for all of this work. While disaster was discussed on the television, Mrs. An would talk as if from an endless scroll of a script, about the dangerous immigrants, the stupid poor, who didn't know that it was the rich who fed them, and the evil political groups who were working on a global scale to bring the end of the world as described in the bible. They were no longer political groups, but had turned into minions of demons from hell. Jo's silence was no longer accepted as a sounding board. Mrs. An would often press Jo for his opinion which should verbally support her own views. Jo tried to retain silence, lest the bitter taste in his mouth emerge. When not responsive, Mrs. An would become aggressive. "You know, if this country falls, your island will be destroyed immediately." Jo even attempted to smile at this, and gave her the best he could do, which was an affirmative nod. When Mrs.

An would become tired of talking, she would take a long nap, then return. Jo would often work into the evening, and then fall asleep on a sofa, to begin work again the next morning. Up on the second floor, in an office, Mrs. An would review the news program from earlier in the day, which she usually recorded in the case that she missed something important while speaking or napping. Mr. An would retreat to a downstairs room, with the lights off and television on and sneakily turn the volume down, and change the channel and watch a movie comedy. He would be there until near dawn, and when he thought Mrs. An might have fallen asleep, he would go to bed, and sleep late into the next day, until he was needed to assist in more preparations. In the morning, Mrs. An would drink coffee and begin watching the day's news, and talk about the nightmare she had.

Jo was sworn to absolute secrecy. Even Mr. An was told, in case he ever talked to anyone from outside the house, not to mention anything about preparations. The fear was, if anyone knew there were survival materials, they would come there when the disaster happened, and want to share it, or, take it.

Over the next period, many shipments arrived from special companies that sold goods to people like the Ans. Several tons of dried foods arrived by truck. Manual and mechanical devices were also purchased, for when electrical power would be lost. Mrs. An purchased some through the mail, while other things were bought from private sellers. When necessary to go to homes to purchase, Mrs. An would send Jo, who had himself purchased a little used car for transportation. It quickly turned into a truck for the Ans. Jo loaded many heavy things into it. There were five manual sewing machines, two looms, a battery of farm tools, a welding machine, a big cheese maker, the list was endless. For lights, during electricity problems, the Ans bought twelve large lanterns. Also, a mini factory for making wax candles, and five hundred pounds of wax. Tuna cans, dog food cans, and all food cans were saved and cardboard collected, and saved. This was done over some time. There were approximately seven hundred and fifty tin cans hidden in a tool shed at the end of the property. These cans, using cardboard as wicks, would be used for survival stoves. All manner of bottles were also collected. There were exactly one thousand and twenty seven small sized drink bottles, bagged and labeled and stored in the shed. These would be used to be tied together to make survival rafts. A shipment of two large pallets of mason jars, over two tons, arrived. These would be used for preserving food that would be grown. There were two thousand mason jars, with lids and seals, five hundred five gallon plastic buckets were purchased, and sixty steel buckets, ten empty fifty gallon drums, ten fifty gallon plastic barrels, and ten twenty-five gallon barrels. There were canisters of vegetable seeds, radiation detection equipment, and bags of cement. There were nine hundred pieces of Amethyst, some of them, up to ten pound chunks, boxed and cataloged to be used for healing, in case of sickness or injury. There was fifty gallons of lye, for making soap. There were twenty-five large canisters of propane gas for fuel. These were hidden inside a wood shed, which Jo built, and then covered with earth in a wooded area beside the house, so it appeared to be a mere hill. There were ten gallon containers of Kerosene for the lanterns. There were special twenty-five gallon plastic containers for holding stored water. There were crossbows, axes, bowie knives, machetes, various spears and sickles, all of the highest quality. There were three emergency generators, four folding bicycles, ten sets of short wave walkie-talkies, a grinding machine for fabricating tools or weapons, two full sized archery bows with quivers, a new camper vehicle, to add to the fleet of five cars and two trucks and one large towable cattle car. Mrs. An was also looking for another truck, from the

office on her computer, a tractor, or, a used fire engine. New shipments came in every week, and often, every day. The preparations would never end. One day it would be all tents that arrived. Other days it would be backpacks, exercise equipment, various cooking stoves, food driers, and so on. Everything was coming in, nothing going out. Little was wasted,, not because the Ans were concerned about pollution or the environment, but because so many things could be used for survival. Most food was being saved and purchased for the future disaster. The Ans presently ate only potatoes and a kind of puffed snack that came in foil bags. When the foil bags were empty, they would be cleaned and saved. They would be used to make radiation protective blankets and clothing in the future. The puffs snacks were bought in bulk, additionally bagged, cataloged and packed away in boxes, for the future.

Mrs. An was very concerned one day when a big shipment of survival supplies came by truck. The driver made her nervous, and Jo couldn't understand why. Mrs. An seemed angry at this. "Didn't you look at him?" she asked. "He had dark skin." Jo understood then somewhat, as it was in keeping with the An's feeling of fear about human difference. Mrs. An continued as if explaining some obvious to a child. "The darker the skin, the more different in the thinking, the values, and the darker, the more angry they are. The darkers have invaded what was once a white land, and the darker they are, the more the reproduce of themselves. They are also less intelligent and they don't see that the work they have to do to feed their large families is only given to them by those who have more money, who they hate." ... The invasion was continuing. This was part of the political division in the land, and the special news channels in the media warned and speculated highlighting the differences between people. Mrs. An assumed, when the uprising came against the wealthy, the darker people would all be a part of it, and even now, they were like spies and agents for the other dark skinned people. Jo realized what was unsaid. His own relation, his fiancée far away looked different than the Ans. Was she darker? He wasn't sure, it seemed she was lighter than him... she or himself could fall under the same judgment easily. If he Ans existed, fed by these television shows, there had to be many others like them. Min-Chi would come to the states. If he could only show her beautiful mountains and rivers... had it changed so much in the year he was away? Or, was it always... undertone ...

Jo remembered childhood, rural life, countryside, thinking so little about the rest of the world, never seeing any one different to look at...

Now the giant house's rooms were filled with supplies and boxes. Much work lay ahead to place these things more permanently where they would go. As continued agitation from television was absorbed by Mrs. An, she felt increased tension and pressure to prepare. She began to feel that the house, because it was above ground and visible, was unsafe. Due to effects of both sun and explosions, also, the bomb, electrical things might stop working, and anything with electronic memory could also be at risk. The Ans possessed many electrical and electronic memory based things. To insure that they would not lose the future use of these things, they should all be buried underneath the ground, which would protect them. The Ans own much land. There are many places they could bury their things. Mrs. An worked against time to draw up a plan for where the different things could be buried. Locations and measurements needed to be exact, as she wished to place no markers or outward signs of where her things were buried, so they would not be at risk of being dug up or stolen.

What they would be buried in was important. It should be metal for best protection. There were large metal drums, as well as smaller metal buckets. And, for extra protection, each item would be put in a thin metal skinned bag and sealed using a special vacuum device she had purchased. As she planned, she also came to think there would be special deposits of food, spread out on their land, separate from underground human dwellings she was now planning. Material of food to be buried would be wheat and rice. Mrs. An had bought many fifty pound bags of rice. Jo assisted her in preparing containers for the burial of the food supplies. Multiple plastic drums were gathered. A large thin metal bag was put in each drum. This would protect the food from radiation. Then the rice was put in individual smaller bags that were the size appropriate for one meal, or for a meal for several people, or two. The bags were then heat sealed and vacuumed with a special device. The exact contents and weight was then written on each bag. Then, bags of like food were put into the plastic drum inside the metal bag. The metal bag was then vacuumed out of air and heat sealed as well with the device. The lid was then put on the full drum, and a liquid plastic put in the cracks at the edge of the lid to seal it. The location was then marked on a matrix map Mrs. An had drawn, the particular drum given a number which was marked on its outside, and the number noted on the map where it would go. This was important, as each drum would contain bags of wheat and rice of different sizes and weights, corresponding to drum number, were also noted on additional inventory sheets that were attached to the map. This process with the food to be buried took about a week to do. The drums were then stacked in a hall in the basement of the house until it was time to bury them.

Each drum was brought in a wheelbarrow to the correct spot. It was buried, and then, sods of grass and leaves were put over the dirt to make the disturbed ground invisible. Electronic devices and electronic memory was treated the same, in metal drums, and then, plastic drums with metal bags lining them, and, buried. Mrs. An discovered a survival company that sold what they called water bladders. The military also used these for disaster relief. They were big plastic bags, some as big as a house. They would be buried in the ground if desired, and filled with water. And then, the dirt filled in on top so they were like an underground lake. Mrs. An bought one of these, then hired a carpenter, who had worked on the house before. He was given money, and he rented a steam shovel, and a huge hole was dug on part of the An's land, and the bladder was placed in the hole, filled with water, and then, filled over with dirt, and on top, various branches and bushes to make it invisible, the underground lake.

The carpenter was additionally asked to put a fake wall on the side of the house that had a small door that opened into an underground wine cellar. This wall, which Mrs. An designed, partly pulled away to reveal the door, which otherwise was invisible. When the wall was completed, there was no evidence from inside or outside the house, that this wine cellar existed at all.

When Mrs. An turned the television on in the morning and watched the news over coffee, Jo noticed that Mrs. An had begun to raise and lower one leg very quickly. She would do this sometimes for a very long time, and eventually she would jerk abruptly and make a sighing sound. Jo finally understood what she was doing, and began to notice it more. In fact, it seemed, whenever she sat down, she did this until—completion.

More lists and maps were created, redundant to describe. The wine cellar was stocked with water, dried food and so forth. Mrs. An led Mr. An down into the wine cellar, and asked Jo to please place the panel over the doorway to test it for soundproofing strength and invisibility. When they were inside, he could not hear their voices at all. The opening was completely invisible. The bitterness rose in him suddenly, the Ans, in their protective hole in the ground, as they imagined the rest of the world outside, including himself, perishing.

It was without thinking very much at all that Jo went to the basement and got a hammer, and some long nails. Back at the invisible wine cellar, he drove nails in all corners of the secret panel he had put in place. He wondered how long before anyone missed them. Maybe they would find a way out, maybe they had prepared another way he didn't know about. Maybe not. Jo spit. He felt a little of the bitter taste lift out of his head. Maybe he would go out of state, back to where he grew up, the rural life that maybe wasn't so innocent anymore, as it seemed to him the whole world had changed. Soon, his fiancée would come, and they could be married, and go back to the island. The door would hold out that long, Jo was sure.

Spiritual Renewal, revisited –paragraphs written in response to Perfurbanse 3 festival in a village just outside of Yogyakarta, Indonesia in 2007

There is so much that i feel i have digested only a small amount of the experience i had in the village. Every night after i returned to the states i woke out of sound sleep confused, not knowing where i was- it wasn't that i thought i was still in Indonesia, but more that i was confused that i woke up back in the states-. But now i will point to a few important things for me. The context of the performance art within a cultural setting of tradition, with music and dance which illustrated the cultural diversity as a basis, and then, beyond that, the physical setting of the village as a place on the cusp of globalization and those effects was I think a brilliant construction. It was a form of shorthand that in 5 days encapsulated more than one person could pursue in much longer time. The topics discussions too led to a deepening of the art materials they reflected on; performance art frequently speaks in a vocabulary of abstraction that is evasive of clarity or literal understanding- ; the secondary topics and peripheral materials worked to ground performance in a wash of cultural demands and parallels that for the most part made for a seamless integration of art, politics, economics and life, as lived in a daily way, and as practiced before us and with us. Mostly I hope this "bringing together" has had long term effects. We can never really know what is spun out when two things are introduced to each other, two topics, two unfamiliar people, two ways of existing. But all of these sorts of relations were given a space to be manifest at this festival- interpersonal, friendships, collaborative meetings, perhaps, between educators and administrators of various government standing- i said to Iwan in my simple and vague way that i think yet stands, that he planted some seeds here- he couldn't know what would happen from there- and maybe that is enough- that potentials are made- to grow, to connect the dots of partial answers to social problems that could combine, resolve or move toward that- a step that is positively intended is good. This festival was a highly optimistic endeavor on every front, and I think because of that, regardless of follow up on anything begun there, it was completely successful. For healing, for art, for movement forward to various recoveries, to economy, health,- it is all pointing in one direction- it is up to people and their good will and conscience, as it always is an individual choice, to take up responsibility to move forward

positively as people and as neighbors in a world that is becoming increasing a smaller village, for better, or worse. Performance pointed to a better village...

I continue this writing a little later, after having returned to working. The USA is buried in its own western sense of self, it is perhaps more isolationist than other "western" localities. Americans often see little beyond locality, partly due to expense of travel, but also, by choice. It seems the outside is understood to be a threat or a threatening place, which keeps people inside of their biases and fears. I was saddened at the extent to which I found this true in myself, when I first arrived in Jakarta. Yet, I was glad when I found those notions slipped away, like a film of dirt before my eyes.

An epiphany awaited me when I returned to the States. It seemed I would be required to return this film of dirt before me if I wanted to continue to see, in regards to some basic functioning. I found when I returned, as I expected, my funds were gone for living, from travel and time away from work. I was able to secure some labor working on a house, doing painting and renovations. The first job was working at a house outside of Boston, doing house painting, working for a contractor. The house was very large, owned by a wealthy family. Though not interested in art, they had many Frank Stella paintings, and Picassos on their walls, which I was told were bought as investments; a collector once told me art investments were "spiritual commodities." So, this was not a shock. But as work progressed, I noticed many heavy wooden palettes in the garage, with boxes labeled "canned goods" on some, and five gallon buckets loaded on others, also bearing labels, like "dried lima beans" and "red beans." And during the day, a truck came to the location and delivered several more of these palettes weighing several hundred pounds each. The amount of food being delivered was enormous. At first I thought they were middle people to some sort of relief project. But I was too optimistic. Later, I was asked to assist in unloading the material. In behind the house was a door recessed into the ground. I swung the heavy wood and metal reinforced hatch open. Inside was a cold cement room. There were obvious air vents in the ceiling, not visible from the outside, blowers and apparatus inside. A metal cabinet bore the label that said "radiation level testing equipment." The floor of the bunker was lined with wooden palettes, ready to be loaded. The rest of the day was spent unloading boxes, buckets and barrels of raw and canned foods into the nuclear bunker. I had remembered seeing film of such things from the 1950s, but that was then, this was now. It made little sense to me. Later in the day, I found the owners to be quite reserved about discussing the topic, but of course, they were secretly excited about spreading their "gospel" and began to tell me, how we were at war, and that the enemy could be anyone. They would be prepared, I was told, while those around them, their own neighbors, would not. Meanwhile, their Stellas and Picasso hung on the walls of their largely neglected house, collecting dust and dirt, while they built their radiation safe and air tight bunker, in the back, in the ground. The husband, who was frequently away on business, left shortly; I watched his wife, moving boxes and stored food around her hole in the ground as if she was moving and arranging furniture. I would have found this funny, if it hadn't been so sad. Before I left the job at its finish, I snuck back into the bunker for one last look. It had been a few weeks. I noticed the walls were damp. Some of the boxes I had helped move in here were already showing signs of mildew. In another month, the cans inside would start to rust. In a year, all of this food would likely be inedible. How useless, I thought, and such a waste for such a false sense of security. It points to a broad and widening fear that is engulfing much of our country, and one which spreads

elsewhere as well. It is fear of change, fear of others, and I think, a fear of facing oneself in that context, of a world we share, and must, with others. It seems dismal, yet I try to remain hopeful, because I have seen hope in the village in Indonesia, and I have seen examples of people who can be civil, and kind, to others of difference, and without fear. All in all, using myself as my most available example, I think, we can always move forward from who we are.

An is not even and
an is incomplete addition
an is two thirds of an addition
an is an edition of and
an is failure to add
an is not a list
an is a single, isolated thing

there is a parking lot to go to
as big as the grand ole opry parking lot
it can be filled with the humans
who need constant compliments
they will park themselves
and listen
forever

bad examples of various masters
modern and contemporary
bad examples in not
there comfortable medium
are sold cheap
and decline in value
is a trick of investment
to sell something at
overvalue
everyone
knows what they like
except a name
it must be important
An big house can be filled
with them
a cheat
collecting dust, or stacked
like second hand lawn sale
write the book to save the world
tell them how to be
them
show them, the true meaning and value
show them to achieve themselves
and not expect from those who have
but make one's own

but this book
should be written
anonymously
I am told
because, they will kill me
I am told
they
will kill her
If they know the name
please help me deliver this book
when it is written
I am told
I have no power
I have said
you have places to leave it
I am told
it will just be paper I have said
in the wrong language I might add
but it will be written perfectly she had said
with such perfection that no one will resist the power of the message communicated by a god-like skill
and inspiration
and this will change the world
and make people not want what others have
make the poor not desire of the rich
or wealth
but leave the rich with their wealth...
please leave this book somewhere where its perfect message will be allowed to be spread
but it is in the wrong language I think
but it is not written or begun or planned yet but
she could write it she had said
the perfect book that would be like the new bible
that would make the meek stay meek, as they would only want after reading
what they have earned and having nothing they have earned nothing
so, they will leave the wealth to the wealthy
please help me disseminate this book she said, almost with a cry
the bible was wrong, because Jesus was not poor but a rich Egyptian's son
who CHOSE to be meek, so it should be clear that
a rich man chose to sacrifice for the humble so the poor should love the rich
and wish for them to keep what they have, because material is not important in life
if you are the poor, or rich, no one should want what the rich have,
the rich should be allowed to sacrifice at will, but not asked or demanded of
for all wealth comes from the wealthy who supply... the wealth
the jobs
the culture
the God
all things
it will be written
by a woman

desperately living in a hole
who wants to change the way people think
in the wide world
about struggle
and revolution
and being humble to the rich
is the message of the real Christ
who was a rich Egyptian's son
and the woman should be anonymous
and the book disseminated by the simple minded meek who will see the truth
from its perfectly written inspired message
from the woman
living in a hole
with lots of
her
stuff
and I say,
go ahead,
you should write
as I know
it will
never be written
because,
such can never
make anything
not even
an
original
lie.

Where the stomach grows in two halves, that is where there is a proper dream of the beneficent God of wealth. I bought a puppet in Bangkok of the God of wealth. He was dressed in a long robe and had a long black beard, and looked like a villain, like something from an old 1930s cartoon. Where the stomach grows in halves, somewhere where you haven't been or somewhere that cannot exist without killing you.

Machine collectors are not the best ____ or _____. They collect the machines to make them better. Paying enough gets you the best _____. Every collector knows that. Anyone who pays will be able to feel that the other is THEIR _____ fill in the blank, expression of ownership for some service personality.

Nature, the bad model for behavior. Fish, not good on land. Bait, best on a hook. Sweet smelling again, time on a window pane, glass cleaned with grease, the bird disappeared, the cat lost its tail, the many essence were distilled and drawn into a cheesecloth, bottled or canned, requested of someone else, study for a double portrait, crushed velvet smoking jacket, dog eyes.

Do not let a thirty thousand dollar fur coat touch the ground, it is a flag. Do not spill content on the street. Don't disturb what rests beneath newspapers. Should sit knocking bits of lines into graph systems, to see results, transposed within -

The way that plants are born, the feeling of smoke striking the skin, the box used each time a shrouded body is buried, the memorial stone on a private property with a stream running to the sea, carries the ashes.

Share in a floating crab crate in the harbor, the first books that will change the course of history when read by the receptive masses in places where populations are densest and people most subject to influence, and the greatness of foreigners.

The absurd fixations of the unchecked who have no garter or pants that have no belt, the cultivated who don't have temperance or are not coupled to an individual, will poison any skin they touch like a dart frog. They will try to barter and bicker over anything, floss.

Then take the tome and roll it and wander with it, and use it like a swatter, when you are on the hot trains, waiting to spread your gospel of stasis to the mass you find threatening.

What is left at the bottom of the pool... you have saved money with the bricklayer. You have saved money with the grounds keeper. You have saved money with the cleaning lady. You have saved money with the carpenter. You have saved money with the mechanic. You have saved money with the grocery store. You have saved money with the furnace man, you have saved money with the movers, you have saved money with the exterminators, you have saved money with the cable company, you have saved money with the neighbors, you have saved money with the veterinarian, you have saved money with the weather man... so you think, with the power of the mind, your mind, it can be controlled, by waving hands, the wind, by staring at someone, influence them to do some chore, for saving money – you can wave a hand over 300 lottery tickets bought because you have a power now when hand waving, so, it didn't work this time. This has been a test of a very small part of human delusions.

definitions

hard whisper: Forceful whisper that would be a shout if vocalized.

continuous: In this case, with hard whisper, **continuous hard whisper** is achieved
whisper on both inhalation and exhalation.

MPP(s): Mouth part(s) position(s), of which there are seven for me, written

symbolically as ah, oo, ee, rr, ll, mm, zz

raise/ let drop materials: In this case, they are all cylindrical, of various widths and lengths; hollow metal pipes, wooden dowels, cardboard tubes, and solid steel rods. They are individually raised up

at one end while the other remains on floor until they are vertical. The end that is being held up is then let go and the object is allowed to fall over in whatever direction it chooses to fall in.

fabric muting, fabric muting levels: Fabric in squares is used on the floor, laid underneath and on top of the raise/let drop materials. They function to mute the sound of the object striking the floor when it falls over. They may be put in place in a single layer (one) which has a certain muting output, or in several layers (folded over or in multiple pieces) that will further mute the sound of the fall.

Concept and description of composition

There are many ways to compose and many ways to work with materials. Some compositional techniques involve the use of variance and indeterminate elements in realization of a work, while these may also come into play as compositional tools for a fixed work. Improvisation of the variety expressed in various forms of free musics and jazz use superimposed spontaneous forms over a template which may be structures as loose or tight as musical chord structures, physical spatial restriction and duration limits. These are not exclusively music of course and should be considered more broadly 'performative' even in speaking in terms that are musical in origin like 'chord' which can be further explained by Instrumentism if you can find me... This piece, titled

Continuous Hard Whisper (inhaled, exhaled) with MPPs and Raise/ Let Drop Materials with Varied Fabric Muting

is an example of a Standard Form which exploits improvisation, strict notational schemes, indeterminate processes, free experimentation and song structure at all stages of realization. It is a complete form, expressed completely at every stage of its development and in the performance the final act of its death.

What Happens

Using sets of material maps drawn in figures on the illustration, and using the illustration as a setting map, I divide the performing space into 4 districts. As the room is naturally segmented into two units by a partial wall, the two units are subdivided by an invisible line. No tape will be used for marking, as materials should be free, and free psychically in our minds, to fall out of their districts when acted on. The first district is set up in an arrangement of hollow metal pipes and fabric pieces. The fabric pieces are placed in single layers and in multiple layers at points. These are the object to floor mutes that will mute sound events created by the falling over of a suspended object. The layers used represent the levels or gradations of muting. The pipes and fabrics are arranged according to a predetermined setting as drawn. The second adjacent district is an arrangement of wooden dowels and fabric pieces. The third district, beyond the partition, is an arrangement of cardboard tubes and fabric. The fourth district closest to the door is an arrangement of solid metal rods and fabric. Each object set has variations in size, the length and width, relative sizes given, but specifics determined by material availability. The objects and fabric make use of the complete space. Audience/potential participants and viewers must move or stand amid the materials and be observant as objects are tipped over and so forth. Interactions may take place between other than the artist and the objects/ materials; this is an anticipated but not a

planned event. This piece will take the better part of one day. While exact duration or availability may be given for purposes of viewing/ showing, it is composed for the better part of one day, which however it is conformed, it must still be. The piece really begins with the start of the district setups. I will begin continuous hard whispering, one MPP hard whisper per inhalation, and one per exhalation- they will differ- there will be an assigned arrangement of two MPP hard whispers per in/out hard whisper unit for each district, as may be see on the illustration. This means of course, 4 units of 2 element MPP continuous hard whispers in all. People other than myself are welcome to be here at this time, but will receive no instruction. They may choose to interfere with materials if they will, but while it is against my inclination toward sermonizing, I will not acknowledge any audience activity. They may choose also to make whispering noises, probably using words, and out of the in/out narrow hard whisper structure. This will be accepted but not acknowledged or encouraged. It will be like environmental noise in which this piece is produced, all such elements like unavoidable street sounds, unavoidable human expressions. Through the setting up of the districts, the continuous hard whisper will be, well, continuous. When the setting up is complete, I may take a short, contemplative break to just pause and be silent and consider the start of the next stage. After this pause, during which I may also walk around the room to assess my labors, I will go to the first district and resume with my continuous hard whispering. I will do this while I walk around the set up. I will find a starting point, a particular pipe. I will stop my continuous hard whispering. I will bend over, taking one end of the pipe in my hand and raising it up, letting the other end rest on the floor. I will raise one end until the pipe is approximately vertical to the floor. I will then let go of the pipe, letting it fall over, onto the floor, or onto one of the pieces of muting fabric, or onto another pipe resting in its position. I will let the sound, and then that event, reverberate and dissipate- observing- and then I will continue with my continuous hard whispering and my search for my next selection to raise and let go. I do this improvisation and altering of the arrangement until I am finished with it, determined by approximate length of associated mood. I will then, still continuously hard whispering, go on to the next district- the first object, the wooden dowel, will be begun after 'introduced' by the last continuous hard whisper MPPs specifications from the last district. After the first wooden dowel has been dropped, the MPPs setting will shift to the relevant value given for that district. This approximate activity will continue until the four districts have each been dealt with. At that point, the whispering will stop and the piece will be completed.

The factory then is waiting. Away for days, it is still smoking, is a robot at work? The factory worries the workers. Who is the factory, one person to represent it, ...? A motor will stop working. A man comes with a wrench. Instead of fixing the motor with the wrench, the man throws the wrench across the room.

A woman sits in front of a television set.. soon they will announce lottery winners. She closes her eyes and waves her hand over the stack of 300 lottery tickets. Her system is she will heal the tickets so one of them will be the winning ticket for the millions lottery. She has been practicing by passing her hand in the same way over a scratch on her arm. After a week and half the scratch healed. She was ready to move onto the lottery. In between, she controlled weather, saved millions of people perhaps by diverting a hurricane and a tornado which may have formed if she hadn't concentrated on it. She has conceived herself. She losses with the lottery. No hits.

I hear the hum of the factory again. It is a peaceful sound for the distance. My wife has a fetus in her womb.

Callouses make the arms as if cannons. Nothing breaks through board like callous, nothing splits the sound barrier like a flying callous.

Every condition and conditional advantage has been subject to restraint. Nothing is unfettered, all is yoked and in embarrassing prisons.

Identifying a thing can make it evaporate if it is a liquid and if the observer is magical or a heat source.

The pillar remains. It can never be removed. You should walk around it, learn to live with it present, go the other way so not to have to confront it.

Should block when fighting, and ...

Should breathe like this every day; block, punch, block, punch, block, punch, block, punch... it is from my grandfather, who was a boxer during the depression, and traveled the rails from city to city, from fight to fight, traveled like a hobo. My father was proud to tell me, his father had broken his nose three times.

Large chunks of area on a page may be inked in. Other areas may be perforated with a hole punch. Edges and corners may be slit and clipped. The middle may be folded and creased, and a pocket can be made between two creases, and stuffed with soft fabric. It may be rolled and written on, and even on its edge with a fine enough implement. This is paper and mark and activity, set above everything else I could imagine at this moment, as the globe is turning and my connections on both sides shift and prepare me for making such a mark on paper.

Freedom is being free to throw hooks made of coat hangers, tied by string to your legs, and freedom is being liberated from the fingers that have reached into your soul and are holding it in a monkey grip while someone talks directly into your face. And freedom is cutting those fingers with a heart like a guillotine, and watching, they don't talk at you quite the same way any more... It is a pilgrim who can feel the joy of the small and abstract vengeance, in the heart and the curving of the intellect around the answer back to the space where they once stood who now offend, from the fading presence inside the mind, long after the insult or the use has lost its gloss. It is the true pilgrim who can journey into invisibility of the magic rubber worlds that are wrapped around the offending things as they sleep, the silence snake equalizing, the skin of the orange, tightening losing water, hardening, choking, with imaginations of distress and oceanic power. Pilgrim, participating in the reflective act of (split from crease as paper is with ink to double) daily acts, the mirror that turns in, all shared. You should have some power. You shouldn't have to hide inside the self. It should be all opaque in there, a wall.

Reflective glass looks out from the third floor to the village street. It is hard to avoid seeing the creature in the glass coiling with its hood flattened, spitting, and staring at the night, the crescent moon and the dot. I drank it, in Indonesia, closing up my throat, burning, bringing to life. But should I meet there eyes again?

Matted, hair, matted, rug, folded, mats, boat oar locks and oars, everything looks so blue, even the green. I can't see for far, and the cold is biting into my bones. They had two years to prepare, and now the time had come. Overboard, and down the hatch, into the tar, through the funnel, suited in flannels, ski mask and head phones for radio static. It was a send away, to colonize. It is maximizing options, to risk this way, to be absurd even in the face of sacrifice.

Rope ladder, wooden ladder, stick ladder, foam spray ladder, animal and insect (ant) ladder, tendon ladder, holler ladder, hair ladder, pimple ladder, water ladder, ladder ladder.

The sky should open up, and different odors spill out from slits only black behind, which quickly close, each smell to be detected and thought before it is safe to consider the opening of more – responsive to the human desire for newness-. The earth should open in response to old familiar, even these that have been forgotten in the mind but remembered with the body. These too are gaps with black behind, which open and close cautiously.

Presented with the list, the others spill and mark instead of signatures with stains, waxes from the body, juices cultivated from the pores, arm uncleaned age spots discoloring of the document held to them, and the usual colorful unimaginative surnames in common discharges. An aged respondent is brought in, who turns through a rainbow of colorations and luminous, squid-like and so captures the eye the viewer should pull away -; the mark is left, and should be seen through pinholes in a card to save the eyes from eye madness and possible angry reactions to unfamiliar stimulations.

Don't be with people just like you, (like a song) be away until you change in climate and grow onto you a new and shiny wet tail, and adapt to breathing from pockets of atmosphere caught in tree trunks and sucked out.

I thought, like a sleeping lizard, her mouth open and a rattle coming out, and thin, and a skin loose neck, the two weeks before she died, it was a kindness, that she be transformed and not her sleeping frail self, but a beast -... and the prepared voice, or the wanderer, the unprepared or spontaneous, inspired -... structured worked voice inspiration as beginning point of generating process, against inspiration as a final catalyst after general conditional and behavior preparation – to contrast, the defining compulsion as necessity to legitimize – that there be jargon, and let there be working definitions, the shorthand – then strung together as mouth sounds, define what a person then will do, it is the inspired inspiration replacement, just think of words, performative, durational and critical terms which everybody knows and uses in defining an art action in which art is like the dead Latin – and where have all the Shakers gone, who wait for hours to feel the spirit and move or vocalize – then other designs to take the work difficulty and art out of art -... it is horrible idea to teach some things. I wrote one thousand actions with diagrams in a thick book for the passing as I waited for two week for passing, and when it came I threw the book I wrote in because, it had died too. And, the fact of dead language means, be silent, until you speak again, but always, speak before the written word – as, the word removed the meaning of the sound – it takes it from the act, makes it past, and puts out from life onto the page... the historicizing of artistry drains the spirit.

Branches, tall ghosts, kerosene, larval frogs and water snakes, swamped fields with boards, newts underneath, nails rusted pointed up, broken glass, ceramic telephone wire insulators – tilted shed, stitches on the thumb and crown of the head, insignificance of childhood, and its import.

Otis pond, a hobo no one saw, traces, frogs swam without back legs, he harvested to eat, the pickerel got the rest, but always there were some, amputated frogs, and the hobo who lived on frogs... memory and legend...

Jakarta dawn train of chant, as if down through time, one, two, three, four, five, cascade – the reflection, the response, and the cascade are constant forms – permeating many aspects, through as many transformations of medium – import number two – in any place. In Bandung, it is from the balcony of the black house, painted black outside, and all the rooms painted black, it is dawn, and the cascade begins, while cats roam the rooftops and are howling along with the treble speaker systems bouncing from walls and entrances, and, the garbage pile at the end of the street, which is in an empty lot and as big as a house, absorbs some of the sound here -... Squat toilet, I remember Jakarta hotel toilet, was western, but painted black...

...planned gardens, dragon fruit cactus shooting up from over metal frame, looks like Warhol, otherwise vegetables conform to orderly rows, no weeds – and pots line the garden, flowers – trees – there is a far wall separating garden from steel yard -. Already hot, but still winter – but feels like summer, but I should not whistle, mother-in-law says it will call ghosts -. I should throw stick for the blue faced god - , possession, demons, spirit, evangelists can do well here with TV style conversion and exorcism... the old ways are not old but contemporary and govern several levels of possible life – and I should eat every dot of rice on the plate – not so long ago, and maybe future, - there are real threats (earthquake) but there is still room to make a few up – I should talk sing, Rex Harrison, and bring ballet or pig farming –

Dumpling

Dumplings

Shrimp dumpling

Egg dumpling (with ground pork)

Corn and tuna fish on toast with mayo

Chicken hacked into narrow bands bones and all with a heavy meat cleaver

Pregnant fish fried whole with heads tails guts and eggs, but I am waiting for the snake soup

Item Ordering Organ This piece involves the creation of the ordering organ, which is a way of systematizing objects in the space. I will bring several boards with holes drilled through them, cotton string, paper cards for labels, cardboard tubes, plastic, canvas, a few odd objects and a lot of identical ones. Using these basic components, I will order the objects in a hierarchy like rows of organ stops with

a distinctly musical reference. This is how I imagine it. I also expect, however, that the ordering will begin to direct itself, and that distinctions between the ordering and the ordered will naturally become blurred. At this time, all expectations are entirely speculative, like science fiction.

And other blissful states that I should never let slip too far from my mind, and also the knowledge that our unborn child will grow up with these things common, while I had to come to them after many years, - but, maybe at the other post, we may visit, and our child will find things there to marvel at though, I cannot imagine what, -for food – though, my wife loved the state of Maine, so maybe there will be other things of an old homeland to love – maybe, the cabin on the river, where the child was conceived – but it is speculation, as so much remains a mystery of that future – I should marvel at our food now, and, wonder at a fetus, - and, will I learn Chinese from our baby -... and will there be mind prisons I can see, that are culturally invisible to natives, that our child will be born into, and at best, resist somehow through length of life, or, not consider – as choosing, being born, acting, being visible is a prison –

...made small fires, every night, stoves, heat, made small fires, outside, on occasion, in a pit, cooked, never made the bonfire, any night, the pile, huge there never made the fire, long dirt road wet was mud three feet down no truck could enter, no fire truck dare come, we should have made the biggest bonfire in the world in the field where the pile was. Maybe finding something else to burn –

-rowed out on the St. George River, tidal, close to the sea, as dusk, fog settling in, everything has the blue hue, water sound from oars, just see the water the oars stir, fog masks beyond, but faint dark land mass ahead, in back, Fur trees, rocky coast – slapping of water, air – stopped rowing and drifted for a while – not peace, but emptinesses -... full and round -.

-a button factory, melted glass and buttons buried all around the property, shell buttons glass buttons, wood and bone, - abandoned, bought, and looked at as a relic, in piles, piles of buttons like mulch piles on a farm, - ...

-black tea, leg cramp, sesame oil, tiny paint brush, narrow line, colorize the gate, paper scrap wallet falls apart, village still it is new years week –firecrackers, - stranger, seafood noodle, invited to eat –at restaurant for free,? – mediated conversations, - art criticism, real words with ism added -.

Factory out the window again, La Monte Young. I find one of his pieces on you tube and run it with the window open – they go together as one piece – La Monte Young and Kaohsiung plastics factory.

I never saw a face more drawn into itself -, a neck thinner, a more labored lungs, laying on her back in her bed, with the rasp – for weeks –eyes closed, convinced, her glasses were not hers', as she saw differently through them now – recited recipes for baking bread, cup of, tablespoon of, grasping, eyes squeezed tightly closed – recited, I want my mother she said, - and found one thing not destroyed, how can images stay so long when forgetting to turn off a bathroom light - ... still I found inside a drawer in her house, a letter from my father, written 1944, stationed in the Pacific in the navy, lots of “swell” and “golly” but an awkward love letter all the same, - then to his wife who was joining him so much later as I imagined she thought she was, I wrote also something for my wife, in respect to mother, as example of the something raised, the something raised for, the reaching of arms, so - ..., they never met, my wife,

my mother, Min-Chi not then my wife, but mother knew her name, and my sister said, had said she hoped it worked, I thought odd, as she often showed the bias many from that time, but also, Pearl S. Buck and writing, she and reading, she imagined all exotica of islands, - though it was just a little strange for me, she dwelled so unreal – and then some years now I find it, this -,...

I walk
and see you in the sun
that lights my path
and
to which
I steer my course
to better see.

My light
shows me
how to go
and lets me
move
from here.

Your strong steps
go before me
leading me
looking back
as I would
follow you
as if to wait
patient
understanding
the other one
my one.

And so I found myself
in sleepless night
I held my arms, above
as if to understand
so maybe I would know
and through the night
my arms arose of their own force
above me
and I was reaching
too, to see
how, it was to look
with eyes tight closed
the nature of that love.

I was awake

the time
and I remember
in long illness
how I saw
my mother reach
her arms, above her head
with eyes closed tight
and seemed to reach for hours as she waited
as she died
but she was gone to me
and reached to God and
husband who
had always been
and gone before.

And, my mother counted
on her fingers
as she went away
to keep her mind
from slipping
but, she let that go
and closed her eyes
because
what remained
was love
for God
and for
one more than her,
her one, on earth
who passed before
who now she raised
her arms
to join.

And
I try to understand
the nature of this life
through signs
in things
but it
returns
to act and feeling
not to thought
to understand
the same to feel
inside
is all of this that can explain
the matters and the dwelling

of the heart,
upon a subject
of...

I was awake
the time
one night whole
and I remember
arms raised up
and so, I found myself
in sleepless night
I held my arms above
as if to understand
so maybe I would know
and through the night
my arms arose again
above me
and I was reaching
too, to see
how, it was to look with
eyes tight closed
the nature of that...

And will it be
this way with you
for me-,
that I will raise
my arms above my head
be you living or passed on,
in final effort then
to join you,-
in that thing that
last
is carried too-
into
another place-
I hope,
for you
goes with me
always
here,
and thereafter.

Or will it pass
that this is not a distance I will bare,
that destiny will be a kindness
and that
I

will
never reach
because
you are there
and reach for me
across the distance
of an arm
or so, I too, could reach for you
if it be other, you be there, and, who sits attending-
by your side-.
this is hope, but,
still,
the mystery will confound.
If we share a bed, I would
with all the feeling
I accumulate for you,
and or as you wish
to please ourselves, to feel you better
from the words now
leaving bodies lonely and await
for what they crave...
events await
and I would not predict a course
drawn in a hand beyond us both
but know
that in me
that you will be
the one I reach for
in the last
for love
to pass my spirit to
and the one
whose comfort and the comforting
will make a peace
with all
of life.

So is some something, like the salt of salted soft boiled duck egg, and runny yoke, water cold, dryness of finely sanded matter, the sticky feeling of soda -... cow stomach, pig intestine, cleaned out using coca cola, ear, -... dry now, fire, dried. She is dry. She is dried out.

Strike and strike hard, with all available power, thrusting, thrust and jabbing into the air with, throw it imagine higher force to drive it then release the feather and in quick succession cotton ball, and again, release, the feather, and, then, the cotton ball. Strike the blow. It is an exhausting assault.

The coyotes caught and pulled apart a deer one night in the mudflats. By day the body meat and bones, all gone but left as in the mud, impressions of the struggle from beginning to the end, -...

Another tide came in, and out again, but still remained, imbedded in the mud, the life and death from night.

Where is glory, secular, then where is charity, in the newspaper, and where is bliss, approaching, in the mail, a test score, or result – after that, confuse the order.

There is no sophistication, but to look good, be well placed, receive without appearance of looking to see if watched, there is later time dissection to see what has occurred. The research of the study stage led Jo back to the first topic of his lecture, which had to do with “Against jargon and definition.”

And, the fingers in the attic, and newspaper in the eaves, and, the bottles in the crawlspace -... and, the brakes that suddenly go to the floor. There is an association of parts; the threat of the daily motion and the history of the home.

Picture mending stitching a hole in a sweater around and around its rim, pulling the edges together with the thread as if a collapsing volcano to a close, and mend, bone broken across an arm, where two are, slow with a knob forming and decreased mobility, and a shoulder blade which breaks without knowing it, and laboring through it and a year later feeling it, still imperfect, but done -... mending -... process unseen, but there in X ray, complete.

Fold, separate at edges, dry, moisten sand tear fibers, dry in high heat, color, fade with sun, perforate, hang -.

Store, restrain objects in bins prepared for each one, protected or made to fit... alter objects with objective of storage -...

Lococompulsion in Three Movements uses three means to compel me. The “movements” consist of getting to locations. I roll a ball of string in a room, following it right out of the building. I roll to a park area. Tying strings to myself and wire hooks, I throw them out like fishing line. When they catch onto something, I move wherever I can. I cut strings to allow me to advance, while casting more, narrowing my path. When I’m out of this landscape I take a board, flip it end over end, and follow it back to where I began.

...and a huge concentration, sixty houses filled with dirt, and open roofed rained on and compacted by weather and further, composted, a huge concentration... delivery is of a box filled with strange gestures that burst forth on opening and invade the presence -... mannerism ...halved has nots, joined, has’ liquidated, spending fluid dried in vacuums –to flakes, the concentration in second evolution. Rolled for storage, defended with fast expanding razor wire, (springing from tight wound in a box) developing evasive forms of transit, - and occupation bodies, skeletal stealth.

Modesty, stretch wrapping, stripped two color eludes the eye, emitting burned toast odor, texture of aged dried beef jerky, wind directed confrontation, meal worm, seahorses -.

Possession, gain, property, diminishment influences, positive imposition.

...thunder, gravity...

Wormwood, dried noodle, three feet of sugar cane –

Prize, award –

Blush, darkening tone fly to and describe particular curve, beneath particular round of flesh.

The rest event, to compete with sleep –

Struggle, appeal, carving of hands, symbols.

The make of waste, the turn down of the handle to a comfort position, riser for sitting, handing down of proclamations, parchment scroll, tether, granny knot.

A pattern forming, on the surface of the belly reveals writing in various languages and pictographism then equations, ratios, juice writing.

Rigor rigormaroll

Rolph

Rop

?

Make of stroking with light, a pulse by covering with a cloth and then removing, but not electrical, but by the glow of fire, made with rocks and sustained with tinder. Reduce the talk necessity, reduce the production of stress, enlarge tranquility and growing organic definition of matter, stripped away from words the way husk comes off of corn, a profitable soul arrangement – activity,. -... barium, conductive gasses -... inert fill -...

Study poles sliding into each other, friction, telescoping, abbreviating lengths, exaggeration.

Chafe and in the freezer threads and silks, cold shrinking down edged floss snaps the cable, judgment needs be rendered, fatigue, skill sets, slow learn, terminology. Food allowed to grey, placed open on a high pedestal, packages labeled “seven” “six” “five” are followed by a large pump rarifying air.

The organization of physical storage systems, logging of possessions and the generation with paper and pencil of creative ratios that evaluate the evidence of nodal quality in life span as expressed through collection, obsession, and the closet effect of personal storage -... represents a viable topic for use in the treating of brain lesions.

Muscles contract everywhere as the electromagnetic effect would be so thorough – all cavities containing air solids or fluids flatten or gnarl immediately and evacuate contents – an intellectual argument or premise follows, in which a scenario is created to cover personal embarrassment.

Through discovery, end course actions.

Made, directed, ordered, required, requested. There is grace in waking, trouble in consciousness, coordinated or sympathetic movement in two through distance agreeing to progress in certain directions in a series of directions, for certain measures, at certain times which fashions a third unrelated, disinterested power.

Unstudy.

Bemused patterns, darkness opens, jaws softly lined. Imagine the symbol that might be carved into the countenance by experience, and recognized. Picture (of) the ground, the leaf fallen trees, the blue green of the woods sky the blanket of the Furs and Pines, and audible chill when the air moves, here, a logging road, here, the moon is stilled, but comes when angles by the clearing made of trees for passing – some, an owl, but animals sleep, or travel, crust and crunch sound heavy booted water in the mud when wheels pushed and passed in day, the cake of leaves, decomposition layer suspended until spring – it is a meditation, and it is a loss, to follow by the light or wander, think of opposite the compass, of the sounding and the sighting of a frozen or sustained peace – like water, like, of the sea at night, the accident of loneliness that makes a moment perfect outside of experience, which leaves no trace in this world –

I see a mirror again, of like the polished black stone, that marks my reflection if I glimpse it, as if I was cut from it, sharper, a half without light, but sucking in the glow of matter, dimensions shooting into a more resolute direction in which I should have a weight like mountains, and, a thickness, one direction, multiplying as if slowing down a speech and drawing like a drool of melted glass a single sound, but not, but rather, drawing out the way I look, in one direction, as a body drooling flesh and organs and its covering of skin into the blue green wood on the logging road, that dimension, unseen in the peculiar darkness -. It is a hallucination, of the way I am, is something like matters' dreaming.

Stain and sensation -...

beating of fish against the tide - birds in the barn – earthworms drowning themselves in rain puddles -

insects to flames and electricity –

envelop filled with dust -

staged and arranged chairs categorized by style and condition –

vein tracery and port wine stain –

as is, the feeling local to one part or another, arrayed, played –

feeling of to be engulfed is one specific sensation –

closing eyes, it feels a shape in its hand, and, another shape in the other – it imagines more hands, and then it fills them with shapes, and then it can imagine, it feels all of the shapes in all of the hands –

prepared views of simple closed shapes, meaning, a single continuous line which does not cross over itself, but represents a complete outline, many things that might be plates, or simple life forms, or spilled food –

flash light shadow stained on to the ground, break fast man stains onto a checkered tablecloth –

rope swing metal nut ended whistles by –

flash of light comes from every direction and every piece of matter is a source, so that, there is shadow stain cast and pasted in every direction, with multiple orientation elongation and foreshortening –

and eye flash –

to feeling of chemical smell, like developer –

purpose is to find advantage, take it, use electricity, depart –

see (you) a magical chain of transportation, exercise and transience – and, a dream of drift sensation, like floating in air, or being light, and invisibility –

march of cloth – moth attack – wood grubs – bloodworms, -

failed in percentage of participation, observation, anointing, treatment repelling water –

shoes slide over small round granules – coasting –

facsimile of depression era soup can stove –

holding close for comfort, and protection of the womb –

savant conditional training –

space requirements, sufficient occupancy, and ceiling to floor body density –

isolated organs retreating from each other choose the independence thus must limit themselves and what they require, and distilling to what can be, down, without the help of others, organs simplify, and isolate, and carry on, with single-fied localized commitment –

story telling bacteria – counting bacteria – bacteria clouds – a something that causes pervasive feeling – wait the word, the instructive water edit – dehydrate, panting – winter in Maine, up the hill – provide consumptive services – a body popped, inside the stove, from bark –

carried the old woman's body in Gamblingen outside Jogja, - she was heavy, though she was small, wrapped in her shroud, helped bury her – full life, no tears, laughter – shoulder ached under the weight of her lifetime – years later x ray found, that shoulder blade was broken once -

looking for the place where something comes from wishing gives some clue – marbled human hybrid, should stand against mockery and ridicule between countries associated with race identify – (though stressing again there is only one race -) but how is a hybrid free -... bent by weight of all the choices, all of the prison-like states - should blow forward propelled by their weight – trying repeatedly, renderings to number, so to provide example of complete commitment – symphonies of form -

Symphony of Instrumentism One

Chromatic Tapers

The piece begins with this first movement. Lines are laid down on the floor with colored tape. The lines cross at a center apex, so that they form pie slices of what might be a circle. At the apex is placed a large black paper circle; like a bull's eye. In the space of each pie slice are placed multiples of a single material; in one slice, a stack of typing paper. In another segment, a pile of rubber bands. In another is a box of toothpicks, in another, envelopes and paper clips, in another, plastic bags and little rocks. I construct this setup as part of the piece, quickly and efficiently in front of the audience. When all is in place, I choose a slice of the circle to sit in, do so, and begin. Let's say the first slice contains elastic bands. I take each band, and as quickly as I can, I flick them into the center dot to their accompanying snapping sound. When I finish this, I move onto the next segment clockwise, which has envelopes and paper clips. I place a paper clip in each envelope and seal it, then throw it into the center until the material in that segment is used up. I get up and move to the next segment, which contains the box of toothpicks. I open the box and taking them out one at a time, snap each between my thumbs, then throw them into the center dot, again, working as quickly, or, chromatically as I can. I perform this way until I complete the circle and all the materials have been used up in a similar, simple way, each having its own signature repetition of sound event, performed in a chromatic, or, -no space between events - way.

variation

There is one person in each of the segments of the circle. Each works as rapidly as possible, but of course each person's rate is different. They will end at different times. The first person who ends goes and works with the person in the segment to the right or next closest. The next person finishing does the same, and so forth until all segments have been finished. While the manpower performing the piece remains the same then, there is a shaping of the sound output; it begins maximally broad, with a person in each segment, each working with a different material, but ends with a uniform sound quality, everyone crowded into one segment, with one material. While this is a graduated shape, with broadest variation tapering down to uniformity, it will be erratically shaped as well, as completion times will naturally vary, and be complicated by the additions of workings in some segments.

Wall Swings

I produce a handful of small eye-hooks from my pocket and screw them into a wall from left to right, at widely varied heights, from the beginning of a wall to its end. I then retrieve a big cardboard box filled with many common objects, from marbles and rulers to kitchen utensils and office supplies. I take the box and strew its contents along the length of the wall, where it meets the floor. I produce a roll of cotton string and a pair of scissors. I cut a random length of string, choose an object from along the wall and tie the string to it. I then attach the other end of the string to the first eye-hook, farthest left on the wall. Holding the object out now at arms length, taut on its string, I let it swing into the wall, or, if the string is longer than the height of the eye-hook, onto the floor. I proceed to select another object from along the wall, and cut a length of string for it, performing the same swing-to-wall act. I do this until all of the hooks I have placed on the wall have been used for a

swing-to-wall.

Object Mute, Negate

I produce several rolls of toilet tissue, and again, my roll of string and scissors. Selecting from the objects still strewn along the wall, I select one and drop it onto the floor at arms length, let it hit bounce and come to rest, observing sound and other qualities of the material. Now, I wrap the object once fully in the tissue and secure with string. Again, I drop the object, observing the now muted sound quality. Picking the object up, I wrap it again, and drop. I do this until the unique qualities of the object have been lost and it has gone from muted to negated. Now, I proceed on to the next object, performing the same act. I continue gradating then negating the sound qualities of these objects until the objects are used up or I achieve the performance's maximum duration. This is the end of the symphony.

Symphony of Instrumentism Two

Evolution

Using my three note system of hest, midst and lest, this movement explores one means of generating the wide note, midst, pitches, as well as a visual equivalent that functions as a spontaneous score and an illumination. I use seven mouth part positions (m.p.p.) here to form the phonetic sounds I will make. These mouth part positions are

O, oo, ee, rr, ll, mm, zz

and they correspond roughly to the sounds you would make vocalizing with your mouth apparatus positioned in this way. Firstly, I have a piece of paper that completely covers a wall. This paper can be from a roll or may be made of separate pieces of paper that have been attached to each other. The important thing is that the papered wall surface will be used like it is a single continuous piece of paper. When the paper is in place (this prep. Is not part of the live performance) I divide the paper in various rectangles, squares, and even triangles using a highly visible marker. In the upper corner of each of these shapes, I draw an m.p.p. symbol. That is the prep for this movement. When the piece begins, I enter the space and approach the papered wall. I hold a colored marker in my hand. I take my time, then, choosing a place to start, I begin making a line. The height at which I start will correspond to the

pitch I emit; above will be higher, below, lower. I will make a closed shape, not raising the marker from the paper. The shape will take full advantage of the size of the paper and wall. The contours of the lines I will draw will influence pitch, effects such as trill or tremolo, and anything else I can see to interpret in a direct responsive way. The phonetic envelop of the sound I make at any time will be determined by the particular section I am drawing in, with its m.p.p. symbol in the corner, making that determination for me. I can and will of course, make decisions concerning my path based partially on what phonetic territory I will be forced to pass through. Again, the marker will not be raised. This will be a closed shape, begun with the first mark, and ended when the line I make circles around to the point where the line began. I will vocalize simultaneous to my drawing throughout in a point by point correspondence. While I may dynamically change in volume, especially if I have discovered a means of notating this parameter with my line contour, the simultaneous vocalizing will always be implied, even if for dynamic's sake it is not heard. This section may vary widely in the time it takes to complete. It should largely be a matter of inspiration, and if the drawing space allows, not crossing lines and retaining the single closed shape theme as the larger parameter, this movement may last as long as the sense of invention lasts.

Weight Pitch Generator

A square measuring two feet by two feet is marked off on the floor to the left or right side of the performance space, approximately six feet in front of the wall where "Evolution" movement has been posted. The tape should be of sufficiently bright color to clearly demarcate the square from surroundings. A collection of small to medium sized objects (all of a size that may be held in hand(s)) are taken from a box and dumped into the square. The edges of the square are tidied up so the objects don't spill over the tape borders. The performer then steps into the center of the square amid the objects and stands facing forward. One at a time, the performer picks up objects and assesses the weight, bouncing it in the hand, tossing it in the air and catching it and so forth. He makes an evaluation based on a mental scale of from light weight to heavy. This scale may be adjusted in relation to other objects he picks up later. He now thinks about his vocal range in terms of pitch, and makes a pitch equivalence judgment in relation to the weight of the object; a heavy object will have a related lower pitch in his vocal range, a medium weight object will be in middle range, and a light object (again, this will become relative to other objects) will receive a pitch at the higher end of his range. He then emits this pitch, sustained for the length of a breath with no vibrato. This done, the object is returned to the pile he stands in, and another object is plucked from inside the square. The same process is performed again, this time also measuring the objects weight and related vocal pitch in memory to the last object. The pitch chosen will then be in relation to the weight and related pitch of the last object. This is repeated many times, the relationships of object weight to vocal pitch become more precise, repeatable and accurate.

Weighted Roller Roll Emphasis

A square measuring five feet by five feet is marked off on the floor to the left or right side of the performance space, on the side where the other square isn't, approximately six feet in front of the wall where "Evolution" movement has been posted. This tape should also be of sufficiently bright color to clearly demarcate the square from surroundings, but of a different color from the other square of tape. Cardboard rolls of different sizes will be placed now in this square. Some will be the size of empty toilet rolls, while others may be lengths cut from poster tubes, and much larger diameter pieces, cut from cardboard cement column forms. Several bags of stones will then be placed in the square, a roll of duct tape and a razor. The performer enters the square himself. He sits or squats facing forward. A cardboard roll is picked up, rolled along the floor in front of the performer, another is picked up, and so on until one is selected. A stone is now taken from one of the bags. A piece of duct tape is cut, and the stone is taped to the inside of the chosen cardboard tube. The tube is then rolled outward from the square, forward into the audience area. The rolling pattern is observed. A second choice of tube is made, and another stone is selected. It is also taped to the inside of the roller, which is also sent rolling out of the square and observed for special rolling emphasis and characteristics. Others will be done, now in obvious variations. Multiple weights may be placed inside the rollers to observed possible complexified rolling patterns. These are also acts that may be specifically scored. Here are some scored "rolls" that may be interpreted, and further specified for more exacting weight and roll dimensions.

Symphony of Instrumentism Three

Flips and Flip Maps

A stack of flat(ish) pieces of various materials is brought into the space and placed on the floor to one side of the performance space. These materials may be short lengths of board, plywood, a book, a CD case, a brick, and a variety of other materials that vary in weight, texture and composition. They should be predominantly flat(ish) and rectangular. The performer enters the space, holding a stack of blank business card size pieces of stiff paper, and a roll of adhesive tape. He places these supplies on the floor and squats beside them. He then takes two of the cards and, using the tape, attaches them along one like edge of each card. So, a long side would be taped to a long side, a short side, to a short side. The pieces are now hinged together by the tape. The performer then proceeds to attach another card to the two, randomly selecting a side to attach it to, creating an additionally hinged element. Each time a card is attached, it will be folded along the hinge over the previous cards, so that what results is a stack of cards that are all attach to each other on one of their sides. He continues this procedure until he has lost any count or any sense of the elements' ultimate orientation to each other. He then takes the stack of attached cards and unfolds it onto the floor, revealing the resulting single flat shape he has created; his map. Standing up, he looks down on the spread map. Next, a piece is chosen from the stack of rectangular materials off to the side. The chosen material is placed on the floor beside one end of the "flip map", or, paper shape, just revealed. Then, the material is "flipped" on the floor from face to face in a parallel path to the flip map beside it, turning corners and moving in exact duplication of the paper path, until the end of the map has been reached. Completed, the map is refolded and placed aside. New cards are retrieved, and another shape is begun using the cards and adhesive tape, following the same procedure with these as before. This is repeated several times. If the performance space is very large, the shapes and flip materials may be left in place after each process is complete.

Transfers

A box of one to several hundred small household materials and objects is gathered. While these things should be common and easy to acquire, consideration should be made for variety. The performer takes two objects at a time out of the box. The selection may be made for similarity or contrast. The only stipulation is that there is awareness of material aspects of the objects chosen. The performer initiates a sound made with one of his chosen object. It may be rubbed, or scraped. If it is struck or tapped, it must be done repeatedly so that a continuous sound is sustained. After the initial articulation, the sound should be made to reach a dynamically steady, even state. At this point, the performer begins to initiate a sound with the second object, using the same means of articulation as with the first object, which he continues to sound. He then begins to recede in his playing of the first object, as the second gains an even dynamic, the first finally retiring as the second replaces it. The transitions should be as even in volume and dynamic as the tonal and sound generative differences allow. Think of the passing of a baton in a relay race. This is what the composition looks like, with the dynamic decline of one and introduction of the other sound placed in a square where they dynamically pass one another in a "transfer." Also note the mirrored ends of the envelope, with one sound attack, the transfer made evenly in the center, and the tapered decay of the second sound that closes in.

Two of the Same Threshold

Two identical wine goblets are wrapped and tied with equal numbers of paper towels and string. Each goblet will be wrapped, as part of the performance, with one complete roll of standard paper towel roll, torn off into its perforated segments and individually wrapped around the goblet. In sequence, the goblets are then dropped onto the floor at arms length, a segment unwrapped from it, dropped again, segment unwrapped, and so forth until the goblet is no longer sufficiently cushioned, and it breaks from the drop. The second wine goblet is then repeatedly dropped and unwrapped in the same way.

Symphony of Instrumentism Four

Four Corners

A ten by ten inch square piece of board is brought to the empty performance space. Using a felt marker, the performer draws a diagonal line at each corner, making a triangle at each tip. From a bag, he then produces hammer or rock, a sanding block, a knife and a saw. Choosing a corner, the performer hits the edge with the hammer using whatever hold or position seems to give most control, striking until the corner snaps off approximately where the diagonal line is, or breaks apart up to along that line. He then turns the square and takes to another corner with the sand block, sanding until the corner is even with the diagonal line. Turning the square to the next corner, he begins to whittle at it with the knife, which he continues until the corner is again taken down to the diagonal line. Lastly, he turns to the fourth corner, and proceeds to saw at it along the diagonal line until this corner is also gone.

Targets Wet Missiles

The performer takes black duct tape and cuts short two inch pieces, placing each on the wall in a row from the left end to the right with about twelve inches between. He then returns to the left end of the wall and begins another row about twelve inches below the other. He repeats this with one more row. He then produces a bucket of water and two rolls of toilet or tissue paper. He then takes a single tissue or segment of toilet paper and dips it into the water, taking it out without wringing it, and throwing it with some force at the first upper left piece of black duct tape, the target. He does this with successive pieces of tissue at progressive targets from left to right, and beginning at the next row, progressing to the right until all the black tapes have been targeted.

Floor Rotations with Black Noise Voice

The performer clears the space and places tape lines on the floor which intersect at a center point, forming eight pie slices, or, eight radial line positions until they repeat. A black dot at the center point will help to separate the continuous lines and help them appear like radius rather than diameters. The performer then lays down on the floor in first position, which is a line running from front center straight back toward the wall. The performer lays on his side, body rigid, head at the wall end of the line, with body and head directed to the right. He then opens his mouth and emits a "black noise voice" sound, which is like a hoarse throat which is vocalized but sounds unpitched. He does this, or, emits a sub-vocal version (apparatus is in place, wind force withheld) The explanation of this can be seen in a self explanatory vocal score sample given here. The performer will alternate vocalized and nonvocalized articulations of black noise voice. After one iteration, either long or short, loud or soft, (in the score, vertical axis means volume, horizontal, time) the performer moves the body position to align with the next radius in clockwise movement, and repeats the action, with variation in its obvious parameters. This may be done once all the way around the circle as a simple example, or it may be continued in rotations beyond one. An mpp (mouth part position) may be chosen for the iterations, preferably one of my standard seven of o, oo, ee, rr, ll, mm, zz. The mpp should be retained at least through one rotation until another is chosen, if change is personally desired.

Symphony of Instrumentism Five is lost

Symphony of Instrumentism Six

Pitching Points and Travel Lines

The performer walks into the space. At his side is a sack in which are 150-200 black circles of 4 inch diameter, and 150-200 red circles of 4 inch diameter. As he reaches the center of the space, he steps backward toward the wall, then takes the circles out, red in one hand and black in the other, and throws them up into the air so that they scatter outward in all directions. He then walks to the circles to pick them up one at a time, always going to the nearest to pick up regardless the color. While walking, he emits a continuously rising and falling glissando over his midst note, using any one of the M.P.P. (mouth part positions that, vocalized through generate one of seven different phonetic sounds.) For the black

circles, the performer sings the Lest, or, his lowest note. For red circles, he sings his Hest, or, his highest note. When he collects the circles, as he arrives at the circles, he sings their designated note, then puts

them in his sack and moves to the next closest, singing his midst glissando as he walks and travels between circles. He performs in this way until all the circles are collected.

Sing Stall Phrase Building

The performer puts blue tape down on the floor, laying a long strip along the back wall the length of the performance space. He then lays a line from one end at ninety degrees out toward the audience. In a few feet he lays down another line of tape at a ninety degree angle toward the audience, in another few feet, another line, until there are five lines at ninety degree angles from the long line, beginning at one end and terminating at the other. This creates six stall-like slots with open ends to the audience. He then brings six cards out of his pocket. On each is graph paper and on the graph is a big black dot or a small black dot. If he turns the card over, you can see that the opposite side of the card is also graph paper and a dot, but the dot is the opposite of what is on the other side; one side is a small dot, the other, a large dot. The performer goes from one end of the long line to the other, throwing a card into each stall along the way. He then begins a return from the other side, stepping into each stall and emitting a sound and nature based on the side of the card which is face up. If the large dot is face up, he stretches arms and legs out as far as he can from a standing position and emits a black noise voice with as much force and intensity and length of breath as he can. If the small dot is face up, he appears to crumble, even crouching small in place, and emits a weak and diminutive black noise voice which quickly fades for loss of breath. This is performed in each stall until all six of the cards have been collect and the performer is at the other end of the space.

Parsing Tape

Three rolls of transparent adhesive tape are produced. They are each 1200 or 1400 inches long. The first tape is used to run continuous unbroken tape along the back wall from far left to right, onto the adjacent wall, and onto another if available; otherwise, back again, or even down onto the floor until all of the first roll of tape is used. The second roll is produced. This roll is snipped into lengths two or so inches long. The lengths are stuck to the floor and then on top of each other in a stack before the performer until that roll is used up. The third roll is produced. A cardboard paper towel tube is also produced. The third roll of tape is wrapped around the tube unbroken, around and around until it is used up.

Symphony of Instrumentism Seven

Object Set Locomotion

Select a body of objects that vary widely in texture, size, weight, composition, rigidity and other relevant qualities that distinguish them. Place them all together unorganized at the beginning or extreme edge of the space to be performed in. Consider any adjoining rooms, corridors, restrooms and entryways as being part of the performing space. Now, Make selections from the object set based on likeness in their ability to be moved in a common way; for instance, if certain objects lend themselves to being picked up and carried cradled in arms against chest as one group, transported together across a room, this is one criteria, the selection can be made with this in mind, and that subset of objects will be transported

across the appropriate space in this way, until a door, hallway, rug, or other environmental condition, if it is varied, interferes or offers a more promising means of locomotion. (a rug might be used as a carrier, and a selection of objects moved by dragging the rug, for instance. Select another subset to be, for instance, dragged, plowed across the floor space using one object for that purpose, and so forth. Objects may be such that they need to be transported one at a time, or attached to each other in the case of paper clips, or chain links. There will be a starting point, and a finishing point for all objects at extreme opposing locations in the usable performing space. This section may vary widely in duration. It ends when it is completed as a thoughtful and, satisfactorily solved and challenged task and exercise, and all objects have been sufficiently and appropriately transported from one end of the space to the other.

Ridge Patterns

Collect or make a set of slats; narrow, long boards, varying in width and height by a degree of one hundred percent or more, but consistently the same length. Now place them in one half of a space on the floor so that they are parallel to each other, and so that the length of the sides are facing the performer in his position in the other half of the space. Improvisationally space the slats, randomly or in patterned distances from each other, as widely varied as is pleased, but always perfectly parallel to each other. Now, empty a bag or box of small objects of different sizes, some round, some compact and angular, and attempt to roll the objects over the slats in their configuration. After the objects have been thus rolled, retrieve them from where they have ended up, return them to the launching position in the performer occupied half space, and make another improvised spacing of the slats. Repeat this again, and several more time. After several variations of slat arrangements, begin to make object edits, breaking down and limiting the object group to things with a certain likeness, or, uniform differences. The number may also be systematically diminished down to a single object, placing then all of the emphasis in variation in the arrangements and distances between the slats, changed between every roll of the object. (If multiple objects remain in use however, the slats may be left in one position while variations are made in the roll number and sequence.)

Object 'Scape Transits

Sight read the scores for Object 'Scape Transits from the 31 volumes I've written of these scores. The score volumes should be in a single stack on the floor of the central performance space. The volumes will be gone through randomly by performer, who, making a selection, will stand straight with volume open like hymnal in one hand, and deliver the interpretation. For the uninitiated, these score consist of a single unbroken line running from the left margin of a white page, across to the right margin. The path of the single line is drawn like a cross section of earth, a terrain, or, a landscape in profile. At the far left, as if resting on the very beginning of the 'scape line, is a closed topological shape. In the interpretation of this as a score, this topological shape, however symmetrical or oddly formed, is imagined tumbled over the length of the 'scape line, from its location at extreme left, to the line's termination at the extreme right.

Simultaneous to this imagining, the transit of this shape in its journey is vocalized as a similar tumble or the phonetic, pitch, and dynamic range that might spontaneously and reasonably be delivered.

Symphony of Instrumentism Eight

Random String Roll Lococompulsion

There will need to be three distinct locations in which this symphony will be performed. The first, the gallery or room, and immediate vicinities, represents the synthetic orderly surface as composed for casual, low physical impact human use. I use a domestic material, cotton string, as a means of passing through it toward a second destination. I, the performer, standing in this empty clean space, take one end of the roll of string in my hand, and toss it out away from me with the other. The effect is that the string rolls away like a ball, and leaves behind the line of string as the ball unravels, me, still holding onto the end of the string to keep it from following the ball away from me. Of course what then is produced is the ball in one location, with a white line drawn from me to it. This is also a path, which I then follow to the ball, which, when I reach it, I pick up, holding the string now close to where it is wrapped around the ball, and throw the ball again in some direction, so that it continues to roll out. While the rolling has a haphazard quality to it, I intend to roll it ultimately out of the space and into the surrounding outdoor environment. The place I roll my string to would be an outdoor park-like area, or, a more utilitarian public place. There are objects and abutments here, either trees and shrubs, or, magazine racks and turnstiles.

Lococompulsion by Hook and String to Advance or Retreat

In this outer environment, I change my means of locomotion. Now, I tie string to me, and attach wire hooks to the other ends, throwing them outward and advancing like a mountain climber.. The hooks secure me to the space, and as I become attached, I cut myself loose from some hooks with scissors to allow myself to advance in one direction, while limiting myself in another; the attachments and string allow me to swing like on hinges from the various abutments and obstacles in the environment, and advance, through increased understanding and manipulation of this means of lococompulsion, to move to another uniquely characteristic space/environment. I do this “hooking” until I am clear of rough landscape, onto a sidewalk or grassy, lawn-like area.

The Flip Progression

When I arrive at a less rugged outdoor area, with flat surfaces and expanse, I produce my third means of lococompulsion, a board, which I flip end over end and follow in the direction from where I came. Were landscape to change again along any of the way here, I would digress to the use of a previous means of advancing, like a musical reprise or leitmotif. In terms of space, there is a need for three different kinds of landscape within reasonable distance of each other. There is no technical requirement, though the generally circular path I might take makes anything more than an approximate duration hard to be exacting about. However, I would give myself or performer a good two hour frame for this symphony. This should mildly suggest how far afield the performer might want to wander.

Symphony of Instrumentism Nine

Nature with Manufacture

Collect a large number of smooth beach stones, all from the same beach at once so the material of the stone are relatively uniform. Collect in groups of three distinct sizes; pebble sized, distinctly larger, the size of a lighter perhaps, and larger, the size of a fist or apple. Collect as much as possible, several hundred of the small, perhaps fewer of the largest size. Bring to the performance space in separate bags. Deliver to the space still in bags, resting at center space, the three bags side by side on the floor. Also collect objects from attics, salvation army stores, and yard sales, random things of no particular focal use, just utilitarian things. Bring them in a box to the performance space and empty the box along the wall where it meets the floor, like spreading seed for the length of the room. After doing this, push the clutter in with feet and hands, to more densely pack the objects into the wall/floor meeting. Now taking a position in center space beside the bags, and empty the bags of beach stones onto the floor in three piles, being careful to keep the piles separate. Now sitting on the floor, select stones from the three piles in any combination or series/sequence, and pelt the objects packed between the wall and floor the length of the room. Develop this instrument through observation of specific item-in-object-pile locations, interactions with stone weights and size, and effect of combinations possible within the parameters.

A Sheet Solo Sound Progression

Produce a queen-size linen sheet from a plastic bag. Pull it over your head and body standing up and center it so that it meets the floor all around you if possible. Now, by scratching, blowing, tearing, snapping, fluffing pulling taut and otherwise touching/interacting with this sheet, produce a spontaneous sound making vocabulary of action, generating one sound at a time, with silence before and after, so that each sound exists in its own spatial location.

Rattling Damage

Buy or collect as many manufactured objects with several attached elements or armatures on each. Examples might be toys, various kitchen utensils, like a manual egg beater, ink pens, office items, staplers and so forth. Arrange neatly in the performing space, and then, selecting one at a time, strike the chosen object using a board and a stone. After each strike, shake the object to observe any rattling effects. Continue to strike objects with uniform blows, shaking the object between each strike to produce a possible associated progression of rattling from object breakage, or, find the limit of its breakage, where the items stops being affected by force. Continue on individual objects until they have deteriorated and fall apart in the hands, or until this maximum damage limit has been reached.

Symphony of Instrumentism Ten

Books Pitch

Enter the empty performance space with one stack of books, perhaps twenty, or as many as can be held in a stack from fingers to shoulders in front of you against the chest. Place this stack on the floor in

center space, in a stack. Take the book off of the top and skid it across the floor toward the wall, trying to make it stop against the wall or as close to it as possible. Take the next and do the same, this time trying to land the book next to the previous along the wall, also as close to the wall as possible. Do this until all the books in the stack have been used. Try to space the books along the wall so that they are evenly located from the left to the right.

Compressed Book Air Pitch

Put a 2x4 on the floor, one end against the facing wall, the other end at a straight angle out from the wall. Depart from space, return with another stack of books, about twenty in number, or from fingers to shoulders or chin, held against the chest. Walk toward the 2x4 and let one foot catch or “stub” against the outward pointed end. Use the momentum of continued forward movement to launch the stack of books held against the chest directly forward so that they crash into the facing wall.

The Walk like Cobblestone

Leave the space. Return with another stack of books, held against the chest from fingertips to chin. Arrange them on the floor like a cobblestone path across a stream, books open, face down, spines facing up. When the path has been completely laid out so that all books have been used up, go to one end of the path and walk along the face-down books, trying to balance so that the predominant amount of weight is upon the spines of the books.

Appended Fourth Movement

Depart from space. Return with a chair and one book. Seat self, turn the book upside down and backward. Proceed to tear out each page from the last to the first, crumpling each page and dropping it on the floor in front of the chair. When all of the pages have been torn out, stand up, place the empty book jacket on the chair, and depart from the space.

Addition to the Appended Forth Movement

Return to space, carrying a piece of canvas, string, scissors, and one book. Sit down in the chair that has been left there with items on lap. Place on floor as needed. Take scissors and cut a random shape from the canvas piece, throwing what remains aside. Taking the scissors, make perforations along one side of the canvas, and matching perforations along the side that most closely faces the first. Now, cut pieces of string from the ball and make short shoelace like lengths. Thread each string through one hole and its opposite. Now, make another set of perforations such that one end will be closed up when threaded. Thread string through all perforations to make a small sack, pull strings tight and tie. Put down. Turn book obviously right side up, so you are looking at the front cover. Proceed to tear out the pages one at a time. After tearing out each page, stuff them into the canvas sack, or wait until several have been torn, and stuff several pages at a time into the sack. Proceed until all of the pages have been torn out. Take the scissors and make perforations on the sides of the last open end. Cut pieces of string, thread them through the perforations, and close up the sack. Stand up, put the empty book jacket on the seat of the chair, and then the sack on top of it. Depart from the space.

Extension of the Addition to the Appended Fourth Movement

Return to the performing space with a camera slung around the neck. Approach the canvas sack on the chair. Pick it up, turn it over in hands, and name it out loud from the seven mouth part position sounds uniquely combined. Place it on the floor, circle it while looking through the camera, frame several shots and shoot several exposures of slide film from different angles. Place again on chair and depart again.

Symphony of Instrumentism Eleven

Movement

Enter the spaces with heavy boxes. Unbox books from the boxes. There are quite a few. Make a single tall stack of books in the middle space as high as possible. Take the top book off and tie a string around it that crosses on both surfaces so that the book is secured on all sides by string. Cut the string remaining to a length of about five feet. Make sure that where the string is attached to the book, it is on a side, so that when the book is swung, it swings in a narrow, flat space the width of the book. Wrap the loose string now around the hand and begin to swing the book like a slingshot. Approach the stack of books and try to knock the very top book off with the swinging book. Proceed onto the next book in the stack, trying to knock only that book off of the stack. Continue until books are scattered.

Movement

Movement

Collect the books and place as many as possible back in a tall stack. Some might not sit flat if damaged. After this has been done, stand beside the stack, quickly take books off of the top and fling them into the left corner of the room where wall meets floor. When this has been completed, collect books and restack in a tall stack at the performance space center. Now, starting with the topmost book on the stack, fling the books one at a time into the right most corner. When this is completed, again restack the books in the center of the room. Now, alternate flinging the books into the left and right corner. When this is completed, collect the books again and place in a stack. Now, fling books to the left, to the center, and to the right edge where wall meets floor. Make several alternating patterns between the three locations until books are used up.

Movement

Movement

Movement

Restack the books into a single tall stack at room center. Take the top two books off of the stack and tie them together with string. Take another book, and then another and also tie them together, to each other and the first two. Begin to tie books from the stack onto sides of books at angles, trying to break away from the square orientation and steering the resulting shape toward a globe or circle. When all of the books have been used up doing this, attempt to roll the book mass around the space, seeing if it will

continue rolling when thrust, or flipping it from face to face as if learning to use new legs. Stop. Navigate the shape out of the performance space.

Symphony of Instrumentism Twelve

Ensembles Unrolling

Cut a cotton sheet into five or more long even strips. Choose five or more objects (one object per strip) of related utility; for instance, five items of personal grooming, five kitchen utensils/cooking implements, five articles of amusement, five fit-it or carpentry tools, etc; ensembles. Lay out the sheet strips and place the item in at its end, then, roll the sheet strip up with the object rolled inside, at the end of the strip, or, the center of the roll. When the entire selected ensemble has been individually rolled, place all rolls side by side on the performance space floor. Now take the end of the first roll and fling it out like you're flinging out a full sheet to spread. The strip and contained object will fly out in front or in some forward moving direction, landing, hitting, bouncing, sounding itself. Proceed and render the rest of the rolled strips/w/objects in this way.

Swabs and Stones and Ruckus

Make a pile of stones, all sizes, textures and composition. Produce several rolls of paper towels and a bucket of water. Take the beginning of a roll in each hand and start to wrap the rolls around the hands, until the rolls are unraveled and rewrapped around the hands. Now, dip each towel rolled hand in the bucket of water. Proceed as best as can be done to wrap another paper towel roll around each wet towel enclosed hand. Do this several times until at least three rolls have been wound around each hand. The last rolling on the hand should not be dipped in the water, but allowed to remain dry. Now with these swabbed hands, approach the pile of stones, striking into it, dispersing them, shuffling, them spreading, scattering and battering, burying the swabbed hands into the depths of stone and stirring until the swabs have become shredded and the hands are exposed, at which time the movement ceases.

SI Thirteen

Weighted Boxes Pushed by Dowels Long Tone Phrases Soloist

Place one closed weighted cardboard box in a parking lot like space. Equip the performer with several dowels of different lengths, ranging for 2 feet or so to ten or more. These dowels can be carried slung over the shoulder. From a fixed position, using one of the dowels, the performer pushes the box near which he has placed himself as far as the pole and his arm will extend without moving otherwise. This done, the performer repositions himself up next to the box, and using the same dowel or one of the others per choice, he repeats the act of pushing with the dowel and length of arm, also in direction of personal choice. This is done until much of parking lot like space has been explored.

Weighted Boxes Pushed by Dowels Long Tone Phrases in Orchestration

Place weighted uniform cardboard boxes about a parking-lot type space. Equip several performers with different length poles from four feet to twelve in length. They are instructed to push a designated weighted box with the dowel from where they stand next to the box across the parking lot tar as far as the pole and their arm length will reach. They will then walk to the box, stand next to it, and push it from where the box is now to the length of the pole and arm in a chosen direction. Continuous tones of box scuffing across tar will vary in duration according to pole and arm lengths, a speed at which the pushing act is performed, effected perhaps by length-of-pole dexterity, and amount of weight in box, which may vary if an additional variant is desired. Otherwise, one brick per uniform box would do. Tone durations will overlap and form short dowel/ long dowel phrasing and interplay.

Rummage Flipping Box with Dwindling Contents

Prepare a cardboard box by filling it about half full with beach stones. Seal it and cut a four by six inch rectangular hole in one side. Now, the performer flips the box from face to face slowly in a straight line across the park lot like area from one end to the other. The contents will dwindle as the box spills contents on every fourth flip; the hole should be on a face that will be turned face down in the path. Variation; an improvised path is decided spontaneously, on which the other faces of the box will come into play, being flipped on and hence extending the dwindling of contents, and varying the formal spilling quality that would be associated with every fourth move.

SI Fourteen

3:1

Four items at a time are taken out of a bag. They are toyed with on the floor, three are grouped together, the fourth put aside. The three chosen together are variously put together with each other, attached, or made into a series or order. They are then, as a single construction or as elements in a group, put to use with the fourth item, to modify it, affect it, or otherwise act as a group on a single item. After this, another group of four is selected from the bag and the process begins fresh.

Illo

A stack of white typing paper is produced, shuffled, and then taped with duct tape around all its edges so that the stack is a solid block of paper. I then sit with this craddled in my arms, facing out, and cut or tear through the first layer of paper. As I do this, I respond vocally with a limited phonetic vocabulary, responding as my fingers pull back paper, open, close, and stroke the flat surfaces, finding ways to interpret what my hands are doing; a spontaneous score making and reading. I then perform the same as I cut or tear down to the next layer of paper, a second "song" of interpretation from this fresh "score form." Performed to the bottom of the block of paper.

O

In this last movement, I produce a ball of twine. I find the end and hold onto it, rolling the ball out into the performing space. I hold onto the end as the ball rolls out, leaving the trail of string in its wake. I

then follow where it leads, into audience, up to walls, or even through a door, until I reach the ball, at which time I pick up and roll again, ultimately until string is gone, rolled out.

SI Fifteen

Drawdrums

Collect and introduce several sizes of cardboard tubes, from toilet paper rolls and yarn tubes to cardboard cement column forms. Introduce several sizes of paper, from typing paper to 18x24 inch drawing paper from a pad. Using large elastic bands, secure the paper pieces over various tubes to form “drum” skins. Next, take pencils and draw simple forms on the surfaces of the paper drums; squares, circles, spirals, rectangles and ovals. The drums produces the faint sounds of the shapes being draw on the skins, with interruptions at angles, specific sound qualities for circles and spirals, interruption rhythms for rectangles, and so forth.

Walltaps

Find several four foot long dowels that are one eighth and one sixteenth inches in diameter. Tie a string around one end close to the tip and pull back, holding the opposite end, so that it flexes like a bow. Now go to a nearby wall and, pulling on the string so that the dowel is flexed back, pull and loosen the string so that the dowel “taps” against the wall. Also, move the string back and forth from left to right, so that the dowel is allowed to “sway” or “swish” against the wall from side to side.

The Rummage Trough, Introduced

Connect several cardboard boxes of approximately the same size to each other, cutting down sides so that the finished product is a single long cardboard “trough.” Make it as long as the room or space will allow, even making turns and angles so it is an “L” or a “U”. Now, load the trough in sections with materials, uniform with the sections. For instance, fill a three or four foot length of the trough with plastic bags, stuffed and packed together loose. Follow this with a length of stones, followed by a length of small pieces of wood, and then, looses pieces of crumpled paper, and so on. Each material should have its own region of several feet in the trough. Now, go to one end and run the fingers through the trough as if stirring it up or “rummaging” as you walk along the length of it, slowly transitioning from one region of material to the next, with the anticipated sonic changes resulting. This maybe performed several times, with improvisitory lingering and dwelling and speeding through the various regions for spontaneously desirable effects.

SI Sixteen

Dragging Sequence for Luciano Berio

For some time now, I have been performing “Dragging” pieces. These are performing pieces in which I tether pieces of metal, sticks, or rods to my ankles, and drag them across various surfaces, like cobblestone, dirt, tar, cement, etc. Some variants have included dragging several materials, each on a different length of tether, so that they begin being dragged at different times along the walk. In this

piece, I carry a large number of 12"x 12" panels of different materials with me. I will drag one at a time for a set distance, 100 feet or more, then quickly detach it and replace the square with one of another material. This sequence continues until all the materials have been dragged, and then begins again. The materials of course activate the surface over which they are dragged to sound, and the walking aspect, in this piece, spontaneously chosen as I walk around various roads pathways determines a large part of the nature of the resulting sounds.

a partial list of 12" x 12" squares of materials to be dragged:

plywood square

pink marble

floor tile

water soaked foam rubber

styrofoam

plaster

metal sheeting

tin foil

plastic

Flipping Sequence

Use the same sequence concept as in the dragging movement, but not the stricture of the order/ loop. This may be more intuitive. Instead of dragging objects, the chosen flat objects/ materials will be "flipped" from face to face to advance them forward through the environment. The objects may be clipped to a belt, and flipped one at a time over various surfaces and locations. Variation is important; if a path leads twice or more through the same local, a different material may be flipped, or the previous sequence, already established by spontaneous choice earlier, may be adhered to. While this movement is freer than the first, a philosophy or conception of action, even if that means to have none, must be decided on and retained.

Thrown Object/ Material Sequence

Here again, the sequence form is retained. Objects are kept on the side in a bag. They are extracted one at a time and thrown forward, followed, retrieved and returned to the bag, another object withdrawn and thrown. The sequences should have approximately the same durations and physical pacing.

Negative Tabula Rosa

Cut circle from stiff white paper. Perforate the center, and attach to a larger white piece of paper using a paper clasp. This pinwheel should move freely on its center. Attach other pieces of paper to the larger piece. Attach smaller pieces of paper to this in layers and from various sides and corners. Make like pages on an attached paper that overlay each other. Attach transparency paper also, over different areas and of different sizes, attached from various sides so they swing out in different directions. To this, attach additional pieces of white paper to expand the area; make some of these attachments accordion-like paper forms that can be extended to several times the size of a single sheet. In this way, make as complex and nested within itself as possible. Now, this is to be read, variously opening, flipping out, turning, extended and compressing the mass as if it is a composed score; as the elements are unfolded, it should be sung, in an interpretation unique for that particular extension, unfolding, or compression of space. Each moving element should be understood as a section or distinct segment of a composition to be sung, though the pages themselves are completely blank. It is sung as it is opened.

Instrumentism Transfers and Transitions with Circumstantial Form, and Qualities of a Rummage

The movement begins with the setting up of a small table. A cardboard box is placed on the table. The top is open, and it is filled to the edge with small beach stones. A second smaller empty box is introduced and set on the table beside the first. This box is less than half the size of the first box. The performer produces a chair and sits down at the table. The performer begins to pick rocks from the larger box filled with stones and drop them into the smaller empty box. This continues, a pace is established and sustained. Eventually, the small box is filled. There are still a lot of stones left in the larger box. The performer continues to pick stones from the larger box, putting them now in the overflowing smaller box. The stones form a round at the top and overflow onto the table, floor, etc. as the transference continues. Eventually, the larger box will be empty. When this happens, the performer proceeds to pick up the stones that have overflowed onto the table, floor, etc. and continues to place them in the smaller box, which the performer continues to add the overflow to, and which continues to overflow indefinitely. This piece begins at the beginning of the performance period if possible. The end is not in sight, but if the final looping stage is reached early on, the last stage will continue for a minimum of two hours. Otherwise, the twenty four hour period would be made available as a maximum duration for the piece, and the four hour minimum time would easily be satisfied. The "Rummage" aspect to this piece is the special sound qualities it will generate, some steady, small, static, and continuous. Other sound will not effect this, and in terms of volume, the piece would likely not interfere with any other piece, having very low impact sound and activity levels.

SI Eighteen

Ground to the Ear

Empty waste and clutter from two very large garbage bags onto the bare floor area. Spread it around with the feet and hands until it covers the predominant part of the space. Now go off to the side and retrieve two large pieces of thin cardboard/ paper. Using scissors and tape and string, make two large cones out of the materials that you then fit over the ears on both sides of the head. Now, wade through

the clutter, leaning down and from side to side to closely hear the materials on the floor. Even rub the ends of the attached cones against/ in it to sound it, as well as listening to the wade.

The Two Very Large Garbage Bags Return

Having done this until hearing a sufficient amount, retrieve the two very large garbage bags. Put one on each foot and tie. Now, wade back into the clutter and gradually gather up all materials and stuff into the bags while they are both still on the feet, though this may pose some difficulty. Try to divide the materials into types so one kind of material is removed, then another, and then another, increasingly distilled as well as diminished wades resulting. When the clutter is all bagged with feet/legs, leave the space for now.

Wades and Duo Items

Dump various waste and clutter from two very large garbage bags onto the bare floor area. Spread it around with hands and feet until it is fairly evenly distributed. Now, begin to wade through it. Do this at different paces, stopping and starting frequently changing speed and direction and so forth. Find two items in the clutter and begin rubbing them together from a standing position. Listen to the sound and resume the wading through the clutter, which may obscure the sound of the two item rubbing to varying degrees, depending of course on what those items are, and area/ material of wade. Do this, stopping and starting, experimenting with the sound space of the wade with the items, and the items alone. After sufficient variation, stop and find two more items, performing these acts once again and numerous more times.

The Two Very Large Garbage Bags Return Reprise

Satisfied, again retrieve two very large garbage bags from the side, place feet inside and tie around feet. Now, wade back into the clutter and begin systematically loading up the garbage bags, still tied around the feet, with the clutter of the space while wading about it as you collect. Select like materials so that certain types of material are all removed first, then another type, and then another. This requires some categorization and system making. When clutter is gone from space and bags are full around feet/legs, remove self from space. note: The clutter for the two wading sections should be different, so there are in fact four very large garbage bags filled with clutter, emptied, and then refilled with clutter.

SI Nineteen

This Much

Produce several different sizes of paper circles. Take scissors and cut pie-like slices out of circles, displaying the process prominently in front of self, then taping both slices and remainders of each circle (as they are made) on a blank wall.

Quantity Order Branch

Tear all of the squares from a paper towel roll and stack on floor in a perfect vertical pile. Bring a bucket of water to a central floor area, place on floor, then, tip it over so all water spills out. Acting quickly, use a paper towel to soak up, throw paper towel in the empty bucket. Use another paper towel the same, and so on until all the paper towels are used up, or until the water has all been soaked up.

Node Playing

Take several wooden dowels of different diameters and lengths. Using tacks and a hammer, drive tacks into the dowels around its diameter and at various lengths along them. Now, roll the dowels with the palm of the hand along the floor like rolling dough; observe the rhythmic pattern you are generating with this process. Make variants based on these immediate observations. Explore and roll for some time.

SI Twenty

Sling Around

Produce tubes/ cylindrical containers of various sizes and composition. For instance, use a glass jar (or several) a cardboard tube, a cardboard tube cement form, a metal stove pipe, a round food tin, a plastic cylinder, bowls, baskets, etc. Now, produce rods; wooden dowels of different sizes, metal rods, plastic straws, paint stirrers, sticks, etc. Now, place rods inside the cylindrical objects so that they are standing up, and sling them around so that they move in circles inside the cylinders. Sling in different directions, with differing force, varied combinations of rod and cylinder materials.

Implied Previous

Enter with a large bag. Empty bag onto floor. Many tightly wadded balls of paper fall out. Take them one at a time and uncrumple, flattening and smoothing, and then stacking.

Shapeless

Enter with a large bag of flour and a bucket of water. Take the flour and pour in into the bucket, kneed, mix, try to use all of the flour and make a massive blob of dough. Roll it on the floor, wrap it around the arms, fight it, throw it against the wall, separate it, try to make it do something with special expression of its nature. Explore it, make it reveal itself.

SI Twenty one

Hammock

Take a small sheet or piece of linen and hold it between the two hands so that it forms a hammock. Place one object in the valley of the hammock and sort of swish it around, letting it roll back and forth inside the linen form. Now, add another, swishing them around together and letting them bump and roll over each other. Now add another, swishing and bouncing them around together. Do this with several combinations selected from a box of arbitrary common objects.

Shift Song

Place a large piece of parchment paper on the floor. Spill a bit of sand onto it, and place another piece of parchment on top. Rub the two pieces of parchment against each other where they rest.

The Seven Phonetic Song with Action Fills

Singing O, o, ee, rr, ll, mm, zzz,

when you run out of breath on one phoneme, as you draw breath in, crumple a piece of paper. Sing phoneme again. When you run out of breath again, uncrumple paper. Breathe in, sing phoneme, when out of breath again, fill breath space with crumpling again, and so on. Other actions will be inserted for others. Some score are provided here.

SI Twenty two

Rock Drop Variance

Take a handful of rocks from a satchel slung over the shoulder, hold hand of rocks as far out and up as can reach, and let them drop onto the floor. Reach into satchel and retrieve an equal quantity of rocks, lean down as low as you can, and let the rocks drop out of hand onto floor. Take a single rock in hand, hold as far out and up as you can, and let drop. Again, take the same quantity from the satchel, lean as low as you can, and let the rock drop from the hand onto the floor. Do this two element contrast set with several quantities of rocks, and several distances and combinations between highest and lowest reach.

Lids

Collect and bring to a space as many and as varied circular container lids as you can. Dump onto floor in a single pile and withdraw one lid. Stand it on its edge and spin it. When it comes to rest, retrieve another lid and do the same. Spin all of the lids in this way.

Punctured Bag of Water

Bring a container of water and an empty plastic bag to the performance space. Empty the container of water into the plastic bag twist-tie or otherwise close off the opening. Place the bag of water on the floor and stick it with a pin near its bottom, puncturing it. Leave it as the water runs out.

SI Twenty three

Movement 1 goes here

...

Movement 2 goes here

...

Movement 3 goes here

.. SI Twenty four

Fearful Communicating

Place a stack of envelopes, some paper a bottle of wine and a glass on a writing desk. Sit at the desk. Produce an ink pen from a pocket, and begin writing a letter. The performer can plainly see that his pen has no ink, yet he continues to write. After many letters are written, they are all put into envelopes and sealed.

...

time line

The performer puts down a path of red adhesive tape on floor, makes a path with turns, all being at ninety degree angles, mostly covering all of the space. There are doorways, walls, pillars here- the performer uses metal brackets and attaches thin dowels to these corners and openings- along the way of the path, so that the dowels, attached at all different heights up to the standing height of the performer, so that the dowels jut out into the space from the corners, above where the tape/path passes. The performer then takes four dowels, each cut to a different length, varying from only a few inches to several feet. The performer now goes to the beginning of the path, and, using one of the dowels like a cane, if short, leaning way over so that dowel is used to tap on floor, advances, tapping the dowel/cane steadily, along floor, along the path. When the performer reaches the jutting dowels, they stay on path, indifferent- the performer will push into the dowels with whatever part of the body goes against them, and keeps going- as the snap off and break from where they are fixed. After a time, the performer put the dowel being used in a pocket, jutting out, and takes another from another pocket, also jutting out- and uses that dowel/cane of a different length, leaning over or not, as the length of dowel determines, to be able to tape it on the floor.

This continues until the end of the path.

...

Mail

The performer returns to the table, collects the letters, and puts them in a plastic bag, and ties the bag closed. They then throw the plastic bag as hard as possible toward the farthest area of the space.

...

SI Twenty five

prepare

The performer brings two rolls of string, blue adhesive tape, and many thin dowels to space. He stuffs a ball of string up each sleeve of a long-sleeved shirt or sweater. He then proceeds to tape the thin dowels over his various joints so that the joints are made rigid- wrapping tape around the limb(s) digit(s) many times, so they are very tight and secure. Several dowels should be put over each joint.

the chase

The performer pulls one of the balls of string out from under a sleeve- he holds one end, and throws the ball so that it unravels. He follows it where it leads. He reaches it, and picks it up, throwing it again, continuing the unraveling- he follows it again, with the end of the string still in hand. Now, bending down is difficult- bending down to pick up the string, depending on where it has landed, will snap the dowels that are fixed across his joints- the bending should be very difficult, but should be down, no matter how hard- breaking dowels. This is done until string is gone- then, second string is pulled from other sleeve, and this is also used up, in the same way.

*

Carried in a basket, a bucket, a washed cloth, a burden of purpose and a rain bag of becoming, is the long truth of original thought, molding and reforming why it is important to be possessed of invention. Hold your canister close to your body, someday, it may hold your ashes. Three years later, my mother still rests in a cardboard box, waiting for the waters of the Sound – not a canister proper, but a box, to facilitate a swift burial in the ocean – but circumstance as circumstance is often the bugaboo – so goes stories of departures, planned and otherwise. But, there is a cartridge, a cousin to the canister, which holds, which IS holding fifteen THINGS that may supersede each other, the Cartridge Holding Superseding Things it is called. They are milked free as they come relevant, from their queue from the spaces that adjoin this one. They combine the expected and the unexpected arrivals and departures. All happens by way of the cartridge. There is another system of early and late warning, of reacting and activate at or around these transitory times, though, unreliably, due to unknown preferences by whomever it is preferring. There is a rain dial listing conditions on telescoping wheels, within each other (NESTED) and without each other, telescoping far away into kitchens and laundry rooms. This is in use by invisible hands and tenders, at times determined but after-the-fact by dense math, and then, only after occurring – the complications of prediction are far too many and the system is pitted with black-holed variables. So we wait, we condition the fear, the expectation and joy. Is it could be yes, the cartridge maps like on the semen and the woman's body with child expecting both, over time release the cylinder and with the gut, it becomes like stomach awakening. Sharp withholding, pest of vocalized inert presence. Red envelops. Expectation, respect to honour (moves in a line). Sky God. Food is the offering. Cats converge, sounding. Waffle, breakfast food, lunch food, west tips Amer. Belg. Mayo vinegar ketchup. Sky God, local god, mayor, president. Oppressed, free. Tortured, kind. Where you end up where you stop and be it there, regress -. Dropping into the hands, oversized -...elephant hands -... I imagine broken veins in the finger tips produce little red bags -... frenetic conversion of scenes and color tones to notes sounds and delay values, mental illness, a blossom – running away from a ground pitch, imagine a dial made to spin smoothly, but it is over lubricated, and imagine the dial has had a weight put on it, so it lisps, it rills top heavy spins wildly up and below of the ground pitch - Inert presence in the

transitorium. This is the matter. This is the matter of sustaining permanently and the addition of flakes or of layers through that sustain, world growth and expression, combines with adaption for value – for aesthetic, expression of a single distilled world of select matter- that is the matter-. Alive through the time there. The future will be dried and shot into cans, punched into the earth, or blown out of the atmosphere through the parted lips of the ozone -. Sometimes there is a lump apart. When you let control, you let it, inventors, control weather, ray dishes, and the joy of forgotten indulgence, music, calm nights, Satie. Unbalanced, to keep from tipping – fall-apart adhesives, veneer, mass crumbles and decays below the smooth finished surface. Move across the plates without seeing the expanding crevices. Sustained approximations of things to be had, the land grab – the empty grassland, the trees. All of the body organs open up one day like flowers. Follow through one thing until it gasps and collapses. Hold down the sensation of weightlessness, smooth and repel distress. Discuss three times many, and several holes in numbers actions that are regulated, such as that (the many). Moving faster in steps, a snapping effect when something is being dropped outside of a building and cracking, the snapping is near felt, though transmitted through wall and cement, while moving in steps of increased speed with each step as demarked by the outside sound, demarking the snapping effect. Poor revolving that is tired becomes an ellipse. The fish are flash frozen in the pond in a response like a duet. There is a rage in the glory of the baffling fields; the ancestor, the uncle, the inventor who drove the taxi to the hospital when they delivered the Siamese multiple, the seven linked at the hips and capable of great speed and social coordination...are luring you, to the pond, where the ice is thin...please come. Orange skin appearance, covering walls, ceiling, flesh, doorway. Blocks of fiber, used to roll heavy objects on four step sided wheels. Roll slams down on one side, tips, slowly rises, slams, step, rest, tip, slams down next face of wheel. This is an ascension in symbol of steps –...determined by the number of sides of a polygon. (rolling wheel) The crop vegetables are rooted in house dust made of dried skin. They survive in deserted places. People too look for places to root. And often find the same. The dustbowl was made of flakes of skin. Rounded messages, like rounding up or down fractions to wholes, confuse communications. Truncated data is branching meaning randomly, requiring special preparation for possible message shortening. One method is redundancy – repeating like a refrain, or, just a pattern over and over – other way is to anticipate truncations and the alternative story/scenarios resulting, and, developing them separately as part of the message, as appendix to, being the possible variations in data transmission – or conversation a communicator might expect to encounter in daily necessity fictions. Door made of scabmeat. Silent opinion radiates, blocked by wall graffiti. Take a package of 500 sheets of copy/typing paper bring it out-of-doors and take paper out of packaging place paper on the ground wait as if to stand guard if sheets blow away or move, collect them, wherever they go end as wished, but all paper that has departed must be collected use paper for purposes as condition of paper allows - remember the paper's rich adventure this is an activity to occupy and consume time -... I myself love paper that has gotten wet and has been dried out. No one has watched the water rush into an air filled balloon underwater. They said, find a double, or an understudy. The long of it is creation is currency, the short of it is mystified creation, to hang for. Boat is dry docked. Captain suicided. Boat sleeps through a season. Owner coke bust, boat collects rats, two seasons. Hobo moves in. Boat cultivates a history. Boat is set on fire one night and burned down in the dry dock. Boat becomes a phantom and comes back again and again. Though maybe it is the hobo spirit. Calcium deposits strengthen, outer cases, elbow, knee and neck hinge. Perhaps, hides in the rocks, near where the boat was burned. For example.

Newspaper and empty wallet found in the seaweed complete the mystery. The tiny wires. Waving energy belts. Cloth comfort. Silently control pins turn the eyes. You look to one direction to express trust. The pins pump another way and you show distrust, and other, anger, surprise. Forgiveness voids the eyes. Spray sight. Seeing is not the witness. Sight like seltzer. Sight is the image, and the scene. Search the world through the mouth, the hair follicles . Feel the air passing over lips. Eyes spray, far across the room, to a table, to a radio, to a salt shaker, and the beads of sight settle. They dry, stick, gum. Assorted occupying objects in the room become agitated, vibrating, tipping over onto second third and fourth faces and walking forward in this way, and shaking enough to separate loose pieces, and to change settings of dials and switches. It is a condition of seeing, when sight becomes activated, as a strength, power, force. For the room it is cathartic, freeing walls and sills from what they conceived their duties, and they began to improvise a use, and fall in love too -. For objects free standing or unattached, it instills a sense of duty and tradition, and many follow conservative acceptance of their function as objects, free from desire or aspiration. I am the way going into the valley, a clock says in proclamation form, from its own text called, My Book of Leaning. It seems to be a standardized expression. Thumbing through the text shows one thousand more of these. One thousand and one totaling. Proclamations. To be sickened in the heart, to be sickened in the bed. To sexualize all touching. Creating a studiously rendered artifact, the bed ridden clot the museum markets with copies of mummies made from torn sheets and old pillows. Yet it begs the question of authenticity. Hold your canister to the wind to be flushed by the sea spray, factory foam or hard driven dew. The house confined erode community moral, though never heard, (and only in their mind, and exaggerated in opinion of their influence, ability to torpedo the local politic, or self conduct) from sofa or office chair with flat screen and talk TV. The invisibles – sad, critical, alone – aging, faithless, fearful, still, grandiose. The cans will help to receive the foods you're opening of, many implements and carvers get you through the meal in mimicry of classic forms. She has a hard stare, has tried to do it again, and is seen in a mirror, as mirrors line all walls, observance is intent. She stares, without blinking, it is hard, on the eyes, to stare, but trying to express an overpower, to reach in and grab your will and make it not your own, it is a kind of test, and sad, as she is also one to stop the clouds, to bring the wind, to turn away the sun, to make a flower turn to her, to make all nature kneel... then fly in mind and not be bound by walls or distance, space – or time - ... and all is seen, wasted resource -. Model on one thing that gave peace, edifice. Dismiss, unlistened, insane, unpowered, brittle boned. Find, importantly, look, there is one thing. It is the hard nut painted and enameled, cemented, plastered, glazed, gilded, silvered, bombarded, frozen baked and silicated. It is important to broaden it, to expand, alter and mask. The nut. It is needed, for surviving intact through the onslaught, of the them. They will eat everything. Unless, you protect, and poison the nut. Has three foot fruit bat wings. Is waiting, in the treetop. Has constructed a serial dream life from soap operas. And don't forget the emergency meeting place, for disaster. Eyes do not fix on objects. They are infinite focus, straight ahead. They can see air. They take in the essence, they see purpose and grace as floating lace, they feel the picking of the skin over the valley, the neutral sensation of transparent films of melted sugar, the desire to be absorbed of two things. Each of two eyes breaths separate breath, one breathes in while the other breathes out, and this how in part the infinite distance is kept far while seemed experienced internally, from within the distance, and even, focused, while eyes do not, are out. Partitioned between the eyes, to break triangulate, still feed perspective as remembered things, like of a map, as actions then before them seems to happen in a hypothetical place, and while the head reacts to

the partitioned map, events are unresponded, but, acknowledged as would fiction as a possibility but one not needed to prepare. Partition divides into two conditions of the real and present. Both hold value as alternative, but mind like upside down should learn to read. Then should alternately be. The eye is not the best to see, the socket is not the best to fit. Should salt preserve the eye, or turn its gel to liquid like a slug or leach... will lye clean them -... loop rope, remands, requests, compliance, resisting to participate, so breaks the chain. Reason rains over regression of age to the first point, washes away the plan dictates legitimacy, the babies cry unattended, the elders pound their spoons unattended. It is 2 or more for ascension; Coltrane – Giant Steps – aborigines slow moving glissando ascent – McLaughlin – Ascension – on a ladder, punching space, sudden moves, inclined to throw fastballs, beam someone, repose and burst, within another cycle of that, some having steady even hole, others widen the opening – my borders being the extent I can reach – and sometime, pull in the arms -. Free floating tongue and Collapse on my border, visa -. Immigrations. Offices, migraine. Lattice, gate. Coral eels, as I remember them from childhood color picture science books, are flying out of low ceilinged cement houses, trying to catch prey, one building is a meeting house, for worship on sky god day, and to house the corpse if someone near dies. Another building is occupied by family members, cousins, uncles, aunts,... cats roam the neighborhood boldly, as the dogs have passed away -. They are strays, but some neighbors feed them. They linger, in the yard and gardens, maybe they serve purpose -. The houses are on high ground though some other houses will flood if the Love River overflows -. The streets will too. Some remember fishing in the street. The earth has felt quiet for a long time. Does it prepare for a sudden burst after repose? Sometimes it will rumble many times, only days passing between -. Roads in the hills and mountains will slip away. Someone wakes. Sometimes construction disturbs the sleeping giants. Sometimes young thugs hang near the parking lot of the temple. They do chores and they will go easily into trances, making some people think they are especially gifted or holy. It might be, they do this for attention, and to secure their positions in the temple, having fewer options... outcasts sometimes revered, sometimes -... the ill too – in some place, childhood, baseball game, boy falls turns blue – at Sunday school, a girl has an epileptic convulsion – mystical in memory -. Long walks, years walking, memories of tall houses legendary accidents, local disasters, blackberry fields, cemeteries, churches, forgotten faces emerge again in drive-bys. Stitches ripped, operations, past lives (childhood.) Through the earth now. How far can you go to leave behind the past -... where is that kid I had an apple fight with -... he is deacon in a church now, and a grandfather -... and I am the drift of stealth and error -... and, this is all swelling day! Waiting for the rain... recalling, the child with red rubber boots after rain walk to school puddle in the middle of the road child walks thinking he is a giant looking down onto the red rubber boots stepping on the landscape and there that puddle is a giant lake in the middle of the road and the giant walks toward it to walk through it with giant red feet – not seeing the taxi that was behind him and hit him square in the back – and the painter son in law chips at blue paint flakes thinks, a dinosaur scale, and lathers on new wet paint like a fluid breathing dragon... it is a person, present in part, always away, in part, that makes the seeping duality of a place, it is a human influence, radiated by a certain kind of person -...

Part Two - Innate_{reMemory}

I rememory everything
that comes to me
and spells the pictures in my heads
in blue print, and with big eyes wide
a super letter, bigger than a word
and I am told by me that scene I thought was gone - ...
I am in the center,
And, I, spinning in one plunge,
Am something placed before but from beyond,
And goes to bless, from longer far away,
Rememory rememory the path back from the neural piece of grit that left its stamp back where it
stepped - ...
Forgive I have said, to better in advance - ...
Forgive I imagine it is best to do - ...forgive I proclaim, I am the one I propose to do some deed - ...
Forgive (ME) in advance of doing - ...
Parts of amusement
Parts that liberate the moment from the time around it
Are enough, twelve blows apart, ...
A unit that is clear, transparent book inside, I am watching,...
Study house owning...
One tastes, musical drama
Clues, embedded, to suggest each possible thing...
What was had nine days ago, how did this happen, it is corrected...
And eight, and seven, and six...
Story one nine
Smell of food not far, reform a time my Taipei now she
My wife, and I am practicing the word
But smelling fits it in a place, no matter where
Fits it, from a skillet -...
The skin of thinking, holds it, insides tight and packed for use of space, as is the out of side, for economy,
and for the everyday, to be familiar, and, to not forget what was it like without -... it is best to open and
to let an atom breathe, to air and give an atmosphere to that, so that it moves, and that is how it
touches, not in force, or haste, but in a brush against in ease -...

In the system is a closed hatch
Over the wall is a sheet so large and light it flies
In the kitchen of a house, a buzzard returns
In a body, a cyst is absorbed by the whole
Four wires are crimped together.

HEAT
COLD

Punctuated introductions are as the skip is to the walking step,

A way to sudden passing at a corner or a curve; by spatial jump of no gradation or transition,
In such a way with flourishes it becomes the root of what is planted in that turn
Trochaic footprints chiseled form matches some flattened gloss of a ceiling on allowance,
Firm tunneled middles and there is your past through the tube,
prepared as would be worn a suit on Sunday, the bell ringer, the deacon,
the choir and soloist.
There is ease but it is not conviction,
it is mere knowledge that everything in presentation is correct,
and that is how the perfect memory is delivered,
through (a) stone granite quarry walls.
That is, the ease in recalling,
the correctness of the basic rewrite and correction also of history without lying.
It has, to do,
with the intension, and what, was meant –
what
it is directly the path to returning through a secondary and a warmer skin, it is less directly a collected
detail of a scaled down nature shared and not of the type owned by one alone.
And, the past are many people's accidents, and, the rememory of that is multiplied –
And, as a ball which through some pressure finds one slot of many on a long row like horizon line, and
comes to rest and is not removed –
Some shoes made to fit the hand, is it a clue, of course it must be from a dream –
One button (is) pushed repeatedly or the wooden lever is pulled up and down,
mechanical.

Patterns of the wind and water are the same, remember yesterday in waves the same (too) and, the
eyelids on the eye are waving too, and are
a flagging language, of advancing retreat, as well -.
Picture for the picturing, the cement and damp corridor while imposing on it in the picturing, an older
and more rigid time, and picture in a picture by its side, another picture, of onyx slab so smooth that you
would slide across it and then off if you were small, a slab across a cell, a cave that fell for gravity, a
plane you butt against to walk -.
There was a bulkhead, in a yard, and then another shares the picture, in my child mind and my recent
childness, from the street American years and the Taipei street to nightmarket, cats free roaming, the
small park and pond, frogs, their call crosses the years, and I have always known frogs, one frog.

Water

Wetter

Before then now and later

Expectation of water

Water is a measure

Water is never the same

The waves remain unchanged

But there is a heat latch that closes as would a conventional lock

It is strung on a single rod three miles long by one quarter inch around

It holds heavy papers successfully as would a giants 3 ring binder

Heavy papers like heavy water

With radiated writing

Burning stories mutated multiplied their purposes and morals accumulated stopped up on one layer so
the subsequent are warped and rippled into a blissful signal

Wipe across the window wiping, no matter,

something other will obscure.

Proclaiming is a dating of the soul

Like tar or charcoal or radiative decline

Proclaiming strips away, it pulls apart from the loose seams

Proclaiming will reveal the spoiling of the ghost

Proclaiming claims what has claims on the ghost

In some strength of habitation, several log books are kept at one time, each representing an attitude from which the common facts emerge.

As so, a set of plates, for printing,

cut by fingernail and reduced by mineral water, are altered daily to reflect

the proper passage, like atomic clocks

that never sleep.

Raw matter of all the types from a manual are packed into molds and squeezed out as blocks which may be shaved from, cracked into rough chunks, or diced; that is, the thought is ordered again, and from a junction, spread about to satisfy the many fields.

What had what things

as questions go, a practical one, concerning us and them, for accumulation and future fact and owning, and the ancestor and body line of cells, and the stalls that steam with vapor of smell, and the popping of the rice cakes like a cracker, pop, and then the smell and café life and newspaper and the steam, and the median strip with benches and the trees, and the goldfish pond on public blocks, and, and the library and the legend of a great lost book that found there changed the world.

This day exact a time ago, is balanced on another edge of time, not long ago but sideways. What like see-you-tomorrow mushrooms returns unchanged, but later, everything but IT has changed. I them they you in life myself my wife crease-ed in together,

Modified from peeled apart to making shared parts in a whole, wings we wet in dreams are folded so are molded into place and bend predictably, and let us glide, and dreams are filled with flying and the bounding bounce and striking hard at landing, and the springing forth resilient as a birth

I am not aware, I have not seen the feeling washing over now

and you would have it, that a stranger comes and robs the store,

and free to go, you wish him well, because the thief has taken nothing

you intend to buy, but this is turned sideways, and the store is in another town

and even as the bullet grazed the floor, I couldn't tell you so you would believe,

that this is happening, and this is passing daily, this large place,

is teeming, now with worms, now with crime, now with stories of festive days and gods,

and sounding it, it is a day of hollows, and sounding it once more, it is a day of black lanterns, and again,

the day of soot on the leaves. The worms have wings

and flying on to you, who take them in and love them in the home, the worm pocket, holding them close to the breast,

the sack is full and overflowing as they multiply, and feed, and toss and turn

and starting cold, they start to feel so hot -...

this is the garden of our times, the claim we made, that it could be a heaven, even

as the spring brought out the ticks and we wore down coats,

but I was used to cold, and more than this, I was used to rocks, and razor crystal edges

caves. What of it, when I was still a child born thing, a lump without the radar or the sounds

to move me forward past this crumbling goal, I would be standing by a road side, picking berries,

looking twice and three times,

when the sun would glint on broken glass
and I would pick it up and riding on a tricycle would break the glass inside my hand and my fingerprints
would grow around the cut
and I accused of counterfeit might blame the FBI they weren't available to take a call.
The sea of the sink should be washed, you don't have far to go to make your paper boats, and rinse
the waters and refresh the room. As so, like feeding all the fish, the powder can the flock to
sprinkled on the top. Retain in me too a path and a story with hooks that stop along the way
and on the stations, turn to see what others dwell, in all, but you, to stop will start again,
and next. How special, we might wonder when we see, to trance –how many, we might think, but few,
but not know how, and know, so common it is most the rule and not exceptional
the subject to the state are common, and in days you walk through mostly
we should see, the trance induced at walking talking being wakeful eyes are open
in their dreams of day ... as on, the highway (of hypnosis) stretches out for every inch a mile
in front and snapping up elastic from behind, each mile an inch
day averted traveling is lost in far advance, you, driving over time
and clotted 'round the wheel, unravel it into a desert, where it sits alone unrivaled, in the sand.
West of here is nothing, in all four directions, only glass and copper mines and ghost filled towns.
Below meridians where seven plants can mix and make, you might do well to walk under
the ledges mostly crawling to evade the sun and sightings while you wait
to have a momentary and an ageless thought, in a waitless period, outlined by the heat.
Residency plural waters, dry years. Build the tree house made of critical studies,
climb the tree made of artist's spines
fall out of the tree house and land on your back
do it again
and once more
and put the fingers in the fan. She tried to stop me, was mother,
I was without error
no stopping until the wind is knocked out. The artist life.
Descending from the scholar, Konrad looking down the aisle of books to me
I spill a drop his blood for tests, and picture his lungs from mine,
To share him now... the centuries gone, the black death past,
To bring him back, newed? Tribe go on –
Beat drums made, and nothing past again, the ball has turned. That drum as the color of the skin,
is toned and shares the air with Wagner horn, so pounds and rips
and wakes the dried. With water we should swim to her, again, until truth gained
and rinsing fresh reveals the precious bud. Incense smell below, the alter
she should pray, and I should swirl my God around my head and let it pin me down, from spikes and
pins, and glory raincoats deflect frozen stones, and pulls the fiber from my skin with freezing, I prepare
to pass although, there has no time announced, yet I should ready, go to showing of my guilt and gilded
invention like the mule -; cast into a mold and water takes the shape assumed by maker we should
become, provide the mold, provide the means to enter thereafter out among the seas and all alike, the
lakes and ponds an shifting over and above, a dot still drifts and later, it will catch and float away and
end on land and be the water that wasn't, took to choosing, and, became the earth from that -. Von
Trappe wait for me, over the hill, you left some Gesner behind, you were (related) but how, that you
would turn your back on what we were perhaps, some ugly act to broadcast over hills – (alive) but not
so much what you had left behind -...(alive) – you claim up from being that cast aside thing, you take the
interview, you raise the mark and tap the lid on gently. The flight, with undeveloped wings is like a
torment of exercise -... legs wrapped tight around the wheel base – fingers digging into fish scales – old

walls still stand, ancient cities – even, old newspapers crumbling –yellow – like the skin on the back of the hand in zero weather is – or Christmas of the scalp, the dusty pillow after night -... shake it outside ... Wagner horns – factory whine – rejections organs returned unused. Filter out the charcoal water, filter the unused fear- do not pour the filtered fear down the drain or dump it in the yard -... additive sequence – a boat man with his oar entangle with the shot-gunned man intermittent ballet, two broken arms in tango snapping, sounds like splitting wood and bounces echoing from the wharf board fog night – such as something choreographed and flashing out beauty of grace in movement – like a weighted breeze one ton behind the gentle lilt -... numbing, dumbing, someone shot their foot, peppered snow, tar chunked bank plowed into trees uproot black barked, sap jammed blade – the ice saw mount -... the scent of pine, across means saw cut wood, the tracks, two sets of feet passed here, and dogs. The signs say private land and read this and your too close, must be from the city, built a gate and built electric wire fence, and alarm system for the forest. The banker in the countryside was angry drunken at the number of the candles on his cake and stumbled with his gun to shoot the cake but shot off the end of his foot instead -... no trespassing – fished these waters for a hundred year so fuck you and your gun – the lights at once were rounded
a stack of sleeves and lace napkins, folded elegantly for elegantly than they
are made,
forming an appeal to answer in kind,
with gentility of the fold,
but crudely swiped as if a credit card abrupt
and tailored man cannot fold or form the simple peasant crease,
and so reveals, the artless life –
but one to serve –
one preparation floor to made for kneeling,
humble to, for that -.
Crosscut finger rested
jaggedly exposed.
Water wheels, river bed, sleep tonight in snake river, face above the trickling surface,
a manuscript in hand, was dragged at like a heavy bough into the mountain –
you should wait again...
mix the glue, the rabbit has been pounded into paste,
and ready for to stick your paper, or, to glue the toes onto the foot –
please protect the image of the cloth and anchor tattooed to the neck
to remind the one behind to not forget to be reminded, like
a man who tends his business -... with his eyes glazed blue for cobalt and from paint -...
who sold his time
for chain and post
and metal signs
and know no neighbor
and, who shot his foot alone
will unattended
drag himself into the wood
and saw a pine, and cry out
and the smell of pine cut like an incense and the breeze will carry it
and far, the temple, someone prays, and someone hears,
but local gods beyond the jurisdiction, note, and pause, with sigh and bow, goodbye.
The story is a rudimentary recalling of a wives' tale told by goats to bore their calves to sleep -...
How humans are remiss -...

Someone wounds themselves without a knowledge what they do, and ask for something, but for something too much for anyone to give, -... and how uncomfortable, to be asked, the thing you can't afford to give, -

So one should leave and not look again until too far to see -.

Use the time

apply it without its imprint

use it up unconsciously of multiple use, use shared, use alone, in mechanical use

use it up for blindness and the effect of being that other who can't see

what is held in holds without a door or window, sealed rooms -.

Hold the impenetrable box

now tight between the knees

and keep it there, so now you know, like mother's ashes, where it is, but never open it, and never let it go. It is your soul. And, it is impossible to forget

but there is **REMEMORY**

so, to reconsider in a light, like you can change a truth

with simple, daily

lies.

Conditions of rubberization, these adapt the rigid with a gasket between the object and its circumstance. One thing tells another, the other thing needs to fit, some longer life. Ornately carved wood interiors, glass shelves, and cabinets, fabric ceiling, a hotel sign across the street that says "Famous Hotel" and an overhand in the back into a temple courtyard; some dualities and opposites, but not a characteristic. It desires recitation, in a list, 121 things:

1

They were raised up from the most,
tumble stones, seed beds,
overflowing fuel and oil soaked canvas tents-
tomorrow dumping out old chemicals
from the barn,
flexed muscle in exercises meant to save
now in alone expecting fictions
pictures of the past-
nearer my God to thee,
that sat perched with a sickle
seeing, movement freezing then
felling outward with the stick and blade
a mouth that cursed, the lips fall petals,
hands and voiceful threatened,
toothless stump ed
these were raised up, slew,
now master seeds,
old weeds are blown.

2

There were numbered muse ic conditions
there was hesitation then action
as the fates foresee.

3

The man was turned out
as if faulted feet
from the path in one line,
and from an inclusion,
to the infinite
many walking.

4

A gem inside a bell
unassailed, but never used
cosmologist stumbles onto the tested.

5

Bodily attack soon drains the driver
burning massive fuel in localized fronts-
to stay awake becomes a chore-
Better drain off battle
to effective causing
second pattern out off from the field
composing, there'll more,
lick up energy like frosting.

6

Erratic and
unrelated segments
or
a long chain of preambles-
the history of assault is not accumulative-
it just continues blankly even.

7

If you hate an object well,
then you can cap the drain
upon your strengths,
body and time-

8

Love by itself can sustain pathetic states- forever
by submission.

9

Nine protrusions are like unto nine muses. The larger body
can be split by sector, landscape of malady, illness
plain or the tumor hills. Each draws feed from its
earth, each draws attention to its oneness and singularity.

10

Noises are solid balls rolling. Can one carve or wear a path
to make it go one way? Prophetic making in the labor at
the ground, conducts a sound composed in ditches and digger's
inclination. If all are given maps and plans
prophetic future sounding makes a compound mythic frame
for a culture tar, the digger's stories, outlines
of the work of hands.

11

Sustain is principle
cords to it can be imagined,
Bible and a crowbar.

12

Continued breath
pressing into training for breathing
moving arms forces on the mind
the pictures of the arms in action
the prediction when not
still will weigh the scales.

13

The parts have all fished out
for only matches of themselves
and sideways widening of the belt of parts
come they say it seems
evaluate me
discordant sideways parts find a knot
to attenuate-, and rest.

14

I have haved-
several have divided to multiply-
number caulk corners,
seal out this world, polygons,
the house is made of steel edged board,

held in place with wax rivets.
Blackened into anxious locations,
the building angles invert
the rooms and sleeping chambers of the saints and men of action.

15

There is a pet animal at the end of one
plank, standing on it, above a drop,
out over a rise.

16

There is a plank, long and out over a body of
stirring animate creatures run past each other
on the plank, lost in direction, frantic, rodent.

17

There is a plank cobbled to another slightly crookedly
making it doubly long and inclined to twist to
one side under weight.

18

A hand dwells on a fixture, set with cool heat
absorption, hand then turning and pushing
a pathway out before a port presented
stepping through the body out behind
without eye air dissolves, two wakes
one for seeing and one for breathing,
slaps the hull, unties the rope,
loosened from the wharf, drift out away.

19

A current and a strength
has one ended head
and a long, tapered tail.

20

The tendons in the limb
snap back from their anchors
the instrument is dusty and mute
as the player stands looking complete
but limply holds his deadened plectrum
on a soft but saddened cushion
silenced song builds force from
one clogged pinhole

changes all the rules
and drops the game list.

21

The psychotic god
has lungs and smooth granite balls
at ends of wax cords
bash and crack
melt and drop their weight
otherwise unless a casualty of those falls would indicate
an invisible god.

22

Someone try to talk
I am the one who spoke to you
I am the one who would drive you down
or pass by blandly
someone speaking is occupied
make you talk
silent men will plan.

23

Men make ways, stupid and passive
and press against the other shoulders
following a lead away while sleeping.

24

Built nine raised stages in the window room
waited storms and the things that ran across the roof
gave thrusting bone hints to the occupants
who needed prodding
forced out of the rest
to come, and in the plunging rain,
look out, protect.

25

People are here.
Its quiet while they are being thrown,
level ceiling to the lots.

26

Let the hands mold over
balled. (waxished, natured tint)
I felt around me

concave, rounded, rough walls
can't see,
grind tones twice
graveled sounding on itself,
earth is thunder from
a split throat.

27

Six hundred gradations, struggling over
artificial, ten eyes attach
wire mass purple through the forehead,
I'm seeing six beings
sharing cause.

28

Held out segments of the limbs
steady to the shake.

29

Nine gravitational chords,
point and pin an individual attention
and reactive attraction, open, sounding
ribs of sound.

30

It studied after it knew
it burned away, it slept twice knowing
it sailed on a scoop cut from the scalp-
it grew heart and lung swollen-
see the sized extension
used as mast and rod,
the wind and volts
the night sky relieved.

31

Several times were saw before
a pinched brake hand made
him skid to find a tree
a shuffled, then, throw coffer
where the coins land
one side up as much as all
idealized soldiers-
went out to find events
and trimmed them for the shove.

32

Expected to be passionate
unslept head rolls from soft to hard end
in the midst, muffled.

33

What man had not heard had
not learned and bruised
was little, and stopped,
but breathing low, making shallow steps.
Rich in sadly ill informed,
shadow perfect cloud that mocks below
slower drying up the land that
plows cut dust
tillers turn up tumble rocks.
Slaven handled by the gravity
of bodies and the minds that sunk
like shot through thick-
Frogs lose half their madness
as they bite the bare hook that's not a fly,
regrets fill along-side them in the sack.

34

Removed by several lots
from daily rue,
regressions into innocence,
and worship at black alters
mobile in their own footpaths,
Sons, old and yet unborn ones
take reasoned steps
to wall in their own matched template,
the self and serving pile of dreams and driving
composition of the last knowings
completed with many trills
so long before.

35

There are stories of before
and ones told now that sink the boat;
beings are positioned
on abstraction
altered forming pedestals to stand on;
nothing all, but imagined, a presence

that flies amid them immaterial.

36

The components reached out to each other
but in of themselves could not connect
they stumble and stop over strong intent
and mean more saying, wads they
hope will pack into the gaps.

37

One ready cut
in the spare season
turns a field
that was once dense self serving weeds
into a heavenly plain
of hollow reeds that bleed responsively
the hand milked reason book (two side logic)
containing diagrams and backward numbers
provides us with
the order, so to place our needs
in chains where one corrected
by one sure chant
will go on with an power of the text
and bless with answers
questions foaming to the next address
and solve the world
in tumbling balls.

38

Old hand pattern
signs for new,
flagging fog stench landing god
air stripped numbered backwards
pierce of code high deafened ears
rags and uniforms
appealing, higher up than vanity,
brain, prepared sex prompted and promoted
as like invisible advertisement ruler cross
propelling nearer false and then correct by being
that hood being what is done
on the line that holds apart
the colors of the pulsing cell.

39

Every man is rotated
and there an like that he is worked.
The cutters labor to make him
free of all conception
of an art much less one absolute
in value.
Variation of the virtuous perspective,
he must wander blinded to the
composer's writing desk.
He fashions canons
so to hollow out the cavities
of all the cutters ever worked on him
leaving all them flopping on the beaten floor
gills gulping mouthing gapes
to catch back fleeing life.
(Entrails lacing about the creaky chairs
and window frames, makes with steam
a nasty body edit.)

40

I long for the sense that had
delivered itself from the garden of my father.
It bred in air all hybrid like he would have
then came back later to my sequel blood
and now I burn with drive and incompleteness.
That is legacy of generations
when you roll in circles
packing up the dirt laying past
moistened by the rain of escaping matter.

41

Trumpet, forehead horns and
cross toned metronome (as metallic as a gong)
taken back from pawns
stepping over him glassy eyed broken backed
making up (on paper) new songs
of the crowbars in the night
and the satisfactions of the flame
making ashes of the bad. (by target names, redefined)
Someone has to write the melodies
and harmonize the chords of a
triumphant returning in the flesh
though not of worshipped god
but of the outcast man.

42

Sounds cook out through the skin
history ships handled in our coursing waters,
regretting moves learned twice
teach at one bog collected meeting season.
Instructions up the middle path.

43

Bold disorders
are
sliced into all the strings
by the minded ones.
Regrettedness traits are breeding out.
No missing and imagination's thinned
but like to a stalky reed,
a passing air is piping through-
and will airs grinding meals at mill.

44

Blood is hot like never before,
even in the embers,
sizzling against a log,
shrinking black spot.

45

God by tangents,
three positions
milked it down to one.

46

Move to study-
looking with such eyes as it has-
she throws out cancer lumps
of putrid missiles
what this crazy ray,
dwelling up inside a coon infested cave.

47

And in caves of minded room
sacred barter paper shifts between
rag hands, open labor slaves
plot them to hatchet
rags to leave,

piled filling holes
(half dug in winter ground).

48

The crustacean sea object
was taken by pinchers akin to hands
synthesizing incident when themselves
pinched and squeezed.
Those pictures injected into my streaming
while heightening allegory,
the last life living back
forced reading over auction eyes, dwindled
edge
filled to every corner, tight embellished tight
frame to pass across for use
the bigness of a myth,
drawn in close by one.

49

Whole know nine retardric
seven, axle turning
all adjusting at a time to pointers
ten diminished by the seven to a three.
Planted thus, garden rows with seeds
of a picture on a slate.
Moved by perpetual engines
forced upon one question
does the enemy know who he is
and how bare naked in defense?
The strength of wheels and many abstract force
puts out of hand
no conscious mind will limit.

50

I take upon to oil the valves
the brass blast tool
to flatten fires,
as if the art of order is all local
falling forward by momentum of
the thick packed mass,
finally felled by trumpets
(at the feet.)

51

I close my eyes
and finally there is a light
that makes the eye-black gray.
From that gray comes the list of actions
I will take, back with me
from the eye closed.

52

They are in workshops, at benches
and long tables.
They cobble the nine armed,
the twitching metal eye and
nervous word associater, then they
push it at the margins,
operate them testing high,
transformer smells.

53

Compulsed slots order energy into mind
like food divided by subject
on the plate.

54

The moments of surveillance
extend a blanket to my senses;
reason controlling, like
lines in the garden-

55

One man, two that I know
have cultivated strain-
they pull up simultaneous autobiographies
on Royal typewriters daily-
this hardens their frail(ing) liquids
into jar walls, lids, and extending
flexibility to just one object, the seal,
that keeps the contents fresh and-
They cross out, and fabricate a country comfort
while squalor alcohol and cancer
were truer to the past.
God and country
for fearful hand holders-
eastern blankets, not mutilated and impaled martyrs.

Sumptuous pockets devolve in a place
too real for that,
fantasy and fancy of the fatty, hire hoards,
(who themselves plot to split their pans)
this is the fullness of
the inevitable conditions.
We others can't weep for your pulpy mess
word has it was once a man.

56

It humps the airs
invisible womb
to make its germinating lump unseen
the darken pitch center
splits to keep watch over
the distrusting self.

57

You worked the basket fruit in like it was meant to be
while you behave by rote
a sounding whistle makes me strong
each to his coded breach.

58

Watch it telescope its path
when its blurred eyes are put out worse
inexact like
the flood it jams toward the mouth.
Before the dirty jelly mass
that in another constitutes a soul
it spills it sighs with discontent
it makes the people it thinks it owns
suffer with the smell
of its feet and urine.
It mumbles breaking into
onto many strides apart then back
to falling.
Capital makes
DNA washout
lords,
shapeless on their feet
without a bone
and moneyed.

59

The glory of wretchedness
is massed in one body
type
and two at least that
spewed up meeting-
to make one
that in nature's irony or maybe in
its bigger plan to make a dull and grazing hoard
has made it not least impotent
is randy too, and door open to its home
will hump the air, so all newcomers
forewarned first to knock and yell hello.
It was a keeper, owner, guard.

60

Its only a building
walls bouncing a sound
occupations, exits and stations within
Its only a divided space
where entrees are drawn for
devised cause or divined purpose,
work or shelter, centered order.
A slit is timed and spacely,
a corridor and lane for passing on
the labors and the wares,
diffusing energetic lives
for dignities of protection
once an offering of every member
of the brood to each its members
shared,
now chunked off in their camps
and plain cut boxes, hot wires through nylon rope (splicing)
learned reflexive object
to the things force done.
Its only a building,
weighed down with snow in winter,
cement sweating salt in summer,
traps in spring and fall
containments for the cashed in on some other debt
the least worth of the values.
A building, machine of borders and slotted sleep
dial for unifying contradictions, the purge and
jell over contraries.

61

Surveillance- seeing knocked up
can be implied like the presence of the wind
by a rustling leaf.

62

Pruned the window like the trees-
boarded up from light
holding hostage out and in-
Anxious men breathing through their nerves
hope spaces between boards afford a light beam
or a warp weather brings a gap short to repair-
naming limits
but also may be lying-

63

Are (what limbs are those?)
the ice along the edge
is snow red.
The stupid-bodied one slumps
no seat or stool but
rain and land markers
prop and push him where he is.
The drop down was intended and in-tensional
a circumstance allowed an outer end.
A clumped-up log allows to know
when all about it lies a deed
done when in sending situations
ever making chance more ripe
fruit, that, even, ripens by the touch.
Made most by the taking.
Made tasty in the act.

64

Boiling over for surprising in the pits
of molt,
the driver of the lumped clot
was flushed into its way to go,
the shaft it sped down closing in behind.
A great cursed auction is the parsing up
of engines left behind,
where blasted to a grain is high regard and treatment
of remains.

65

Fill in imagining what isn't seen
the veins are drinking in a physical
legitimized object past
up through their strong and searching ends
and know the cell and build with mounting suspicion
and write a family history to press
into a resonating history of a task
or vague intent.

66

Tree trunk tribe one
needs to trimming.
Waves are roping in around the body craft
the iterating marionette
is swept aside and center back.

67

Circumstantial exercises a muscle crossly tendoned to the bones
a fixed enforcer hard to fight or conquer-.
Rising pushing gradations past the shoulder highs
dismissing their own states as the one kicks by
then to one the offer for his bone discoveries
advantage grown not handed on,
the eyes want easy vantage,
beggars now.

68

Glow after,
framing, flaming after pushed you down
to lesson point
you hear, the other quiet, so the originator
still might think above
in beams that burn beyond the comprehension
then is when, then raise one up
who lived surviving despite away, and negative repose.

69

A spreading spill
when off one distance all it made
simple arrest
by hill, gravity, discipline, weight.

70

The debilitating chemical drain
was banged away, it split in shivers
along the grain and flop soft and wet into blocks
like it were cubed for stew-

71

Multiple ages, convictions, commitments
and impediments of a species number-
cast up categories sizing one I place.

72

Rusty scale are grown in on the body one
rotten beats made put by two source song notes
rattles and nauseates-
blundered, pushed down the stairs to the cave
was one while walls heaved mothers tones,
reconstituted, better than.

73

Was, a wooden man, there hinged shoulders nails and
springs fingers,
to drain the lawn he filters through the
slate buckets-
But- like the life physicist-
he sets up on his clapboard
wormed- holed and knot-ride haunches
and plots and pines and squeezes to release
the energy-
bulged fatted tube outletting (will the pipe explode)
the hate direct
something source
and power arched-
to tap into a million bulging pipes
and say and say to have you go, explode-
then organize the bin and carton, set up about the rim
shy-like stepping
warm but fresh must not reek,
a tap that drains
on one that flows-
The second movement of completing one set on
in circumstance and miss past calculation
turn backs race became again too shy, to
pay with

poison, now.
Spirit parted, claims halves
hinged held earth and sky.

74

Sloped forward, covered with black fuzz inches long
bulbous form, piled high- over six feet
thick in the middle, tapered to the top of the head
which is the body at the thinnest.

The neck is wider than the jaw which is just smaller
the chest is smaller than the gut which is folded over
several times, as if drool running down a post
has solidified.

Barricade, and error,
at the pinprick and vanity.

New elect spirituals, sing your shapes flats
and microtonal injected measures.

Far away, surpass.

Crush, mulch.

75

Obvious worm eats between objects and reception,
makes porous as calcified- space between-
separated

surpass image reason

keep, (de) limit-

Barricade slab body wedged into a corner
gravity center packs (him) thickly in and
cannot pull itself free- drill- straws
pike into him thrust by thirst

drink ups wedge pipes

collapsing frail older long time past,

dried bucket,

wedge gasp stretch taught across corner-
collapse.

76

I look on with my new blind eye
split haired peeled back eye
live boat hold gripping eye
the eye dam breaks
in two times caution.

One world is spent expecting.

One world wiles wasted.

One other room reborn uncorrupt
sings isosongs plain
in formalistic slow dirge-ic
incremental in step.
The process dry eyed born
no lids stop to animate
no private secret sequestered
fractions in between the scene.
A live long song dispels the fumes
clean pipes pass breath
the noxious nods to soil.
The vein work enticed,
it collapsed and filled
like tidal bays.

77

Her lips fell feathers
the reproduction brood
skinned knees pebbles rough grades
and with the heat patch
shingled the house.

78

All her family
sang, to cross-out
separate thinking
separated from one.

79

Illusive moving picture
animated but just
in squared and portion parts
where frozen whole
active in one corner.

80

Attic pump organ
wailing billows
stop stuck
grate the walls
and ripple waves
in candle wax.

81

The wafers made by incident

spilled or secondary action crusted
peeled off from and then on stacked
until the shelf space fills
from rest to raise
and thin white cloth
that place above on top will hold and state, that down below.

82

Wood carved half sized hands
and hinged on creases, knuckles
joints that blended in..
fish-fat oiled in that keeps out creaks
holds weight to of all masters
when with lifeless hardened hands we grip.

83

Naked humans,
held in pit and carving wooden hands.

84

Telescope of narrow bones
hollow pipe tones side by side
when song wings chord, when flapping or folding,
regulate, progress and tune anew.
Beach white, gold gilt corner encrusted ends
rubber tree (derived syrup) and cartilage
hinge the dart flown high arched in places
where to they transport about the bearer,
burden keys to all the winds.
Smudge on knees, skid, from landed undersides in places
or in self conflicted resolve,
thus made the hump stained map,
inflate the gall or bladder bags
and more to free range with symbolic semblance
of the nastiness of the means that equal
always the higher intent.
The current through the tube
could suck the ball-and-temperament away
as if a simple object strung on cotton string-
or power over rivet vessel sail raised, plow pushed
out ahead and splatter slung-
ballast dream.
The rut and rant of end-time pleading

commences complexes down below.
When to million
scream, their tones in flight
rise to the ear and penetrate, you'd
better
plug the hole.

85
Magnify, inflate
inside the murdered moment
until limits nature gave it
roast away in the darkness of the mix.
The station wagon seats in back are down
a father drives, not gray and minus but
jet black, prime father-
talking up what but the words alone
drive with no recollection of speech
cemetery pink stone earlier rain,
the stone more than wet,
lubricant coated, glistening beneath a film
transparent fossils, hand-size trilobite, five or seven
about the grass of the grave site
and one or two on the pink granite.

86
Staked out, long poles sharp ended down
ten feet tops sway, a forest. Cut straight
from straight alder branches growing only
here, they are most a modifying of the
substance, and the scape from alternated
passive modes into a potent subjection
to another order.
Log coat laquored wet hot pitch
made glow alight bouncing off the glisten
and into and onto the lens behind the eyes. Eye
jelly shifts its shape within the supple bags
that fight to focus.
Forced work of hands grind them into powder.
Eighteen lines of family blood pours persons
unlike into places otherwise they would not know.
The melt pack and just the fused which
hold their shape yet still are stuck like one
and as bricks in boxes part to build
upon and with and part to put a show

of ready need and waiting supply.
Staked out, long holes, cubular deposits
of the needs made ready on a surface,
plain and wide...

87

He broke his harp on a round rock,
the strings and hollow metals
pinging the air
in cold outdoors
kept out of tune.
Art filing last past being
where is for there less
for sound to seep?
Impression hard off distant felt self,
and that the sleeping part.
All enemy of the state your in.
I removed my youthful operated texts from the scene.
A buck knife jammed to the hilt
in an elderly socket,
laughter assaults us,
soft spoken lips lamenting,
tonics smooth.

88

Other hands,
but that was shining
other other
Else you don't know but
how hard to examine, and what are your hard questions?
Not have slipped into a questioning
where all finger breaks curl the hand
in better perfections
tree branch wonders, pains delivered.

89

Instruction: Pinprick every breath geared hole
so suction through is tough and undersatisfied
no wonder or want will justify the effect.
Filled-in cracks
putty sustained with gas orbs and hair
; this fractures, packs away, hope
Nine squared off scores,
boxed organs of order

with stems that catch a clump and gather together
and form a bigger organ
for the sound accompaniment and instruction
to the act; this is added
to the attic away pack
of stromata and stromas.
Lips and cheeks expelled as if the sight through frosted glass
excess, imagination, free,
diminished, fiber actions.
You, the blinded
lipped cheeked and expelled.
You, saintly visage of tomorrow,
sleeping in, and vegetative
rusting hard,
any time to ring hearth blasting,
head clam split by graphite pokers,
repetition
how could you, what to
pump your own blood back into you
it is not taking
in form or fashion.
And distance is
perfect like
flawless concrete.
Things are playing
to distract to distraction
tops paint other and one
in spiral random letters, joined.
You don't have to go here
you can go in minded elsewhere
glee
a curl of other emotions.

90

Hold them in a broad-net, beating minded one-like so
in profusion, the split and melt in ointment and confusion
tally after counting look aside to see earth's hole.
The pole thrust deep in measure to socket street, names
parallel. Known is logged adjacent to unknown, ponderable
disgusted wonder.
What eyes, colors, what size the nostrils? One corner is
driven exclusion, myth-made past content and disposition
to the cave. Others side-point to there.
A spray that particled in the air

draws out the body juices in pints
pushed and foamed out
as if justified fancy snot emulsion through the skin
what it is to make the pies from
marrow's great production house
lean long tender hard skilled
tubular dome.
How longs to plant high fast and on fire.
What were you that could be so gutted so
some simple heated twist of wire
frost the insides of your earthly room
with char and soot?
Blaze poles catch evaporate
it, windy in draws out the elemental from the cell
dispel, pores of thing free fly, scatter.
Dry house wonders then collapse.
Some sink in, polluted sense, onward, toward polluted sense, the being.
How tired are they now of staying,
two of one
of altered none
times many through my rack and ringer
times how times many
on in memory, lasting will-less many?
Harborers?
This point that culture said survives it like so?
Clear mind pants and prospects being
over mounds
stub trees growing.

91

But the body was a hollow bin, it came down the steps
and threw itself onto the slats so that
it hung in air above the septic and the puttied well
holed up so no meander or a child would stray
while hunting bones or sites to conjure.
No one knew
how the dwellers settled but this explained
the dark involve, the daylight bulkhead understairs,
and candlewax caked on earth
inside the winter box that holds the fill.
Wherever came from
that broken thin hand that changed the page
or put in low wall light over the staircase
or steps down to the back of the cellar

500 words a minute was one famous claim,
informant and a watcher, strained factory worker
shoe or tuna plant
who read and both instructed
only what was left to listen
underwanted friends too young but older in the willing mind
to long to fill with paste of words and story
over unlikely happening,
no fill but long boarded house
vacant with occupants,
who work.

Who makes for you to live, oh vacant flush?
I, so brain me, I the walking room of clutter.
The clammy feel of waking from the nightmare
the one induced
morbid mop the channel
the old fin cut through
wipe away clean as if to fill in
an old hole from where it was
felt path wide bridges
undone logheads in the pond-lake
un again old hole.
Ten questions each for what of my learning had
ten heads each
leach lips sing out sound
we know leach lips sing out something else
they were from out the history time,
from out the life and elsewhere
leach lips sing out love and sorrows
but leach lips know no love and sorrows
only imitation sounds
a love and a sorrow
overwrought in flaking plaster kept
for themselves to admire.

92

The cup slipped from the hole
and then protection from the stream was loosed
into the gap it went the river
culvert
charts rewrit.

93

The cave of the nose is

collapsed in both barrels
and addition
well treatment
corn-dry an appeal
Grizzle the
strand stomach whistles
the heart and the lung
is a barren rust drum.
Monitor listening
I hear your beeping
remember the saw and the crackle-backed feel
opening closing the door without hinges
making the tenant house shuffling near.

94

My learning of
to hate unfolds
like flower petals
blackened, metal
welded cold.
Get them once get them all
at celebration
one long fire burst
purist sun
god's smiling down
on those who take his hand
and strike with it.

95

What force! What cancer!
What distillation
all of what they say;
decay.

96

The attempt
to castrate the
but never is a match
of your flat butter knife
and the
brass balls
cast one piece
to somewhat lifeless
but for the

the picture of all time.

97

Brilliantly sharp shaped elemental
punched in order,
their mission was they were dissolved
and that was how they meant to do.
Pitted man in sedentary swelling
special cleansing ceremony and alter flood,
the wash was want to be.

98

With skin and tassel,
boxed board hat
swung graduation to the centrifuge,
injection color stains, and eggs divided,
brilliant paths way
worn up to the pots
and arms.

99

When I salute you now, I mean
this insult to the race when I
demean confuse and while in hidden temper
weighted down.

100

Beneath, below a safe-net,
a pox they might say when
revealed it rips and burns.

101

Drilled yet while
eliminating questions
post known assumptions of folk
to contrast of expectant seeing
science
no question answer hat. (seats)
Cobble board (shoes)
shoe man who repaired religion
badly spelled
cobble new board.
Then what you wish, where to tread,
trends mixed, composites.
Wagon wheeled. Bolt hurried

pushed the load of one prone toothed sickle,
whale-skin wrapped and toned.
To ready! (prepare)
I am the god with my own long nine fins.
But about me in circles, what urine, what squareness
I exclaim.
But with, both sides and my middle flat sickled in between
the friend familiar
beknownst assist.
Hands me the pin then recedes again
invisible presence.
White iron fades in a fog.
Plant the nose breaker, as if a quarter of a nail
or far away the stake above the lid.
Who loads the cart
retain cement the pieces, this myth
strong mind making it in you it pays back good and well
let it pour into from out in dreams wake cast in acts.
Kill, blast, waste, eat, shot fog through living obscurity
it is cement too.

102

The crops of houses and barns, sheds in the fields
blind in the crotch of trees
centrifuges for throwing
contents about and into one an individual other
some up into the beaker stem away
a waft of smoke and gas.

103

Those objects there,
with perception stiffened
form in lines, conveyed.

104

Those objects there,
made and compounded,
stand to open to beginning
molded facets
irreversible borders
straight bounds
formulaic orders, algebraic aspect
roughed to fit in only future molds
equated with the second casting

to the final bake.

105

Truncate off what
the descended frame with each
its sharpened rim will
separate untidy slipped attached unneeded
evolution limb.

106

Do not launch the brain case at or against any hard surface.
Fool-riddled, a gord with cancer hollowed turned
will still play its song.
Static charge kept inside the box will galvanize the room,
make strong.

107

On the frontier
writing definition and rule
so something can get broken
and advanced,
dream come color when coded means
such as in prying up a
slat of gold, or emerald point,
or something over other blackened out.
A god its breathing in the hole one
advanced one in dilemma.
The cognate, multi-many-mened
is in position jigsawed back and forth
full there one plane at a time while
all else below could rise.

108

What hard parts blended and mixed are
they are feet or hands, walkers
from inside turned out to move a
flexible parts bag
safety partitions.

109

Some clothed thing stands baffled
when others stand naked.
Shelter, food,
canvas

clothed stands starves with plenty,
poverty gaps a mouth among the naked.

110

Plug a river, stop it dry with a stiff device
a vision calcified into an earthly cork
that blocks.

111

Draw you to nurture and culture a nob
that raised itself up from the baked ground.

112

Attic responsively read
in cold cornered splintered nails straight and down from shingles
threatening penetrate, point at the head.

113

One contrasted with another
was
highlighted in the dark.

114

Stomached lump
and eye in being dream
out of focus, flattened muscle down
felt pushed, adjusted in
the tube.

115

Malignant army freezes up one mastered
added onto one, upskipped on the hand control
walking skipping forward on five pegs
as if a kiddy-cornered couch,
points to weight off centered
one side at a time, turn, caught, propels
what it doesn't know propels, reveals.

116

Highly personal and dissected all the codes for one the other.
With one straight line across before them
each faced inward toward a crowd
together making a surrounding shape
and moving and retiring

dropping sides and changing that.

117

Beneath the skin runs
many rivers, cypher deltas, coursing codes
thin arms bred not withered
hold bolted pens
that write out stabbing surgeries.
Torqued tightly, raised to even tighter
cursive write each letter thrusting forward
into argument of every word
and phrases, cities, sentence.

118

The skill of God
in hand made dictum
carves nodes and growths
a baptism made
the ignorant offspring
shun dimmed history
where heaven piped music
and the reasoned dallied with passion
when hard boots kick out
and the weak crotches pull up drama.

119

What scientized passion
drove the legs up through the abdomen
and yanked the arms
from their sockets?
What is skill and inspiration.
An agency of an invisible
or hiding
mentor of effects
works to teach
with pain and price
and extended cells of
bodily inactivity
slowed or drugged
leaves, tea, fat.

120

Ego minds are metal plates or rail pieces
tongues frozen to it

curious touch
suspended by hard cold attractive
pushing aside the simple beings
that race and fight
the second enters in the room
the door off the hinge,
easily passed through.

121
repetition is not
broken down
whittled lead
and swallowed shavings
chief mild resistance to the blade
attracts the mouth and teeth
to a soft metal
chewed, and flavor.
Faultless act of
eating lead,
dented, impression of the teeth,
a pipe was in a shed
a worn down floor next to the wall
was cracked and gray pipe lay like buried
on the earth below,
it was heavy, and hollow but thick sided,
and would bend smoothly when forced
and hold its shape, and felt like clay,
smooth.

Having recited, the form of a presence emerges, of the active senses, and disjunct from the tissue, which follows immediately from the long cant of words, in a state of an unfiltered, absolutism we should condition to understand; it is occurrence;

Writings in the Misperception Form – Lewis Gesner Feb. 7, approx. 12:15 P.M.

I saw what appeared to be a stick of black candy on the steps- it looked quite beautiful and bold- I got closer, and saw that it was in fact a straight piece of a branch from a tree.

A few feet away, there was a strange looking worm, I thought- closer, it turned into a thick piece of thread.

It is snowing out, sparse, but big flakes of snow. There was an open area on the stone where many flakes were landing, then dissolving- I noticed one flake that was particularly bright, and which was outliving the other flakes- closer attention revealed it was a tiny piece of white paper.

Walking toward me was a woman dressed in a thin black jacket and black pants with an umbrella-dressed like you one evening at the Mobius festival- I thought, "it is _____" but close, seeing her face underneath the umbrella, I saw it was not.

Feb. 10, Sunday, 10:04 A.M.

Last night, after wine, I had a cup of tea, and the rest of a package of bite sized cookies. This morning, I woke a little bit late. I went to the kitchen to make coffee. Pot in hand, I saw, out of the corner of my eye, on the table, my cup, saucer, and one lone cookie on the saucer. On the way to the sink, I scooped up the single cookie to throw into my mouth. On the way there, I realized the error, and quickly dropped the cold wet thing in disgust. It was the used tea bag from last night.

Feb. 10, Sunday, 11:37 A.M.

I was the passenger in a car. The driver asked me, "do you wanna piece of gum?" and I said, sure, and she gave it to me, then took a CD out of the glove box and put it into the car CD player, and music came out of the speakers. "What is this?" I asked. "Mango and mint," she said. I nodded and chewed my gum. "That's funny..." I said, "that seems to be that flavor of this gum, as well..." "Oh,...no," she said, "not the music... that is the flavor of the gum.. the music is "Blond Redhead"..." "Oh," I said. Also two different flavors, I thought.

Feb. 10, Sunday, 2:45 P.M.

Walking home from the library, in bitter cold, my cell phone started to ring. I had heavy, clumsy gloves on, and my cell phone was at the bottom of my left pants pocket, beneath keys and scraps of paper, but I was expecting a call. I took off my left glove and fished through my pocket as the phone continued to ring. I finally got it out of my pocket and opened it. There was no caller. Behind me, I heard the crunch of shoes on the snow. I turned around and saw a person opening his cell phone and beginning to talk. I stuffed my phone back where it had been and put my glove on as quickly as I could. A few minutes later, I heard the ringing again, and walked faster to get away from it. Eventually the sound disappeared. When I arrived home, I took my cell phone out to charge it up, and noticed it said "missed call" on its screen. It was 3:15 P.M.

Feb. 11, Mon.. 3:47 P.M.

I was walking on the sidewalk by a line of planted bushes and along a row of some older trees, in their own space- I noticed a single oak leaf on the sidewalk. I am always attracted to single leaves, they make me think of people. I had almost walked by when I sensed its strangeness, and looking around it, I saw the faint imprint of a number of similar leaves that when the cement of the pavement had been put down and wet, had been pressed into the sidewalk. I turned and leaned over and brushed away the brown potting dirt used for the bushes that had filled the imprint of the leaf in the cement, and gave the illusion of a brown leaf being there.

Feb. 20, 7:40 P.M.

Work today was hard, and I was too tired to cook, or to pick up unprepared food- so I went to my favorite Tai restaurant and bought take out. I got it home and put it on the stove, took off the plastic lid,

and found a bowl on the shelf- I could at least put it in a bowl. I fumbled a little trying to transfer the food into the bowl- and my eye saw a caramelized onion on the floor behind a paper bag of recyclable paper. I was annoyed. I pushed the bag aside, and as the floor was otherwise clean, I thought to put the onion in the bowl. It remained an onion until I had my fingers around it, and I could feel it was the plastic rim to a milk bottle cap which the cat liked to play with. I put it aside for the cat, for later, after eating.

Feb. 21, 9:04 A.M.

After going to the post office to mail packages, I walked by a familiar shape on the sidewalk. I kept walking, but then, turned around and approached the object. I had mistaken a thread for a small worm sometime earlier, and I felt I should know I was mistaken again. But it seemed so clearly like a worm, and there had been a thaw, which could account for worms on a winter day- leaning over, it still seemed like the worm. I touched it and picked it up, and only then did I know it was a shoelace.

Feb. 22, 9:20 A.M.

Going to the post office to mail one last package, I came across another familiar object. It was in the same place as the shoe lace had been in, so I kept walking, yet, I was compelled to turn around, because it seemed so odd, and even, different than before. It clearly had to be the shoelace again, yet, something seemed not right- I walked a few more steps away, and then turned around. Coming closer, it was clearly not the shoelace. It was curled in a sensual, gestural (sp) manner, the way an earthworm is so frequently as it lays on a sidewalk or open earth, exposed- and it was clearly an earthworm- I denied my reason and came to it- not touching it, but squatting down on my haunches so that my eyes were only inches away—only then did it reveal itself to me as a broken elastic band. It was discomforting that I could not believe these things were not worms, though reason and example should have crushed this belief in me- and I realized that I had picked up or moved perhaps hundreds of stranded or seemingly stranded worms in spring and summer seasons, when after a heavy passing rain, they would come up from the ground and find their way to concrete sidewalks and paths- and often be killed by foot traffic- to me it is a horrible sight, to see these creatures, so like humans in their flesh and so expressive in their movements so helpless, defeated or destroyed by the strength of their own instinct, to travel toward something- ...

Feb. 22, 12:44 P.M.

I was sanding a small amount off of the ends of four shutters that were a little too tight to fit in the windows, at the work/job I am on, in a house. I was working on them in the bathroom, with an electric sander, where it would be easy to sweep up-, on a tile floor. My working partner/ employer was yelling something to me. I turned off the sander and said, "what?" and he said back, "door." "What?" I said again- hearing him now fine, but not understanding- "door!" he said again, more emphatically. "Door!" I stood, holding a shutter on its edge- I began to do something with it, to put it down, or to bring it to him- I thought he was calling the shutter a door, and that he must be referring to something that was obvious to do with it- but my body would not respond to what my brain was not clearly understanding- ...the shutter, as a door, or, the door-like shutter,.. made to do something- ...I moved my feet as if to walk forward and stepped back... I shook my head- this took place in a few moments, but the sequence of my body questioning my own mind for instruction was a long list of trying to make the connection of shutter to door- and then, seeing I was confused, he said- "close the door" and then I understood that I was getting wood dust on the rug outside of the bathroom...

Feb. 22, 3:10 P.M.

I got out of work early, having finished the small painting and fixing job in the house... I took the car to the street where I live and parked it, changed and went to the library- there was/ at this writing, is- a storm- a snow storm- we will have maybe ten inches of snow- I walked to the library to check on e mails and do some communications- They decided to close at three because of weather, so I walked back home. I walked the longer way, around a local pond. It seemed the water was very low. I am used to seeing rocks revealed, resting on narrow necks of silt or seaweed- at low tide- orbs, resting on narrow stems- sometimes in northern cold, on stems of frozen matter, or ice- a delicately balanced arrangement I always thought- as I rounded the pond, one moved- it was obvious then, that these stones exposed by the low water level of the pond were not that, that they were a group of ducks, standing in shallow water so one could see their legs- and they had their heads turned facing behind them, tucked into the feathers of their own backs, the way I have seen ducks sleep- as they stood, the snow falling on them and making snow caps on their heads and backs.

Feb. 22, 3:25 P.M.

Still walking home, on a snow covered sidewalk now, passing apartment buildings and the animal hospital- I saw a shrub next to one of the brick buildings- the air, spotty like a painting, from the snow coming down, black objects beneath the bush- my eye sees them, it does not register them- they are only black things resting on snow- inanimate- but then, as the ducks, they move, one ruffles feathers- small birds, beneath a protective bush - maybe, picking through its fallen branches or greens- I stop and watch them for a moment, but then move on, because it is too cold to stand still for long.

Feb. 23, 4:34 P.M. ...and...

This misperception has a compound time. I would say they are first, Feb. 22, approx. 9:40 A.M. previously unrecorded, then, Feb. 23, 12:44 P.M. conjoined with another misperception (remembered then), and then, Feb. 23, 4:34 P.M. at the date and time of this entry.

The first part took place inside the post office, and was not recorded, as it was not perceived as a misperception at the time. There was however, a misperception almost immediately before, on coming to the post office, which makes a reasonably accurate time estimation possible. I had brought in a large package- it was a flat envelop I had bought previously at the post office to contain a large score I had written that I needed to send away- that could not be folded. I had taken the envelop home to label and pack with the score and some padding. When I brought it in to mail it, I told the channels I wished it to travel by, rates preferred, and so forth- it seemed fine- and the lady said then, "the package" and I didn't understand why she made this statement- and she said it again- and I said- "yes, this package" this is the package..." and I paid to have it mailed and left. And my mind went briefly to that moment today, when I was confused about the "door" and the shutter relationship while I was sanding the shutters at work- and it was the same nature, of the statement, that I did not understand, and it felt the same- the variety of non-communication I was experiencing. And I still didn't understand it- though the "door" was resolved quickly- I forgot again about the mailing of the package. And then, at this writing, I felt there was something I had missed that made sense, in another way. So, I found my receipt from the package mailing. I saw from it that I had not only paid for the postage, but had paid for the packaging as well- which I came into the post office with, having already purchased it there earlier- I had paid for it twice then. When she had been saying, "package," she thought she was asking me a question- if I also was

purchasing the packaging at that time- her perception being, that I had taken it from the shelf, addressed it, and filled it with my materials for mailing- and I had apparently told her that, yes, I would be paying for the packaging as well.

Feb. 29., Fri. 6: 35, A.M.

I walked to a café to buy coffee, because I had run out of coffee beans at home. Half awake, I heard a familiar sound- it was disorienting to me- regular, repeating- I looked around me, suddenly attentive- I wanted to stop the sound, turn it off- it was a compulsion, not a thought- one I felt confused by- then it occurred to me, as I walked down Centre street in Jamaica Plain, MA. USA that the sound I was hearing was identical to my alarm clock, which has a chip in it that makes the sound of a frog- I kept it in another room, so I would have to get up out of bed to turn it off. I was looking now, to find it, and shut it off- I passed by a car garage. Someone was working on a car- it was the sound of a tool I heard- I walked on, still feeling like I should stop the sound.

March 5, Weds. 6:05, A.M.

Home- woke up, made coffee- tired from working too many hours over the last two days- full days, and then one overnigher on top of it- I brought a cup of coffee back to bed and placed it on the little table next to me, and started to fall asleep again- then, I saw the cat, Bruno, hugging the wall, come into the room and go to the other side of the bed- I opened my eyes and nervously drank from the cup to lower the level of coffee and wondered where to move it to, so the cat won't spill it. I place it in the corner, on the floor. Then, I see something. I look, now putting my glasses on, and see the cat, hugging the wall, come into the room and go to the other side of the bed- and underneath it (unseen, but I know...) Tenses here are confused, as I am not sure where my mind was is in time, and which cat event happened, which didn't, or perhaps, if both did. (though I only have one cat)

March 5, Weds. 11:24, A.M.

I had today off from work- I stayed at home for a few hours copying DVDs from tapes- and writing. I went out onto the back porch to get some air- it was a beautiful day, warm with a cool breeze, and sunny. I stood and watched traffic go by on the street. I heard a jingling sound, and looked around- I looked through the railing of my porch- and through the railing of a porch on an apartment across from me, about fifty feet away. I saw a black dog- a big Lab, his collar was jingling, and he was rolling around on the porch, on a mat- scratching himself, enjoying himself. I watched for a couple of minutes. It was a peaceful few moments. A breeze came harder in a sudden gust- the black dog rolled over several times, and then unrolled himself across the porch. It was a roll of tarpaper. I looked closer, over the railing of my apartment porch- and I could also see that the mat he had been laying on was a flat piece of cage or fence wire. The jingling sound continued. I looked around and listened, turning my head this way and that, so that I could better locate the sound in space- I found it. It was coming from a small hanging mobile the neighbor I share the porch with had hung on a clothes line, jingling in the breeze.

Postscript of the previous entry, March 5, Weds. 4:19 P.M.

I came back to my apartment after going out for some business and tried to relive my experience, I went out onto the back porch. The air was still. The porch across the way had a piece of tarpaper on it, which had rolled itself up on top of what was now clearly a wire mesh. Then a breeze came, and the mobile jingled again. Yet, the illusion was gone, and I could not make it repeat itself. I went inside.

March 7, Fri. 8:46 A.M.

At my apartment before work, I go out onto the back porch briefly- I glance over at the apartment that had the tarpaper "dog" and I notice movement through a window there- someone is moving in place, back and forth, slowly, as if maybe leaning forward and then back- over and over- I wonder "what are they doing?" I speculate "folding clothes, maybe..." I watch for a while longer this unvaried movement- then I stand up to go in- I notice then, a towel hanging from their porch, the view of which had been blocked by the railing on my porch. I sit down again- and see that what I had been watching through their window was really the reflection of the towel on it, moving back and forth in the breeze, on their porch.

And resumes the stream after several meters, - a street was a waterway before, one pathway is still the fortune teller area, water runs. Various dolls, and magic emerge from a peripheral fringe, and resume distance. Look to the corners, to sense safety. Black tea.

There follows an emergence on the emergence, of seven sounds to lead you; recitations oil the wheel, misperception digested the spirit, and the guides lead the blind to the cliff; the spirit is not missed, nor is wakefulness or nostalgia;

Seven Guides

O

Nature began with broad strokes. There was no intelligent direction of breeding at the start. Combatants likely won the right to reproduce among an isolated group that kept results within a narrow band of distinct and geographically appropriate individuals. Mass movements and migrations occurred in times of survival difficulty, resulting from long cycle weather patterns. Contacts with alien types diluted some migrants to such a degree that adaptation advantage to environment and change disappeared in characteristics that canceled each other out. Alien contacts ending in the slaughter of one side served to strengthen and fix racial traits, and the conflict, with its losses, gave further support to these distinctions as observed truth transformed into passion driven ideology. Passed on in oral traditions, song and myth, emotion embellished history became the foundation for culture, and long term model for its evolution. Other groups remaining unique excelled in self characterization as historical victims, from which they developed further philosophies and systems of moral superiority in which they were at the center. Battles between principle representatives of these self oriented world views continued and will continue until each sees the others as the fatal threats they are, and one emerges from a great war, victorious and lone; coward, hero, or the mixed blood of both.

O

Unique cultures have been constructed for specialized colonies. These cultures are rich in raw sources and make all preparations for survival subject to the primary drive for which the colony was established. It is through the subjugation to this drive that secondary survival is mostly seen to. In this, advancement in

the form of the various refinements is strictly against nature. Planetary conditions provide little for a transcendence of any given species, much less the survival of a cult of individuals, which is an ambiguous form that provides its citizens with identical models of individuation. The culture thus provided fertilizes growth in variation change and invention in the field for which the elemental units were bred to excel. These colonies are talent gardens which are the generators powering the mundane social machinery. While in a sense this makes the special skills super mundane, they are also the source of mystery religion, which evolves around them organically and on their own. The larger ordering of the colonies form a whole that has self sustaining equilibrium, each colony playing its part in a continuous adjustment of the replaced and displaced transcendent product.

E

The pantheon of gods are order in their formative chaotic Eden. Their existence articulates physics and law, the laying of stone and meaning, biograde and allegory. They are all gods one. Each birth is a prototype for which there will be no edition. We have pride of parts. I'm expression. My part is not a physical one as are the others. Mine is the sustaining of a perfect standard of one subset of parts application; facial features in orchestra. My nose, mouth, eyes, and facial muscles are not specific physical standards, they are most perfectly flexible and expressively neutral in prone states. This all changes when I do my part. I exhibit a classification of emotional reactions to a catalog of influences and surprises. The orchestration of face I compose are the standard. Mouth is a fixed form; there is a male standard and a female standard. The two are continuously seeding in an immortal sameness. The adults that mature never vary; deviations are detected early and the lives terminated. The same is true of nose and eyes, ears, hands, and the rest.

R

There is a secret room for each of the standard bearers. Though there are always duplicates, some representing earlier age, others, seeded early so they are now older, there is always one of the standard in a safe secret place where the single example lives out its full term life, rarely referred to, but always available, just like the protected weight and measurement standards of a different time and place some have read about. Of course, there is continuous duplicate seeding, so that when one secret hidden example departs, it is immediately replaced by a freshly conceived. If by chance a replacement goes bad, or develops unexpectedly, it is terminated and replaced immediately with a seed with a parallel growth, exactly the same age to the measure. In this way, the ideal is guaranteed, though in physical reality, exists only laterally at any given time, across a plain of many human body examples, each being only a fragment of the whole, single one.

L

Gestation periods may be long for the higher animals. What individuals don't have is time. To observe interactions and behavior, it may be impossible to explore all of the possibilities open to the breeder of the future. This is why the individual

operation modification proves invaluable; additions and amputations so that we may observe possible future genetic invention now, and in great variation, limited only by the amount of flesh we may cut and paste per hour, like piece work in a mill. Wide diversity in search of stabilizing uniformity; the quest for perfection is the only means by which we can rise above the rags and tatters of undirected reproduction and random, pointless living, which are the dual truths of our dominant culture.

M

Attention and participation are gotten differently on the numerous plateaus of the social pyramid. Constructing formalistic exercises using these attentions is a crucial means by which high art may transcend the gratuitous conditions of base life. There is no significant vignette or story to fill the structure frame with vital essence, no content comes from living outside of aesthetic pursuit of order. The stuff of life must be a formal frame spinning out values that may be measured and then calibrated to fit into a template, preordained by the imagination of one great talent elected human force.

Z

Steel the heart to pity, flaw and distraction. Tune the mind to eat the raw waves arriving through the senses. Force intentions into empty rooms. Elect the need to grow a governing rule. These instructions should suffice to carve the world into the tomb we'd have it be.

Houses have been built around the ancient trees – jagged actor moves around the stage, built to fit the tree. In the dream cloud or the thought bubble, numbers swell exponentially, and the numerator, but not the denominator, there are things growing in big leaps. Eating well, but tomorrow tries the local frog. Ideas are telegraphed twelve at a time. A system is designed to drain power and to tap creation for its sap. The pitch, boiled, will make a paste to sooth the masses – everyone becomes an artist -. Orange light bathes the bed – irreverent to our reality -. The building for the local god has a grate front, you can stick fingers in through up to the knuckles, it is black, and ice cold to the hand. But the crustaceans crawl from birth canals of vegetables with characteristic sideways movement, then what god is this -... and of the sidewinding, the American desert snake, - it is a composite of the good life, of successful life -. The presence fades, ink in the sun to become, shadows of the holes, and all the sheds are flooded. Reed instruments penetrate the air and the concentration, untuned temple drums. Then the boom and smell of gunpowder

then what god is this – sound of conversation...

composite

the way of layers of sediment

bamboo, struck -... blocks-, multiple reeds –

feeds another time, the princess procession to cremation

color, reeds, golden orb shouldered by monks and

her thrust through inside on a pin

will take in fire whole

of her and egg –

and mystery as if

stumbled in a book, my mother her Pearl S. Buck

and mystical orient (but what romance)

more the true life and death

approaching, the orient -...

snapping in the street, metal storefront gates, in Asia and New York, locks, crackers,

...

The white house, not Washington, but uptown, ... big leaps...

Where is it now, aborigines put rifles together from nail guns, bought at hardware store...

Booming gone, a few, what we used to call caps – pleasant pop of gunpowder, cap gun... little blister of black powder on a red strip of paper...

Then, what is the first story...

No one was there to record it all, but everyone knows the story. After all, it's printed on the ration currency. First came across the marsh of five hundred leagues, and before that the sand field, and then the ice bound black lake. His migration may have taken many eons, but the indifference to time was the mark of his immortality. He walked straight, He didn't turn or climb below or grapple on the cliffs around the edges of a mountain rising through the clouds. He drilled forward and directed in his mind so real that there was a shadow line cast forever forward and behind him in his wake and has become one boundary of his properties. First was covered for the warm and cold in skins and scales from petrified and oil pit preserves; great many legged beasts and flat segmented shell insects with their outer armor plates that are denser than building shingles but breathe between and let the air pass right through them stripped of temperature. First came twice the size and stature of a man, and no animal could assist him, so needless, so and weak were they compared. Even in his song when he sang, he tuned down his cords with ice and gravel, or sand and weeds so that the rumble that resulted sent accompanists to the margins with fearfulness and shame and humility. His music cast out like a belch or breath diminished the greatest artistry of any singing bird or mating insect song ten million years in their making. In a moment he surpassed the long life of nature. When First arrived, he took in the world around him, so different from the uniformly generating stamp of heat or cold, and ice or marsh, and wood or hills or iron ore. Five hundred leagues along his way of one appears shifting to another than into one more, and more, and again. But here in where he stopped his straight wall was a marsh of many things at once, where colors bled into the trees surrounding him implanted in the stone, the granite, earth's blood and food. He hadn't stopped until he found a place to lead him on beyond the thing he was. And there right where he stopped his motion to stand still and look around him, he saw things on legs that stood, with arms and heads and appearance, and clothing to both cover and protect them. He was so foreign to their appearance that they couldn't even see him, but it wouldn't have mattered anyway because of their preoccupation. Right there on the ground they exchanged partners as frequently as they accidentally disengaged, they copulated with each other in mass, thousands on the grounds as far as could be seen, and like the ages of man, in tableau, one field of vision gave way to another; from breeding beasts to feeding young, hunger and despairing eyes.

Beyond this lay a cliff which hung out over a precipice where jagged black rock rose like onyx spears from the bottomless timeless abyss. Abandoning the children and sometimes carrying with them the younger, the driven things approach the edge of the unknown, gaining mass in number as they neared, and discarding any fear or caution, some seemed to slip over the edge from recklessness, though those that followed exhibited a blind intention on moving forward into a free fall of bodies. They seemed neither entranced nor completely conscious of their purpose, but rather focused on a detail of something they didn't understand. From his perch, First's keen eyes discerned the advance and descent of certain individuals, some swept along, others seeming to lead the group, of all different variety of shape, size, color pigmentation and wide physical variance that suggested several possible species mixed. So different from each other yet so alike as they fell and bounced from the indifferent stone, some impaled, others partitioned into pieces with trailing ropes and hanging sacks, burst open by the forces, last meals flung to the sides. First quickly discerned the disorders of their existence that led to these encapsulated, emblematic scenes. Quickly, firmly, that; disorder with no plan and plan to follow through. That first enemy of First's, nature, had led them unknowingly to the brink from which they should have flown, but rather what took place was immediate and continuous degeneration, complete. They missed their nature, taking them by their noses and leading them forward to tomorrow. Nature retreated with its helps and left the minded beast to spring onward with its new sense, the gland that now itself retreated as the waves of generation wore it down toward the functionalism of the ones with scales. First knew; conscious, measured loss for gain. Smaller groups fed into the stampeding mass. These groups may have been what others would call families, or, blood relations, or geographic neighbors. Amid the chaos there fell a female so unlike the others that First's heart stood still. She was apart and alone, so like himself, even as she was trampled on the ground, there was a proud countenance about her that drew First to action. First pissed hard into the ground and melted a cave for himself in the stone that spread for miles beneath the earth in chambers and cells. He took his wounded bride, who he named First, far and deep into his cave where the center of the world heated the walls like a womb. Her bones were broken and her liquids drained away, but First healed First with his own seed, making her so much a part of him and like him that she was perfect. When He saw her cured, he knew he'd done well to give her his own name. With no one in the underearth to join their bloods or bring the poison, First and First gave birth, to First, and then to First, and they to First and so on, and they were each the First of their line. This went on until there was an army of one that swelled from the opening in the earth and burst forth, crushing the race that occupied the land, even as they fled to lunge into the void from every ledge and cliff. Then First held all beneath and above the earth and fed and lived on it according to the plan of his nature. This is the meaning and story behind the pictographs printed on our currency used to track and shift goods to locations as needed. It is good to remind us to remember, as memory is less fixed than the other necessities of living. And it is at a good point for us to be reminded of something, when value is being calculated on an exchange, where everything becomes open to question, to shut closed that opening right then. Tom looked down at his work, from the hand that held the dense plastic square squeezing out coils of plastic refuse from beneath the drill bit, to the other hand which held the handle, gently applying pressure to drill and plastic as needed; something a machine could perform easily now in theory, though the amount of error and lack of judgment made machine control of this in a series of similar tasks undesirable. Tom flipped the plastic over, examined the exit hole, then placed the piece in a small vise tilted at an angle and began to force a hole along the edge between the top and side plane. Having made two holes, he held the piece to the swivel light beside him to check the hole relationships to each other with his eye, then with a fine gauge. And perfect! Two nostrils sat upon the piece he'd worked in seconds into an immortal accord. He took some time and rolled it in his palm as if a deck of cards and going to divide their number with his fingers

planted on the edge, he rather forced a fingertip into the angled hole and felt the flawless, unblemished, nonporous gleam of synthetic material. From a wall rack at his side, Tom drew down a mid-length of translucent tubing. He put one end to his mouth and breathed out through it, then, in. Moisture condensed visibly inside the tube. He plugged a finger over one end and tried to blow air through it again. He strained slightly and was then satisfied that there were no perforations. Threading the tube through one end of the holes, he placed a dab of lubricant on the contact points with his fingers, rotated the tube, then pushed it back and forth through the opening to evenly distribute the oil around the juncture. After completing this series of actions to his satisfaction, Tom drew down another mid-length tube from the rack and joined it similarly through the second hole in the piece. He looked around the cafeteria and saw her. He stared. He made a list in his head of the features of her face, their size and shape, and the type of head they were set upon. He evaluated the association of parts, separately and then as a whole, he saw their elemental values and their compounded meaning. He wondered how it could be. According to the universal laws of composition, only opposites conjoined. Even in-between had its opposition, the second generation after two unlikes conjoined could always find their opposition such that by the third and fourth duplication, results had come again to composition with extreme counters. The rules assured that no duplicates were copies, to the color, to the eyes, the nose, the mouth; size shape and every capacity was as far apart from one to the other hundred million as completely opposite individuals. No two were ever similar. That was not allowed by the nature, which was the rule. Then what explanation was there for this? He looked away and back again to make sure that what he saw was real. Her skin was so light and translucent he could see the tiny blue veins beneath her temples, jaw and cheeks. The color of her face was like white ivory tusk. Her nose was narrow, small and sharp. Her cheek bones were high on her face and rose the way her brow protruded slightly outward toward above, more fully protecting her eyes which seemed to sit calm and composed in their sockets. Her jaw descended from cheek to chin along a slight diagonal course, ending squared off at the bottom. Her lips were narrow and her mouth was turned down at the corners, giving her a serious but not sad appearance. The space between her nose and upper lip was perfectly vertical, while below her lower lip, her chin drew in before coming forward dramatically. Her head was oval in shape, and not overly round in the back. Her forehead was high with an even hair line, her hair parted in the middle and long enough for it to fall into a single light brown wave on either side. Her irises were a metallic blue-gray and her eyelashes were fine, and so light they were nearly invisible. He couldn't really see all of this from across the room. After a point, he merely listed off the familiar. The person he described from across the room was, except for the gender, identical to him. Posted at another plant until today, she was at the beginning of her fifth six-year relocation and assignment. He had been here for twelve years. His six year residency had been extended because of the plant expansion. When his rotation replacement came, he hadn't been shifted out. The slack must have been taken up

elsewhere by additions to the work group. While this technically couldn't happen with the entire system on six year cycles, irregularities were corrected with a mandatory emigration, or in the case of excess labor, exile. This extension may have increased the chances of similars being confronted with each other, but according to the education, the fact was that law pertaining to extreme diversity disallowed this happening as a biological event. He looked around to see if anyone else in the cafeteria noticed this strange phenomenon. No one seemed to, or if they did, they weren't the least interested. This was sensible enough. He knew he'd needn't fear others. Laws were laws of nature, not laws of authority. They were self disciplined and self governed singularly and by extension, as a group. This was nature. Divergent reproduction was natural, and practicable up to the interspecies parameter, which through technological advancement promised to soon be expanded if not completely brought down. The principle of more was inconsistent with the same. This was a motto learned by every child. "More is not the same." This history ran through his mind now, only because of this impossible event; two that

seemed alike. Thinking of these things now, there was an irritating twinge of distrust or disbelief, though in what and of what he couldn't have said. Wasn't learning redundant in the world where everything was given properly by nature? When so many lessons were committed to wastefulness, wasn't the lesson a prime example? And if divergence was the natural course, why anticipate a likeness that didn't exist as a possibility? At this point, he found himself curbing his thought. Something else was happening that reeled in his revelry. He was feeling himself very attracted to her. There was no one in between them, literally or metaphorically. There was no other to govern what he did as they were incapable of wrong. He reasoned this as he walked across the room and sat opposite her at her table. She was in fact as close to himself in the mirror as he had ever seen. She too seemed entranced to the degree of speechlessness. They stared at each other with no awkwardness. She reached to her face to brush away a hair that hung over one eye. He saw her cuticle arcs were identical to his, as was the pinkness of the knuckles and the vein depth on the back of her hand. She too was observing how he reflected her. His hair, though shorter cropped, hung down to the first wave and fell into a natural part at the center of his head, and the hair, which went straight across his high forehead, mirrored hers. Then she glanced at his cheeks, his mouth, his hands on the table top and the shape and length of his neck. "I came from the upper block," she finally said. He let her voice echo in his head until the memory of its tone was gone, and then he spoke. "I've been held over here once. Before that, I was in the lower block." She nodded and looked at his mouth in silence, savoring the echoes of his voice in her mind until they too were gone. "Before that, there were other sections of the block, but I was born outside." This surprised him. "You're an immigrant?" "Yes, though I don't remember anything from before, and only a few memories of the receiving building." He nodded. He'd never met an immigrant before. "This is so strange." She smiled. "We look like the same person." "What do you think it means?" "What could it mean?" She waved her hand in the air like she was throwing something away. "I'm from outside. Maybe its different out there. Do you remember anyone ever talking about outside? No one ever goes out. They just immigrate here. Too young to remember. Where were you born?" "Left block, I think. I was orphaned." The truth was, he retained some scattered memories of his own that had never made sense to him. The remaining hours of work blurred. Tom found himself outside the building, walking through what seemed strangely unfamiliar and wrong to him now. Convergent divergence of architectural influences surrounded him, historical cultural quotations and diluted folk arts that pointed, bluntly and obviously, to the roots of many different peoples. Yet beyond these surfaces, there was no real history, no culture and no functional art other than what was supplied in the grade school text books. At the library, or art, or information centers, the veneer was easily accessed at your fingertips from user friendly file stations, a layer of reference that was nearly infinitely long and broad, could occupy one for a lifetime with what seemed to be the substance of everything known. But it was a plane that was inversely thin to its horizontal expanse. Other places existed as imaginary forms, like memory places, for the exercise of the mind. This being so, there were millions of places in the imaginary universe, beyond borders. The social form was self sustaining, and policed by the vacuum around a two dimensional, flat world. With the presence of so much variation, who could desire anything different? Looking, side to side, but never up or down. Tom thought about the biography he'd read, along with thousands of other children in his grade school class, "My Struggle for Equality." It was the biography of a man who had to overcome bias both for and against him based on his difference. This every-man ultimately triumphed in being treated exactly the same as any given other, and his triumph it was said was the triumph of every other person in the world. Anonymously written, it had been the most important and only book many people read in their lives. Tom too had embraced the book and its message, that different was the same. Meeting her had done something to Tom. He was thinking about those things that once you learned, simply never came up again. Because you lived with them and by them. You didn't think them. This was all, he knew, because of how alike they were. There was something unright about it. It was something that shouldn't occur. It was- he

thought for a moment- real sameness. Something froze in him. Sameness was the same. Difference was not. For a moment, again, his breath sucked away from him and seemed to threaten not to return. It felt as if ice were forming in his chest. He looked around him. His surroundings seemed new. The air rushed back into his lungs, chasing away the encroaching blackness of a near faint. His eyes took in the shards that forced themselves into each other in a way that could be read with double meanings, symbols, pictographs, and letters that he never studied yet felt he knew in all their forms and shaded variations, and understood; the shards were fractured pieces, many different pictures, none of which fit in together, all in contrast, some in harmony, all in their truth written from before him to horizon line and in every direction, this has no sense! Colors splashed, connected and ran away. Angles borne on smooth curves plunged suddenly with no balance. Enclosures were denied their purpose to contain. Mural images of ecstatic rituals attracted dust and mold. Tom had a flashback to his childhood when he fell into a trash compactor, thankfully jammed before it crushed him, but while he waited there for rescue, the disorder and chaos that enclosed and pressed against him seemed to crawl down his throat; now, unnourished, devoid of value, and poisoned, he fought to survive inside another burial of garbage. All of this came in the space of a few stammering breaths. Then, Tom lost his inner composure. When he became aware of himself, Tom had been running for several hours. He had no idea where he was, but he suspected he had crossed a border, because the terrain he found himself in now was completely unfamiliar. A single color of brown, with only the change of hues rose and fell gradually all around. This itself was a miracle. He had never seen a single color spread over such a wide expanse. Beneath his feet was the same brown, but in beads, and granular. Tom bent over panting and scooped a handful of the earth letting it sift back through his fingers, then placing both hands against his knees to support himself. This was a desert. This was a word he had been told once with a picture. This was a real one. This was a desert like they really were; hot, dry, spilling out until it met the sky. His first pure sensation of awe was quickly followed by a complex of feelings. Did no one know about this? He had never met anyone who did. How far could he have gone? Others must have stumbled across it. What kept it from filling up with everything else? Why hadn't others come back and told about it? How could there be so much of one thing? Looking around himself, Tom realized he had no memory of which direction he had come from. The way the light fell, it was difficult to discern the difference between a rising and falling slope. There were no markers, and the sun was not sufficient for Tom to orient himself by. Tom was left handed. So he rotated ninety degrees to the left and began walking straight ahead. He was aware of his need for water, but for now, the novelty of this place was sustaining him. He felt he could venture much further as he took in the uniformity over a greater and greater distance. It was growing dark and the air was cool when he heard the first sound. He had an accelerated sense of movement, though he knew he was moving slower than he had earlier in the day. The sound was coming towards him. There was clearly the whirring of an engine. Tom saw a small dot in one direction, growing larger, disappearing, appearing again, and again obscured

by the curve of the hills that lay between. In no time, he could make out a shape, a large barrel that moved above the desert without disturbing the sand, with a sound now also more distinguishable, composed of several tones at once that modulated separately, generating a variety of sound phrases and chords that built by subtle shifts in register rhythm and tempo. Tom listened and fond himself completely placid as the object sped up to him and froze, hovering several feet above the sand and a yard before Tom's nose. The thing was the size of a large delivery truck, long and rectangular one way, tubular and round in another. The sounds it made now settled to a stationary set of tones, then, resolved to a single pitch, one note staying the same, while others were lowered and raised to meet it. Tom felt suddenly released from a transfixed state. The pitch the object emitted grew softer until it disappeared entirely over the edge of Tom's hearing. As this happened, the vehicle gradually lowered itself, coming to rest on the sand slightly after Tom heard the last remnant of sound. A soft hiss

corresponded to the opening of a narrow hatchway which slid sideways and opened like a van door as occupants began to emerge. Tom took several steps backward from the strangers who stepped out onto the sand before him. His sense of awe returned. There were three men and two women. They wore matching gray clothing which in another occasion would have been jarring to Tom's eyes. But here, it seemed almost harmonious. Their hair was all closely cut and light, complexions bronze to ivory, that was a slight enough difference to be the result of sunlight, cheekbones all set at a certain position, noses identical, eye colors matching, all the men being Tom's mirror image, and the women, close to that, but closer to her, in fact almost exactly her, even more so than him. The same, but female. Two of the strangers reached out at once and touched Tom's shirt as if they'd never seen anything like it before. They passed the material between their thumbs and index fingers, with special attention to the many lines of stitch that held the many colored and materialized garment together. Their expressions were a mixture of amusement and disturbance. Tom looked down at his own clothing, and then at theirs. He could understand their reaction. He too felt like he was the strange one here. Looking at how he was dressed, with his patterned shirt composed of alternating materials, and his color banded pants, he was a beacon. "I came from across that..." he pointed away from them, though not sure in the direction he'd come, "from across the desert," he tried to assert. "I'm from somewhere else." His throat was quickly closing up. "Do you have water?" The word "water" almost disappearing into an envelop of hoarse and irritated cords. One of the men who had been studying his clothes reached around behind himself and drew a long water flask from a backpack which had been invisible until now, the monotone that they wore blended so completely. "Drink slowly," the man commanded. "You must have been out here a long time." Tom hadn't thought about being thirsty before, but now it came on him ravenously and it took all his self control not to guzzle the water or spill it on himself. "Slowly," the man raised one hand and lowered it in caution, and like to suggest a pace Tom might want to drink by. When Tom was sated, he handed the flask back to the man who returned it to his pack, and then they stood looking at each other for an awkward moment as Tom wiped his mouth with his forearm. Sensing no immediate danger to him, Tom finally blurted out the first next words that occurred to him. "You're immigrants, aren't you?" feeling foolish as soon as he said them. "You're the immigrant here," said the one who'd given him water, and the others laughed. "Even though you don't look like one," another said. "I think you found your way home," said one of the women, making Tom feel at ease. Tom thought, perhaps there was something to this answer, though he hadn't a clue who these people were, where they were from, or where this was. He'd always felt he was a person who had missed something, and his earliest memories still confused him when they came in dreams, slow or still, sometimes peopled with many duplications of himself. He'd thought, like a book had told him, that everyone in a dream was you. Tom assumed this to be literally true. But now, it occurred that all those people just like him were other people entirely. People who were like these strangers. Exhausted by new experience, Tom sat abruptly on the ground and remained passive as the strangers took him under his arms, lifted him, and took him on board their vehicle. Tom was inserted into a cushioned chair. A soft beam attached and protruding from the wall swung in front of him and kept him from sliding onto the floor. He watched as his hosts situated themselves in similar ways, the two women on a couch with armature bands like Tom's, and the men, in chairs on which the protective bars also served as control panels for the vehicle, housing various buttons and joy sticks slightly recessed into the soft bar padding. The leading stranger sat across from Tom. There were no windows in the vehicle, and there seemed no need to visually guide it. The strangers touched buttons and sticks while the hatchway slid closed, the whirring sound resumed, and there was a sensation of movement. Sensitive to Tom's mental fatigue, they remained silent between them, giving him pause as needed. While the others rested and appeared to fall asleep, the leader stranger kept watch over Tom, as if ready to talk or engage if requested. Tom spent this passing and uneventful time to collect his thought and calm himself, preparing to strike a simple conversation at some point, yet still anxious that this calm would end quickly in an arrival at their

destination, the location and nature of which he couldn't help but feel anxious about. The steady, unchanging sound of the engine gave him no comfort. It only meant they were on a straight line to wherever it was they were going, and that they may arrive at any time. These mental difficulties were quieted somewhat when Tom's eyes settled on the two women in his presence. While their clothing was not provocative, strategic, angular points that appeared through the material suggested a health and sumptuousness that made fantasy follow and fill Tom's mind. Tom's eyes darted to the leader, who, directing his glance to one side, then closing his eyes, seemed to invite Tom to harmlessly divert his attention to the females of the group. Tom resumed his study. So like her, he wondered if they might not have been able to sense her feeling and sensation, perhaps seeing through her eyes, so that they even recognized him, perhaps, to feel something like he felt for her- for them. The whirring stopped suddenly, with a jolt of inertia. Tom raised his arms protectively by instinct, realizing then he'd regained control of himself. Simple sexual fantasy had brought him back to earth again. He marveled at the truth and suppressed a smile, though he sensed the leader was quite aware of where his mind had gone. Tom gently pushed against the bar that had been holding him in place and it glided smoothly to the wall where it had begun. The crew had already detached from the vehicle and waited to see him out. The hatchway had silently opened and the space beyond lay ready for him. The leader held his hand out now to Tom. "It's not often someone like you comes out from the colony. The border areas have harsh conditions. You might want to let our doctor check you out. By the way, my name is Ru. These are my associates, Nin, Tu, and Ais and Amith," gesturing to the females Tom had known intimately in his mind on the trip. "Step down a little when you go through the hatch," he said and led the way, Tom behind him, and the others following Tom. They stepped out onto a sun lit plane of pink marble, which stretched in all directions for several hundred feet before terminating in massive looking buildings of the same composition. As they walked together toward one of the buildings, a responsive memory stirred inside Tom. They stopped their procession and let him drink in what he saw. He remembered the expanse of pink stone that in a child seemed to have gone on forever. And some activity of great solemnity and purpose had been taking place here. The touch of Ais' hand on Tom's shoulder brought him back. He turned to find her beside him, smiling in a sympathetic way that made Tom feel ashamed. "Oh, sorry," sweeping away his illusive memories with a gesture of his hand. Ru touched his shoulder in a more manly fashion and Tom straightened his back. "Shall we move on?" Ru sensed Tom's hesitation. "We're going to the genealogical center. You can see a doctor there. Then we'll have some things to show you, if you'd like to have your questions answered." Tom hadn't wanted to push, but he did have some confusion and concern. As they continued on, Ru spoke. "We're essentially border guards. There's little for us generally, but its done as a social service and for the occasional enterie who is one of us." With this, he passed his hand over his face as if to indicate perhaps a mask, or veil whose meaning was clear to the others. "We rescue and offer hospitality as long as it is desired. Those like you from outside never know the truth about themselves and who they are. We try to remedy that, and then give the opportunity to stay, or return. I don't think any have ever gone back. But there could always be a first." "Ah,... First." Again, there was an obvious secret or double meaning known between them. As they approached a building with the words "Genealogical and Life Center" recessed into the stone above an open archway, Tom began to see others walking by in small groups, some as couples, straight shouldered, intent in expression and all appearing as if they might be from the same family, with subtle variance in height and fullness, but cut from one mold certainly, all exhibiting a confidence, health, and strength, and most apparently they had some place to go that, witnessed by their countenance, they pursued with a personal conviction. He admired them. He wanted to be them. Ru resumed. "We are all simply named to distinguish us in simple conversation and exchange. We share a common name, First. Informally, and wherever distinct identity is not required, we refer to each other as First. This is so to be inclusive of any possible participants who may wish to participate, respond, or share responsibility. Come into the

Center.” He led Tom into a high round open space beyond the entryway of the building. Arched windows curved along a dome-like wall reminiscent of a cathedral of unknown origin depicted near Tom’s home on a Diversity Center wall. The arched windows were stained glass, depicting here a sequence of scenes in which a central figure was passing through a landscape, confronting masses of people in some sort of turmoil, dwelling in a cave, and leading a healthy and uniform looking people into a radiant orb. Ru swept his hand through the air to draw Tom’s attention to those windows, though he was already transfixed by their spectacular beauty. “This is the story of First, all of our common ancestor,” Ru’s voice lowered to a calm and natural range, the comfort zone of familiar works and an age old story he’d learned as he learned his first words. “First came across nameless lands, a nameless wanderer who found and named himself along the way, with words that he alone could speak. He took a bride from suiciding foreign hoards and bled himself into her bringing her from death to life. In a cave he pissed into the ground he raised a race that came again and took the land from the weak and purposeless men. He gave his name to every offspring, and a promise, glory through his name, a monument built upon a foundation of deeds and greatness. He handed down his power traced in lineage to every person logged forever in the archive of descent.” Again, a sweep of the arm to the belly of the marble building before them, passed the color windows and another gaping, massive archway into a dark interior suggestive of a somber, deep content in a cold interior. As they entered in, “This is like the cave, where First first brought his bride, our mother, to revive her and to parent all our race.” The others appeared reverent and entranced, following Ru on into the opening, Tom in between them, less

somnambulant yet not without a feeling too that he was being drawn into a role for which he was unquestionably fit, and this was a very seductive feeling. Inside the darkened area, a wall slid apart in two directions, revealing a dimly lit square beyond. They stepped across the threshold, and as they did, the wall drew closed behind them. There was the slight inertia of an upward movement of the chamber. This elevator had no interior markings, nor controls floor indicators or buttons. Tom’s mind went to an elevator that rose to an ethnic display within the Diversity Center back home. Its unmarked and dimly lit elevator had vaguely suggested the cattle-like treatment of past peoples, and the fearfulness in losing control over their destiny; a common theme of weakness praised socially there. But here, this dimly lit room in movement was suggestive of new possibility, the challenge of the unknown for the strong, the needlessness for any other tool or navigational help than a powerful self, of First, the course of ancient blood to whatever destination blood took. The movement stopped and the wall slid open. They stepped out into an orange corridor and passed through an opening with no closing door. Inside a man appeared who seemed to be expecting them. The others retreated back into the corridor, leaving Tom alone with the new stranger. “I’m Tiu,” he said and held out his hand to Tom, who took it in a cautious hold. “I’m a doctor. I’m just going to quickly check some of your vitals.” He pulled a cord and drew a transparent template of a human figure down from a slot in the ceiling and stopped

it when it came into place in front of Tom, outlining him perfectly as if it were designed based on his body outline. Tom took off his clothing and stood within the outline, which now was even more a perfect fit. A small table against a wall was wheeled over and small apparatuses were taken from several drawers. Tom’s body was non-invasively touched and measured with various bars bands and calipers. After only a short time, the table was wheeled away and the template retracted into the ceiling. Tom dressed. “Perfect. And pure strained,” the doctor said. In a moment, Tom was back on the elevator with the familiar strangers, the same sensation of movement telling him he was yet again rising upward to another location. This time the elevator opened up onto a well lit room filled with columns of open shelves, the unmistakable appearance of bound paper spines indicating a kind of library. This, Tom assumed, must be the genealogical archives. “Every answer to every question may be found in here,” Ru said, leading the group to and around one column, into a maze-like congestion of aisles and

turnabouts, all composed of narrow high rising walls of new and ancient tomes. At the end of one long digression, they arrived at a spot where Rue stopped and took two volumes from directly in front of him. Around a corner was a flat table on which he lay both volumes out, parted in their centers. For the next hour, he read out lineage and genesis, pointing to spots where there were blanks and skips of time. A second volume was a commentary, illuminating the gaps that occurred in the first. "Look." Nin had taken down a volume to one side found a page he searched for and thumbed backward from there. "This is my breed path. Back to the second era after First. A lot of accomplishments on my breed path." Ais reached over and stroked his arm. "We descended down close lines, Nin and I." She looked over at Tom, smiling shyly. "Were less like brother and sister, you and I," she said to Tom. Ru unfolded a long accordion page out onto the table top. It expanded downward and then across and up so that the space it covered was a square several feet in both directions. "Here you see various parallel lines of descent," he traced ink lines with his finger, "as well as direct, though mattering little in difference," he flashed a disapproving glance at Ais, who turned away and red. "This is a closed system. For every divergence, there is a convergence." His finger had settled on a spot where the line was broken and without an accompanying notation. "Discrepancies must be accounted for." He paused and looked at Tom meaningfully. "You are such a discrepancy. I think..." he opened the book elsewhere and found a similar incomplete position. "Here." He rested his finger on a point where the line was broken and an empty square marked a void. If it was true, that he'd been kidnapped, or wandered away on his own before he could remember, Tom wanted to know. And even more, he wanted to know his part in this new history, and what his now perhaps not empty box in the hereditary histories of the archives could teach him about knowing his own value. These people had function, pride, and reward. They worshipped their own blood. It was simple and to them, there was nothing else, no other place, no other people to consider. Outside the building, the sun was beginning to set. There were people in the square expanse of the pink marble beyond the massive steps down which Tom descended, uniformly dressed, with personal appearance only distinguishable in the smallest detail, a pleasing sight he was also coming to anticipate. Almost as one, they ceased their various proceedings, kneeling at their last step. Recitations rose from the many mouths, first with a reverent reserve, and then, with a passion of strong conviction. Tom listened for familiar words, and found it difficult to hear specifics. No two recited the same thing together. Some recited run on or very long forms, while others quoted short, static lines like aphorisms. Men stood at the outskirts not appearing to police, but completely encircling, each man less than an arms length reach from the next. Ten people wandered into the center of the square from an opening that must have been obscured or behind a hillside, or recessed into a stone formation that was let to be, a glacial dropping like the seed the ancestor left here long ago. They moved as a unit, mostly back to back in a circle, many eyes to see an attack that was obviously expected. Their dress was not like the others here. They each wore a different style, different cut of shirt and pants, different color. Their hair varied widely from tight coils to straight and long. It was hard to tell from the distance Tom was at, but he had the sense that the group was racially diverse as well. A rumbling in the earth sent sound waves through the air and rustled lines of trees along the square. There was the whir of an engine and the ground opened beneath the group, who fell screaming into the resulting pit, their voices lingering in the air as they plunged far down a shaft. In a flash, Tom saw himself, a child, holding someone's hand who looked down at him waiting for his response as was expected of him just like all the other thankful, and Tom, now a man, bent his knees and lowered his head in respect for the rite of his people.

Blue light flushes over the side
of the building, night -
blue water
cold
air

...

..

.

.

..

...

one

light

purpose

raised the

flag of cities

twice as long

and more the

weathered for

the record while

they slept in late and

aged mementos in recycled

washers and the reeds vibrated

in the fields and in the mouths and

rattled together like the thistle growth

and marching, stopped before the house and yard

and called us all, come out, come out, or there will be

a debt -... and falling sickly, we believed, it true, with one

a broken arm, another with a nose, and watery eyes, enough

to make us join or send us south or north from here, and wired back,

safe, come out, come out, and veiling in that too was a threat perceived.

Body recall, pictures retaining the way the bladder holds you, weaving wet into the carpet that passes for the periods nailing our day(s) to, picture it, yellowed, like it soaked in urine, or just turned crackling and old, our papers, our rings beneath the eye, the word spoken crackling in the crackling timbre of the sound the voice emits from the throat, the voice word emitter. One could wear the fabric made from it, and live through many winds and rains, without too much for keeping back reserved. Comes as fog, comes as mist, comes the vapors in the soda factory, comes the sliding on the slippery floor comes the sticking on the sticky floor the fly I am are you I am or still the larval thing before. Can yes can block the door with it, a heavy cane, of lead. Easily melted, it will lose the shape and forgotten the purpose, forgotten what attached to it, a splash the lead across a tiled walk sets up quickly and becomes a grey and heavy dirty frozen wave... and then a resurrection in the tide

on the hill

opposite

the church

is a bank

beside a parking

lot.

At night the townies gather

there, to

pool some money, buy

some booze from the

package store

across the street
beside the church.

Next to the bank,
an apartment building houses
most students;
its a college town.

Two students stand
drinking beer
outside on a
ground level porch.
They talk
loud enough to be
heard
by the townies
who wouldn't understand
because
they're talking about
Oscar Wilde and
Beckett or
Russian Film.

One skinny townie
knows
they're talking
at him, and him
alone, to insult or to
challenge him.

He walks across the tar lot to them and
up on the porch
he pops out
his knife.
Its a thin and
skinny blade
like him.

"Who are you?" he asks.
"We're students" they say
"What's wrong with you?" he says.

"I think you two is faggots,"
he says,
like faggots
that held me down
and fucked me in the ass in jail,"
he says,

“and gave me this,”
pointing
to a long
tapered scar
that could have
been a seam
across his face.

A loud sound
in the lot;
someone has jumped
up on a parked car to
the cheers of all his friends.
Its seconds and
police pull in
from passing by,
their lights, their sirens.

The townie on
the porch falls mute,
his knife is
littler
than before.
Others run away
but
this one stays,
quiet
on the porch.

The police car
drives away
the students
reassure the
townie they are not faggots and
“let’s all go,
get some beer.”

The students
buy the beer
and watch the
townie as he
greedily drinks
one bottle than another
and more
on the porch.

They’re all
lit, but

the townie most
of all. The students
buy a pint of
Vodka
from the package store
and say,
“lets walk
along the tracks.”

The townie has become a fawning dog
so sorry
he mistrusted
them; they
let him
drink all
the Vodka!

The three walk
to a dark
stretch of track.
“You can eat these”
one student says, and points.
The townie
looks down
hazily in the dark
and this is when
the first blow is
struck.

A fist lands at
the lower back,
badly compresses
one kidney,
squirts blood
into the bladder
and into
the trousers.
A knife falls
from a pocket
tinkling on the tracks.
The townie drops,
deadweight
to the rails.
He makes one
weak attempt
to curl
himself up, but

he's kicked hard
in the side, staying
pushed in
where the kick lands.
He
doesn't
move
again.

The students are
made angrier
by his
stillness.
They stomp
his head
against the track
until it
doesn't resist.
They're tired out.

They sit
down on the
track and
smoke two
Marlboros,
looking
at the body.

They can leave it
or
throw it
in the river
or
cut it up
but who will
cut it
or
they can bury it
or
drop it
in a hole.

They think these things
without talking
between them.
They look at
it
and see the face

by the light of their smokes
vacant
deformed.

One student has
an old Pinto.
They go and get it
and a blanket
and some tarpaper
from the utility
shed of the apartment building.

They drive
as close as they
can get
to the body
down a dirt road
running
beside the tracks.
The body
seems heavy
though the boy
was slight.

They wrap
the blanket
around it
then the tarpaper
then a rope
from the trunk
and throw the
package into
the back
seat
of the car.

They drive
for fifty miles
to the end
of a peninsula
into the woods
on a logging road
and to the ledges
at the sea.

This spot is called
the Roaring Spout.
There is a hole

from on the top the ledge
that nature
made. It
passes down to
the water
and when the
tide is coming in
the water
rushes through
the hole and
water spouts,
above the
ledges where
you can stand.

The students
bring the
wrapped up
body to the
rim of the
hole of the
spout and
push it in.
The ocean
waves muffle
the sounds of
the package
hitting against
stone.

They push some
rocks in after
it to lodge and
weigh and
wedge it
in the hole.
Riving back
one laughs
while the other plays
with the townie's
little knife
he picked up from
the tracks.

Its bright it
spring its
morning and
some summer

folks recently
arrived come
down to see
the biggest local
secret, the
Roaring Spout
erupt just
as the tide
comes in.

But something's wrong, instead
of shooting water,
there's the
sound of tumbling
stones inside the
narrow shaft.
The choking
continues for a
time until
something slips or
shifts and lets
the forceful
water rush up
through the hole.

Summer folks
applaud but
momentarily they
stop and show
confusion, and
then anger.
The spout is
defused,
the way a shower head
spreads water, not
the column
of power
it had been.

There is another
gurgle from
below, this
time a booming
from the hole
is followed by
a rain of particles and parts.
The insides of
some animal

is thrown
across the front
of a woman's
sun dress.
A man is
spattered by
stinking matter
as he puts his hand
before his face.

A town meeting is
called to address
the problem of
vandalism of
natural and
historic sites like
the swastikas
painted on the
library, and
the plugging of
the Roaring Spout.
The sheriff is
pressured to
keep a closer watch
on local trouble
makers. He
knows these are
the same kids
who cracked
gravestones last
year and
broke the windows
of the summer
homes
on the
point.

Rememory that, the friends of fear... all the holes are buried in. How close had it comed. And where now, feared, I never done nothing wrong. We thought that might, but it was nothing. Heaving up. All stories, made up and told. Sleep now. Should be mined some vague happiness of an unnamed woman – There was a great stone wall carved out of black obsidian. It stretched for as far as you could see in either direction from any point at which one stood. One day, Blank found herself at this wall, with a wicker basket of fresh cut flowers she had found inside of a hollow tree. She wondered what to do with the basket and its flowers, so she reached into her pocket on her black longcoat, and took out a roll of silver duct tape. She tried to tear off a piece, but it was too hard to do for her finger - she had been forming a small globe all morning from a piece of marine clay she had dug from a mass of blue earth she had passed by - and her fingers now were weakened, and ached. So she promptly grew a set of two large teeth, six inch fangs at the front of her mouth that were as sharp as razors. She easily bit through the tape at a length of 12 inches, and wrapped the piece of tape around the handle of the basket, and

attached it and its flowers to the wall at shoulder height. As she did this, a face formed on the stone wall, and extruded slightly so that it cast a shadow to one side, which heightened its profile - its nose was long and tapered down at the end, its eyes slightly bulging so that there was a round shadow cast, and the lips were like two worms side by side. "For me?" the face asked her. "Well, it can be," Blank answered. "Thank you then," the stone wall said, and, as a reward for her kindness, the wall opened a port for her to walk through, and on the other side were all her wishes, in a garden, planted with enough space between for her to walk and admire all the things she would have happen, and anything she would like that she had ever thought of. The face appeared on the garden side of the wall and said, "choose any or all you wish," the wall face said. Blank thought for a moment and then said, "No. I quite like them as a garden-" and passed back through the portal again- which closed behind her- and went on her way - as the wall face said to her as she departed- "thanks for the flowers anyway.."

Blank decided to make balloons out of twigs. She went collecting in the mountain, and found a perfect spot to put her twigs together, in a clearing between trees. She stitched and wove the tiny brittle pieces of wood together, with great patience, and with great sensitivity to what the twigs wanted to have done with them, and to where they wanted to go to form the balloons. It took many days, but Blank was committed, and eventually, she had a large collection of fine, wooden balloons. So, she packed them up in a big bag she had made from fir boughs, and found a place where the wind blew strong, high on the mountain. She opened her bag, and took out the collapsed balloons, and placed them on the ground, a short distance from each other. The wind that blew found them so interesting, and Blank, so innocent in her belief in this pursuit, that it blew into each balloon of twigs, inflating them all, and sending them in a spinning orbit around her, and Blank spent many more hours as the wind amused her - like she was the center of the world - and the wind, her dearest friend, as indeed, it was.

She became the crystal palace and then, others came, and no one knew who made it, with its language and its prisms of all colors split in rays that filled the room and made of it conflicting rainbows everywhere, but no one didn't understand a hand of beauty rendered it, and no one couldn't feel that they had stepped into the beauty of a mind.

Blank went into a cave, deep within herself. She meant to leave the ornament of living, and go into a plain and unassuming place. The opening allowed a shard of light to enter, which diffused and was absorbed by walls surrounding her, composed of dry and musty smelling sand - . She reached out with one hand and found the dry wall took her fingertip and drew from it a spot of water that formed a line beneath, and turned to stone as clear as glass. So Blank drew a line, and then another, making them depart away, and then come together again, and wrote a picture language of herself, and each glyph that she made drew some of her away and into that wall beneath her touch, and turned it to a clear transparent path. And as she was so drawn away, she shrunk down to the floor, and all her lines descended too, and then were mapped onto the floor - and in the end, there was no more of Blank, just the lines and pictures that she left and this dry cave was now a crystal palace of her name.

in a secret world, Blank has sheets of rough sandpaper on the soles of her shoes - she skates slowly across a lake of frozen oil - and as an antiseptic suave, her feet draw out the feelings of the world. ..Blank got off of the orange bus and thanked the driver, who looked like a salted pretzel with whiskers, and went walking toward the hill, which she could see from the road made of baked tiles of ceramic and bits of beach glass. As she arrived, she walked off of the road and across a short field of swaying silver hay - there was no wind - the hay swaying on its own because it enjoyed doing it. Blank hitched up the legs of her pants and let the hay stroke her legs pleasantly as she walked. She closed her eyes, but opened them every few moments so she wouldn't stumble.

The hill was very round, and there was a little wooden door facing her. Blank went inside, into the interior of the hill. Inside, there was a big open room, with small holes throughout the walls where earthworms had dug - and there were small beds below, where the earthworms would jump down to from their open holes - to take rests or to sleep at night - small pillows at the heads of the beds had

indentations like small lines, where earthworms had laid their heads to sleep. Several were sleeping now, even though it was still daylight - they liked to take naps. There was a thin whistling sound, the noise that hundreds of earthworms make when they are snoring. Blank stepped by the beds and around them, and found another doorway. The entire space in the hill was illuminated by young fireflies who were being taught to glow by their elders- in front of each firefly class was a sheet of mica, built up dense and heavy at its center so that it gave an amplified light from the fireflies. Through the doorway, Blank could see another room. There was no illumination source in it - yet, Blank could easily see- she wondered at this - turning her head this way and that- and, as she turned her head, the illumination was redirected to wherever she looked - she squinted - and, the light lessened - "ah" she said out loud - realizing the light was coming from her eyes. When she looked with eyes open, the room was illuminated - when she blinked, the light was gone, just like it was for her when she closed her eyes - at least, this was how she thought it worked. On a far wall was a big painting, beside which sat an old wooden chair. Blank went over to the painting. Next to it was a label - with the name "Alfred Snodlipper" - who was obviously the artist. She looked at it from several angles, each time, casting her eye light on it from this or that angle - and said out loud "I don't like this painting. I can't make any sense of it, or even nonsense of it." She sat in the chair for a moment, then feeling it was comfortable, thought the chair to be much better art than the painting - so, Blank took the painting down and leaned it against the wall. Taking her notebook out, she dabbed a bit of soil from the floor on the paper, and stuck the paper on the wall over the name label. Then, she hung the chair on the hook where the painting had been, and, putting the painting flat on the floor, curled up on it and took a nap. While she slept, the colors and lines of the painting crawled onto her- so that when she awoke, she could see on her hands and even clothing that the painting had moved to her, leaving the canvas empty. "Well, I like the painting better now," she said, took the chair down and put it where it had come from, and returned the blank canvas to the wall.

Leaving the hill rooms, she walked again across the field of hay to wait for another orange bus - but- heard a voice call to her - " Hey, my painting _ where are you going?" She turned to find a thin young man with an evening gown on as if it were a painter's smock - and wearing a gardening shovel around his neck on a thin chain of seashells. "Where are you going with my painting?" "I'm going home!" Blank said back in the same tone. The thin man had previously had an angry look about him, but as he walked closer to Blank, it softened. But - you are my painting - and - you are so lovely now - as I have never seen it - " At first Blank was not impressed. " I didn't like your painting much on the wall- " she said. At this, the man laughed. "Neither did I. But, I quite like it now..." Would you come for tea? " The man led the way to a bundle of vines that looked like they had just been raked into place and piled on the ground. He lifted up one side of it like a tent flap to reveal a lovely interior, like a livingroom at an elegant castle. "Would you come into my home for tea?" And he had such a kind way about him, that Blank thought, why not? And, her host was a perfect gentleman - explaining to her - how he painted painting but was never satisfied with the result- until -now. And right there, a deal was struck - that Blank would visit - everyso often, and he would have a new painting on the wall of the hill gallery, and she would take a nap on it, and take on the painting - and after that, she would have tea with the thin man in the elegant livingroom under the bundle of vines - and he would finally feel good about his painting - and Blank would get to enjoy a pleasant nap, and his perfect cup of tea.

Blank took an orange bus to go to a hill. The orange bus was not a typical bus colored orange - but rather, it was only a bus because she got on it like she would a bus. It was actually an orange fruit as big as a house. It was so large, that the pores of the skin were like windows, through which she could look out at the passing landscape filled with rabbits and snails, which gardened and tended little farms that humans came to at night and fed from. Blank situated herself on the orange bus between the skin and a large soft segment of orange which felt good on her back - a remarkable cushion. She was very comfortable. In time, she was a bit hungry, so she broke off a bit of the tip of her orange section cushion

and ate it. A little orange juice leaked out of the section, so she drank it, and liking it, she put her mouth on the cushion and drank her fill out of it - happily, the drink made the cushion adjust to her body a little more, and she felt as if she were resting in a very comfortable bed. Passing by the rabbit and snail farms and gardens, Blank wrote down a few words of description on a note pad with a carrot she had in her pocket, dipped in a little snail goo that had gotten on her shoe while walking to the orange bus. The lettering she wrote were shiny and transparent, but you could still read the letter by the light from the sky that passed through the orange pore windows to where she reclined. Feeling something moving in her pocket, she reached in and found a glow worm that had jumped in when she had visited a glow worm convention in a cave, earlier the same day. She held the worm up underneath her notebook page, and the light it cast made the letters move and form a story, which wrote itself, in multi colors of her liking, before her eyes.

According to the notebook story in snail goo letter under glow worm light, There was a rabbit who was tired of gardening one day, who wished to nap - so, the rabbit took a long nap, and during this nap, the rabbit dreamed a great dream.

In the rabbit dream, the rabbit had many friends from far away who e mailed him and told him they would like to come and visit, but, unknown to each other, they had all decided to visit at the same time. Well, the rabbit being very nice and always wanting to please, decided to ask all the e mail friends to come and stay for a visit. So, one day, many orange buses, which the rabbits also take to go from place to place when their big feet are tired, or, when they vacation, converged on the host rabbit's garden. None of them knew each other, so, they were all surprised when all of the rabbits got out at the same place. Rabbits abroad are very friendly to each other, so they were polite as they stepped from the orange bus, but, there were many kinds of rabbit spoken, and some could not communicate. Only the host rabbit could speak all their rabbit languages. So, he introduced all of them to each other, each in a different rabbit language, and explained the unusual situation. They all thought it was very funny, but, they were tired from travel the host could see, and needed to rest. Not having enough room for them all, the host went to visit a beaver family he knew from delivering them colored eggs at Easter time. The beaver family was happy to see him, and there was even a new, baby beaver to greet him - Jimmy was his name. And, other little beavers in the family, who he knew already- Karen, Betty, Allen, and Silvia. They gave him a bit of cheese and asked him the purpose of his visit. The host rabbit told they story - and the beavers knew immediately what to do. They quickly gathered themselves around and formed a work strategy - they are great effective workers and organizers. And, the beavers on the spot began work - and made a very fashionable and earth friendly hotel dam for all the hosts guest. Each had their own room, but with bunk beds incase several rabbits wanted to be in the same room, and, even, larger beds for some who wanted to sleep together were they to become that friendly. Now, the problem remained - of communicating between them - as the rabbit host had already talked so much introducing everyone and explaining that he was about to loss his voice. So, the host rabbit thanked the beavers, who he invited to perform as a percussion ensemble that evening as entertainment at the new hotel dam, and went on his way to the owl. The owl of course knew all languages - he was very old and had traveled through the night around the world - to ask "WHO?" as creatures slept - to give them all inquisitive dreams for their pleasure. So, the owl, saying of course he would help in perfect local rabbit dialect to the host rabbit, devised a universal rabbit language where every other word was a word from a different rabbit language. There was such broadly spread regularity and redundancy of language in the sentences spoken as examples, that any rabbit would be able to understand, and, very quickly learned how to use the new language of all the language parts. So, the owl made a visit to the rabbit garden, where the host led them all to the hotel dam - the beaver band began to perform percussive compositions which they composed together on stormy evenings, and the owl explained the language, using the language itself to explain, how to speak it - and, in moments the entire group of rabbits were speaking to each other, and even telling rabbit jokes, which crossed over their cultural separations.

There was sweet wine water brought from nearby apple tree fields, from the soil where the apples fell and fermented, and the entire gathering had a wonderful evening, and many hikes to local cultural sports to follow for several days. In the end, they were all friends, and many slept together in the large beds supplied just in case. When they departed at the end of their stay, they all promised to stay in touch, which they did, as they could all now speak in the common language of owl/ rabbit. The host was thought even more highly of, and felt great pride in being a humble local rabbit.

The napping rabbit woke up suddenly from his snooze and from his dream refreshed. He wondered at it - how fantastical - and laughed at himself, at how impossible it was - it was getting dark - the owl said "WHO" in this distance, and, there was a beep from down in inside the rabbit hole, and then another beep, and then, another - "WOW" he said to himself - I appear to have allot of new e mails, and he went in to read them. (-:

Blank put the glow worm back into her pocket, to be delivered back to its home later, and put away her notebook with its snail goo letters. "I wonder what I will find on the hill?" she speculated as she did so, and thought about what lay ahead on her most-interesting- already-journey.

...there was a brief invasion of feral chickens that lasted for about a week in the new desert gallery- Blank, as the new curator, was forced to deal with this problem- of chickens pecking at the art, turding in the street beside the artwork, and making so much noise that visitors to the gallery only heard "cluck cluck cluck" instead of explanation of artist direction and critical commentary.... she was smart of course, and was able to deal with the circumstance- as the wind who recruited her knew- she sprinkled seed along a path to the outskirts of town, where a party of pioneers had become stranded because of a broken wheel on their wagon- and, though not really hungry yet, (they had brought allot of food) used the circumstance as an excuse to begin to eat each other alive- seeing the chickens, they dropped their leg and arm bones of each other and ran after the chickens- because they wondered- if human meat really tasted like chicken- having never eaten chicken- so, out they ran into the desert after the chickens - who managed to find an oasis - and were free of pursuit- while the pilgrims became lost- and had to revert to eating each other- again- . Blank had saved the desert town gallery... for now.... The desert wind came suddenly, and made a winding whirlwind that passed from street to street in the desert town, as if a drunken walk, stirring the dirt from street to street, and in its wake, made spontaneous statues of each of the artists that Blank had met and had thoughts about in her many journeys; a southwestern gallery in what would become a ghost town, filled with a walking tour of performers and artists likenesses, as read from the mind of Blank, by this intelligent and supernatural wind from across the plains... only Blank knew these all at once, and held their stories of their contacts through her, so, only she could speak of them directly, in the way the wind had directed through its access to her mind... and so, Blank, the desert cowgirl, became the first curator of the desert town of "Dead Rocks" 's walking gallery...

The air blew at her back- and pushed her gentle- from its entry into the saloon as a breeze, passing over the swinging doors, to the shove it gave her as she went into the street, and saw its work- like a wax museum, but from the stuff of the street and earth- the fabrication of nature where once bad men murdered each other and vultures picked their bones- this place, now a strange apex of lowly struggle and high culture where maybe sense would be made and reason given, by this coercion of Blank, to a task she never asked for... desert curator of art and sand....

...Blank decided to hand out disclaimers on business card stock paper to visitors of desert gallery- "We do not condone or otherwise approve of eating of humans by humans within town limits, as artists and as edible humans..." this notice seemed to be effective, as the eating of humans while Blank was curator never occur again. (within town limits) i had been listening today in the car to Tibetan chanting on a cd, in the cd player i have there, while driving. Late in the day, i drove to the grocery store. After leaving the store, i got in the car and started to drive. At a light, i realized the volume of the cd was a little lower than i had had it- i could hear the chanting, but the volume had been turned down- so, i reached to the

cd player to turn it up- and, there was no cd player! As i sometimes do, i had taken the cd player out so it wouldn't get stolen, so, there was no cd player, no cd, no music! But, still, i could hear it. I listened inside the car and opened the windows to listen to outside to see if there was some drone that i might be hearing- there were no drones-, yet, i could still hear the chanting! It continued- i came to the library and sat in the car for a few minutes, listening to the chanting- that "wasn't there." the time was 6:44, car clock time, 6:40, my watch time, or 6:42, cell phone time. Isn't that amazing?

,,,Blank was taken by a sudden urge for mischief- so, she began to pull books from the stack of books on the bar- and asked the bartender to line up seven shots of whiskey- which he did with a crooked smile. She then took a book for each glass on the bar before her, and placed the book on top of the glass. As a bar trick, with no one but the bartender to witness, Blank then snatched the glass from beneath the first book in the line- she gulped it down- so quickly the book didn't even have time to hit the bar- then - she caught the book before it touched the bar- she read a passage from page 23- of Hegel's phenomenology- so quickly that she had finished it by the time her other hand had put the empty glass back down on the bar- so that the book was placed back on top of it from her other hand. She did this with the second glass and book arrangement she had made- of the whiskey shot and the book, Newton's Optics, page 23. The third, a whiskey shot and Thomas Jefferson's Bible (written from memory by Jefferson, his memorized bible verses) page 23, and a fourth whiskey and book, Rob Roy (page 23). By the time she had finished, the bartender had set up a booth on the street (only took a few moments) to sell tickets- to see this- but, alas, Blank had finished, and left the bar, having also downed her iced tea on top of the whiskey, with no reading for that. Using newspaper from the floor, she had fashioned a tall pope hat with a long tail like a bridal trail, of recent events of the town as written up in the local paper- it had a scraping sound as she passed by the bartender and into the street, and sent clouds of dust in her wake as she went to find rooms for the night. to be continued...

Once, there was a sickening smell that attracted attention. People from many villages and cities from around the world, traveled from far to smell the horrible smell- it was so horrible that people couldn't believe it, and went to it to experience it for themselves- in this way, it was attractive, like spectacular news of tragedies that a viewer or reader can't turn away from. But, in the same way, the person who experienced the smell was changed. They went away feeling hateful, cynical, and bad. They would frequently immediately change their somewhat balanced lives (divided between good and evil acts) into entirely devoted evil activities, putting gum under chairs, and leaving cigarette butts on the ground. The smell had the power to change, but the fascination was so great, like the tragedy or accident

on the highway, that no one really wanted it to end- rather, they wanted it to last, and they wanted the world to ssslllloooooowww ddddoowwn so they could experience the bad smell for longer. Remember, these were not completely bad people- they were perhaps half and half, but they smell required a complete an 100 percent commitment. So, bad it was that people became, compelled by the smell so horrible it peeled paint on houses for miles around it. Now it happened, that painters had jobs. New jobs. Lots of paint work. And it was found, after some time, that by using cell phones near the smell, the smell could travel over cell phone signals, and it began appearing around the world. At first, it was novelty; the smell would appear at one spot in a town, and people would flock-, then turn away in horror, but then, of course, turn back with excited interest. Of

course, Blank heard of all of this activity, and watched it take place from where she was, at first with only mild interest, then with cautious interpretation, and then with concern. There had been a stone in the street not far from where she lived which had begun to acquire the smell- maybe someone had stood on it while they received a cell phone call from the origin of the smell, and it had travel through the person, down their leg, through their toes and into the stone they stood on. But, now, how ever it had happened, the smell was close to home. Blank would have to act, as it appeared that the world was becoming a quite unlivable place. She packed a small bag with a changed of clothes and several pairs of pink socks (an extra pair to wear, a pair to give away, still with wrapping) and off she went. She went to the location of the smell- the source- people stood around it with heavy rings around their eyes-, walking back and forth, never able to completely believe the horrible smell, but needing to return again and again, as close as they could stand next to it, to smell it- Blank stood, at twenty feet, and breathed in. She breathed again, closing her eyes to sight and focusing on the smell. She moved forward. Ten feet away. She stood and breathed in, as if calculating, smelling the smell, thinking it, being it, turning it on its stomach and seeing how it was from there... they, walking forward, five feet- stopping- contemplation, three feet, two feet- and she was at the center of the smell. Next to where the smell arose was a small and not very distinct little plant. Blank looked at it and smiled. Without pause, she reached to the plant, broke off a little stem, squeezed it, and placed the tiny branch of the little mint plant on top of the smell. The stick was gone immediately. The people who wandered in circles around the site like Zombies quickly became conscious..."oh... I have things to do..." and they rushed off, one at a time, and then all together-... Blank wondered at what she had done, but knew that it was right- around the world, the balance changed, from committing evil, to committing evil and good as well, and the world was again in a balanced combat between forces. Blank's work was done for the moment, but she realized she had a text which was due... she leaned over and smell the mint that now arose from the spot that had a moment before been so horrible,- and returned to the business at hand, and the world was again without the horrible smell. Someone wrote "thank you Blank" with a skyrocket, but she was busy inside, writing a text for an artist friend, and didn't see it. (-: still, she could feel the love - my mind wandered today- time passed strangely- peacefully- i was somewhere else- near the end of the day- i approached several wall patches i had made earlier- one was almost perfectly round in shape- pure white in color- the bond had gone on quickly and without thought to shape- i took a piece of sandpaper to sand the texture down- i made a single stroke, a single pass- the surface of white came off of the largest part of it in an oval shape- the bond was still wet underneath- the color was an olive green- now, with a white ring around it of the dry compound; the circle- i made another pass through it with the sand paper- as the paper passed through, i saw there was left an uneven crimson triangle at the center of the olive green oval- the shape of a small cut on my thumb that had just come open and let out a small amount of blood- which left this mark at the center of the green- the triangle was centered

in a hazy smaller shape of white as if floating in a mist- another pass of paper revealed radiations of white that seemed to come from the triangle and fade as they approached the edge of the shape- like rays of sun through openings in clouds- and surrounding the triangle now were oblong disks of a lighter green that appeared to be traveling toward the center as if pulled by gravitation, in straight lines from all directions, and all positions around the shape- the effect was one of looking down into a galaxy- or into an enormous eye- i gazed at what had occurred here and as i watched, i say that it was fading all to white- from the outside of the shape inward- a part of a universe, closing, an eye, becoming sightless- and i watched as the entire shape became white- and as the blood dried- it too faded to a brown spot at the center- but i had seen it all- the progress of the patch- the birth of the hidden picture- its disappearance- through time like a play or performance- and it was a treasure that i give to you Blank.

When i was very little, we lived in northern Maine- there was a potato harvest season each year- schools let out, everyone worked in the fields- i was very little, but they let me run behind the tractor that turned up the soil- i looked for odd shaped potatoes- i always particularly searched for faces and heads- and i always found some, potatoes with growths and odd shaped areas, mouths, noses- i took them home and we put them in a row on the window sill until they got really old and wrinkled- when i was a few years older, but still a child, we grew potatoes in the garden- we always had allot and stored them in big potato bins my father built in the basement- i used to go down there and crawl on top of the potatoes in the bin- you could adjust them- move them around so they fit your body- they were hard and cold- and i would fall asleep on them- someday, i thought today, i would buy hundreds of pounds of potatoes, and you and i could sleep together on them-

one of the towns where i grew up was on the coast- a big industry in the town was the sardine canning factory- it employed hundreds of people of the town. One year, the building caught on fire, and we all went down to the waterfront to watch the plant burn. There were gas tanks at the back of the building, and finally as the fire progressed, the firemen pulled out and let it go, because it was clear the tanks would blow up. And in a little while, there was a big explosion, and the entire building went up in a big mushroom cloud, way over people's heads- . For a month after the fire, everyone walked the beaches there with bags- sardine cans washed up on the beaches- the cans were almost round in shape from the heat- they had been recooked in the fire- charred, bloated cans- the sardines inside were fine- so everyone went collecting- the canned fish from the sea- and ate for free.

One morning, Blank wanted to go on an adventure- she found Blankity Blank buried in some books of cat philosophy and kitten pedagogy in the window sill and asked him to join her, which depending on the day or his mood he would agree to or decline- but this day- he was feeling a little bored with the tedious studies he pursued, and decided he could join Blank for an adventure somewhere. Blank

rummaged through some adventure ideas, wrote them down, threw them in a stew pot on little pieces of paper, and reached in the pot, selecting one of the pieces of paper. "The Black Sea" the paper scrap said. "We go to the Black Sea, Blankity Blank!" and Blankity meowed approvingly.

So, the two packed some food for them both and a sweater for Blank, and set out for an adventure at the Black Sea. The way was long as they had chosen the scenic route, which was unfamiliar- it took them through city sections of large buildings, where lawyers carried stacks of paper in front of them that were stacked so high, they had to be led on leashes by assistants, and then, down wooded pathways overgrown by rattle trees, that generated a continuous chaos of jingling as the breeze blew through them, and as passerby like Blank and Blankity brushed them aside to progress. But it was a beauty sunny day, perfect for such adventures, and they enjoyed every sight that befell them. It seemed like many miles and days- light came and went, fireflies lit their way as fireflies do when they as in their "favor" season, in which all fireflies commit themselves to giving special favor to a certain number of creature in a day-, usually supplying light, as that is what they do best, but sometimes, also cleaning peoples eyeglasses off with they wings, which fireflies are also good at doing. So finally, though time passed by greatly and Blank and the professor consumed their sandwiches early on their way, they arrived at the Black Sea, minutes after they had started their adventure. It was beautiful- the water was a little rough- but the sun shined brightly- and the beach they happened on a specially sparkling grey color that made them both want to take off their shoes- even Blankity Blank wore shoes, and especially on walks, as you never know who, and what student, will see you out and about the town, and so, they both did take off their shoes- Blank put them in the basket she had packed that now was looped over one shoulder, and then they went running along the eternally glistening beach of the Black Sea. They ran and ran for what seemed like hours, then days, then months- but it might have only been minutes- running on sand can make you tired, as can the wind in your face, and it seemed a wind had stirred and now was whipping circles of sand in the air that looked like sparkling tornados. And now, it was getting dark- Blank yawned, and so did the professor. And it happened that just at this time, they walked upon an abandoned oyster shell that must have been six feet across- and perfectly formed to look like a lovely bed for them- Blank rummaged through her basket and found her favorite grass blanket, which she lined the oyster shell with- then she and the Blankity curled up in the shell and went to sleep.

And while they slept, the water rose higher- the wind became fierce- and the oyster shell with Blank and the Blankity was taken away by the rising water, swept to sea, and there it was spun in circles on the rim of a giant whirlpool. Blank and the Blankity, happily for them, slept right through this, as it would have been a terrifying experience. Now the whirlpool increased its pull, and if a

person were able to hover above it and look down, they would see that at the center, it appeared to go right down through the sea and into the earth- all manner of fish and creature poked their heads through the wall of its inside tunnel to look down in amazement at this wonder- and the oyster shell began a spin of shrinking circles from the rim to the center of the whirlpool, and then, straight down into the hollow shaft at its center, down through the ocean, and deep i speculated to Blankity who put one paw to his mouth to scratch, then, to look thoughtful, as if to say, "quite possibly, dear Blank... but i wonder what we have gotten ourselves into..." but Blank didn't hear this part of his internal dialog, only the first, his agreeing speculation- because she had already jumped out of the oyster shell, rolled up the grass blanket, and had jumped onto the soft sea moss plain that stretched out before them. It seem- that in the distance- there was a building structure- it almost looked like a castle of sorts- with towers and spirals and the sounds of distant trumpets of some kind-. So Blank and Blankity set out to the castle. After walking for a few minutes, it occurred to Blank that they were not alone. She saw a movement from the corner of her eye, and turned in that direction- there was a shape which quickly went underneath the soft bed on which they walked- and then, a sound like a squirrel laughing- Blank smiled- she loved the sounds of squirrel laughter- they were always telling each other about how they had chewed through something, or hid a nut on another squirrel- Blank understood, because, she was a little bit mischievous like that too. So, she let it go as if she hadn't seen the movement or heard the laughter.. walking on with Blankity . Then, again, a flurry of moving and laughing- they were getting braver, whatever they were. So, Blank and Blankity walked on until just the right time when she knew she could catch them off guard, and quickly grabbed then pulled back the sea moss where she had heard a noise- and there in front of her were seven shrimp people, with little pink faces, dressed in many colored pants and shirt, and rainbow shoes that curled up at the ends into tight spirals. At first, they attempted to flee- afraid, but then of course they saw Blank, with her kind, soft glance and gentle way- and smile- and they felt immediately safe- a little less so when they saw Blankity- they had an instinct about certain animals and things from the sea- but then they realized that the professor was a highly cultured and developed entity, and that they needn't fear the fact that he was a cat-.

So, they went about teaching Blank and Blankity a walking game that would get them to the castle, where they were also going, much faster- it was a kind of sideways spiral walk- they all held hands, and then began moving in a circle- one end of the circle would try to spiral inward, taking tighter steps while the other end would be trying to widen- the unlikely effect of this was that, with this walk that was much like a dance, and a lot of fun- they were all laughing- they were about to cover several times as much ground- and in no time

at all- except a very small amount of time that was closer to nothing than something, they all stood before the great castle. Now there was an opening that appeared in a wall where before, there had been no opening- this was easily done, because it seemed, the castle was made of sand- and a little shift at one locate would make great changes somewhere else- so, modifications were a momentary occurrence. The shrimp people laughed and beacons Blank and the professor into the castle- . Inside, they met many more of these friendly beings- they gathered around them, and made displays of their language, which was a dance and a walk that was continuous- Blank could see now that the shrimp beings were continuously in movement- even when they appeared to be still, if you looked closely, you could see little claws snapping legs going back and forth, sides swaying- they spoke with their movements, and even their laughter was only the effect of moving parts- a joyous shifting of cords and arching of muscles that was a celebration of their living. So, Blank began to move her body too, for awkwardly, and then, more naturally, as she was able to learn quickly, because of a naturally and then cultivated intellect which she housed in her- and the professor too say this wondrous game, and joined in. It seemed that it was possible to communicate great things in this way- a lots, too. Blank told them about the daily pleasantries of her life, her joys and stories, Blankity also described what it was like to be him, and the shrimp beings described the taste of certain foods they loved, their manner of relations, and simple governing which was really just an agriculture of sea plants and being healthy shrimp people, and the great celebrations they held for many times of the moment. The one thing they lacked, it seemed- was a daily record of their conversations- which they loved- they loved to dance and move and make their associated noises that came with the language- but it seemed, though their traditions passed on orally- they didn't repeat themselves- and the conversations held between them, which some would he liked to have heard instead of hearing about, but missed, simply disappeared- after occurring. This seemed to sadden some of them- they movement more slowly when this topic came up. Blank thought for a moment- then conferred with the professor- and went into her basket, which she had been carrying this whole time. "It seems, " Blank announced in her movements, swaying this way and that, a giggle still emerging from her mouth at the ease of this kind of immediate communication, "that we have the material here-" swaying, " to writing your language down" She produced a big pen and a notepad- "I would like to write your stories down, and teach you how to write them too- so you may enjoy more your people and the others who are no longer among you." There was a great stirring and swaying, clicking of little claws in happiness and satisfaction.

And so, Blank and Blankity spent days, months, and years with the gentle shrimp people, learning their ways, making their dances into words that they could hold for generations and pass from family to family- with diagrams of moving, and letters of limbs and

little claws- and Blank and Blankity became their beloved historians, and scholars, and honorary shrimp being- and were loved as no other had been before- in the tranquil cavern beneath the sea.

And Blank and the professor awoke on the sand- they had lay down on the grass blanket, just for a moment, and they must have been tired, because they went right to sleep- though now they woke- but odd, because Blank and Blankity Blank had had the same dream... They packed the blankets away in the basket and headed for home again, feeling strange but satisfied, a very good adventure had.

And it was many years later that a giant oyster shell was found deep beneath the ground, and inside it, a notebook which showed movements, and dances, and jumping and moving laughter, and within these jumps and movings written down, the stories of a very happy people who lived in peace and mutual joy, and the stories of their two scholars, who they respected loved and revered above all else, a certain Blank, and Blankity Blank.

So you have left I guess, my reader...- I'm glad you have spent time with family- parents and brother, or sister-in-law. I had a sentimental thought, it drags up another moment or two from the water- I hope you aren't bored to death with that from me- but I won't bring it up after this- it was just an image or two-. The time I was lost at sea, or, adrift- two connected things, and a tissue - The captain had cases of beer on board, on ice- the first hand had a big bag of marajuana- the captain drank beer and the first hand stayed stoned. I was sober as a judge as they say. I wanted to see it coming when ever it would happen. We were sinking, bailing water by hand in buckets- the bilge pump had broken down- the seams on the hull were being split by the battery- when we had tried to get back in, during the gale, before gas ran out, I had been at the wheel for a part of it- you cut into waves with the point of the boat, or you'll go sideways, and turn over in the wave- but its frightening- steering directly into a wall of water- and once- a wave higher than the boat- and I cut straight through it. The force of the water came in through the sides of the cabin and threw me against the wall- i had to scamper back and grab the wheel with the wind knocked out of me- but it was amazing, to feel that force against every inch of your body was quite astounding- it was humbling, and you realize you can't fight such forces. It was an impressive realization so physical. We were making no headway, just trying to keep the boat from overturning. The waves had subsiding a bit by the time we ran out of gas- then we simply drifted farther out to sea. A little later- engine stalled, drifting, I was on the deck- I was holding onto the stern- and a dot appeared in the sky- it grew larger- and a tiny brown bird lit on the railing on the side of the boat, next to where I held on- he gripped the rail with his feet- his body was bouncing up and down against the railing, his eyes were closed as be was battered- so far away from land- this was all he could find for a place to rest- I looked- I reached for him- that close- and he opened his eyes, and he was afraid of me- he let go. I watched him be swept up by wind into the air- he was trying to fly- spinning- and then another form in the sky- a seagull- which dove quickly at the finch and caught him, flying away, also struggling, battered by the wind- . I looked at us there. All these worlds within worlds, some predatory, some indifferent, you know- clutching for safety or fighting- in it-oblivion, beer- marijuana- a wave you have to face head on to overcome- a sober drowning- imagining my friends going down without knowing what was happening to them- i wanted to feel every second of it-no one has much really and the forces are so overpowering- what can we do? I am not a passive person because of these experiences, but sometimes I have what must be an existential sense of living. What I mean is, within this, all I can give is myself- i don't even know how, but, if I could be your railing, or your stone, or a metaphor you have that means more for you, I would like to be that - enjoy life, yes, but there is so little time, too- maybe someday I could be there to save you, if you need saving. Now I thinking of you laying

in bed typing with your eyes closed and I'm laughing again, pulled back from the brink of tears...

Blank was in the forest one afternoon and happened to look down as a leaf, which had fallen from a tree, landed at her feet. She bent over and picked it, turned it over in her hands and contemplated. ... "this seems like a perfectly good leaf," she thought to herself. "I wonder why the tree threw it away... it's certainly good enough for me," she thought to herself humbly, and put it into her satchel. As she continued on her way toward a grassy peak which she like to roll down from the top of, she came across yet another oddity. It was a twig. And not just any twig, but a perfectly good twig, one so perfect that Blank could not see why it had come off from the tree. "This forest sure is fickle" she thought to herself, picking up the twig and storing it in her satchel. After a while, she grew a little tired, so she came to rest at a little brook which ran down from the mountain, weaving back and forth across the footpath. She scooped some water out of the gently flowing current and tasted it- it was clear, cold and sweet- but as she went to scoop another handful, she saw from the corner of her eye a small puddle of water, a short distance from the stream, but not connected to it in any way. So Blank stepped over to the water, knelt down, scooped some water from it and drank. It was as clear, cold and sweet as the water from the stream. She couldn't for the life of her see why it wasn't in the stream. "What did you do that the stream has banished you? You are a perfectly delicious pool of water," and with that, she scooped the entire puddle of water into a bottle and continued. There was a clearing where she could see the sky, and even some small peaks below, so Blank walked through the opening and stood out on a ledge, looking down at treetops, rocks and tiny dots that must have been animals. And close by her, she saw a stack of rocks, resting in the dirt- and beyond that, some dirt that was resting in a pile of stones. "Well, I've about had it with this forest," she said out loud. "Just not good enough for you, are they?" and with that, Blank rounded up the stones that were sitting in the dirt, and collected the dirt that was sitting in the rocks and put them all in her satchel. Then she turned to the dirt that was on the ground. "Why did you make the dirt go on the rock pile?" and there was no answer. So then she turned to the rock pile. "And why did you make the rocks go on the dirt?" And again, there was no answer. "So Blank stormed away, heading downhill from the walk and away-. As she went, she noticed a puff of air that was stuffed inside a rotted log- "I won't even ask" she said, and quickly plucking the air from the rotted log, pushed it into her satchel. When Blank got home, she was very tired and a little sad. "Forests can be just as mean as people" she thought, put her satchel on the floor and crawled into bed. And when she woke up, she couldn't believe she was still in her room. Her satchel hung from a branch of a tall tree that had pushed its way through the ceiling. Leaves hung over her bed in a pleasant canopy-, there was a pool of clear water at the end of the room, and the floor was now a lush bed of soft rich dirt and moss. There was a little stone pathway around the bed, and the air smelled like spring- fresh and in bloom. There was a faint sound of growing things, a thankful song- for Blank, who now dwelt in a forest of her new and dear and very appreciative friends. So now is something smiling, or still disguised in ill feeling, old recollections... should pour then both away, to have none. Today, the green floor burns the feet. Maybe tomorrow the red, the air sings the hands) Tomorrow today, that too runs from finish line to start. Blurs suspended fill a room and then they spread without. Every other object stops this way, -. Between only goes, to turn to streams as flows around the rocks and limbs -. Swash. Blue. Melting, glass webs. The essence(s) as the listed humours and the add on element table is suctioned through the strainer. (a thick water) It is also made into a breathable powder for. (a thick atmosphere) An audience or something else like it wants to share in individual excellence or tendency. They should wait until the dawn to eat a ball of rice, and gather as the sun rises in a grass burnt field beside an empty house in between where three roads cross each other. They should share a single ball, so, what each person will eat depends completely on how many present, if they will equally share, so, it is a difficult calibration. It may be, one is more in want, or another less so, or aggressive and the splitting of the ball reveals the human imbalance. Conservatively shared, the last to receive may find, they have a larger share- ... On each, more openings have opened for breathing, communicating and eating. Unpredicted development.

Pathways carpet rolling out from rolled. Colored carpet, soft high low pile. Waves (the way hills wave, some places). The pocket seemed empty, but it was only because it was forgot what was being looked for. Soften density here. Turn up-side-down. Laconic. Breakful.

New cattle preferment made beasts by force do rings. No one has forgotten what it is like to walk outside in the sun. In the afternoon I spawned a breed, my ancestors, far flung, revolved the globe – in hemispheres like the white matter -, my frames are borders, gallery walls and book jackets. Though action and the sperm should constitute the paint. – And saw an animal on film too grainy I could tell was art house spliced together from some scraps – art house everywhere the same and factory farmers, hard judge impracticities -. Hard off to invent, and never showing – squinting, harsh eyes, seen too much to resist, but easy sucked into beautiful poison -. The simple poison man -. Words the cut or words the salt -... intension, the sweep of the arm ...

No difficulty and what remains appearance, curtains in the window, sun tanned lace -... fight and forced entry through the orderly glass to make in speckles on the floor, in shards, in crumbs that later find their way, along a leg invisible until a weight approaches them -... as where the fingers form, and waiting on them with a breath and then another held until the burst automatic, as the same of breath's first and of the brain control through nerve -... anticipating pounding to be made perfect or to fall apart before the next erratic strike -... waiting, wait, waiting for the strike -... waiting, wait waiting during sleep, and interrupt -... anticipation comes the dream that's stripped of sense -... a blanket ease and fear -... a sparrow nests attaching to a florescent light – the facing of the nest will tell which house a strong child will be born -... the place we bedded down -... ultra-sound, pounding -... agents, aliens -, seeds, and germ -... sent away, and dressing behind the heavy door. The long division beginning, pictured perfected by the framing, and the trimming of the subject, with a blade, and, the heated wire, sealing where the cut should bleed -... for camera -...where welling, as orange skin -... lungs might refuse to blow, standing barred windows, gecko on the wall, and dog prints appearing on the bathroom floor -... coffee and hamburger with egg – hot, the florist and neon signs threatening to pull down the sides of the buildings – for walking and sun, for cool wall of cement interiors -... the rare and carbonated water... leaning figures, tall figures, -... coming out from shops to watch the westerner go back, he dragging sticks and followed by a crowd too pulling their own -... procession for what god they are wondering -... going past the temple, it is three hundred years old, like a cave inside, carved ornate with faces and red - and stone of dragon and lion with giant testicles -... not to export -... failed attempting, succeeded to produce a corner, cement, impressions, imagined consequence of past sins, confusions, ... testing, of the others being used to measure, -... they have said it, they have never had before, a thing, like, you have now -... as now...stopping, starting, strings to legs, to catch beneath the car and tire, and, inside the motorcycle hub, and catch -... walking, with a string, to catch the cars, and catch the tires, and, while tires sleep, a board is put on top and over wheels, to keep it them clean, to keep the dog from peeing on the wheel(s). Broken wrist awakes from sleeping sicknesses -... sunken eyes have farther to look out though are watching more -... success to me, breaking poems -. Wading out in air, to it, to swim it every day, from in to out. Thirty two thousand flushing sounds, of tap or stream or swish of leaking, breaking pipes or popping of a metal from an air of cold or heat, river, jump start, bulk of many single art production. A thing that drives to no end it is often caught in making note of all the journey with no cause -. Sometimes one was little but forgot the state. Remembered, reacquire native instincts.

Wells stopped up, by paper, ink of squid. This is the water, taking form, borrowing from contains, walls and spaces provided by gravity. But we should love gravity, as it is the only true home. Feeling it, each day, calling, from waking to its final pull related to the sleep and subconscious. Finally, its hand in the dying away. And food memory, the fish soup on my hands from the night before -... the window, cold

and dangled on the street, because, where you would work or sleep is just as cold -... the situation tries, and speaks in seductions, and influence with the snake, using wind sounds forming words close to the ear. Popular, who taking over operations local from the tall blue faced deity would cover anything it sees with plastic skin, just like a kitchen god, or leftover king -... someone guiding any thing -. Human helpless, human petty, human greedy small and sinking farther back until recedes the planet. Revere, a flawed selfish but effective giant -... and resume, the actions of a piece of dust. It is, reflective, that there is servitude to the lesser, to the opportune defective, to the undeserving example and, that we should placate and do it long to the ground. And cast the eyes elsewhere, as if to make a plan of where to run or hide. It is, the peasant's way. It is, for factory enslaved. As where the fingers form, and as to that, it comes the promise to be seen, but questions what arises to be asked, to be seen some to be seen but not enough, as demands it always more and know completely, where the fingers grow, and why it sleeps, and when, will it be moving, back and forth? Philosophy in standing to the hill, a first question, always put the first thing first, so postponed moving to the next, which outside of the range of thought, may be still necessary, such to eat or somehow else sustain outside the exercise of thought to sharpen wit?. As now, forms the question, what is it to ask, and who. And, which is statement hidden in humility. Not turning up the sentence end to implore. Confidence. Casting wood, to floor, as casting eyes... to fortune – there is – a question street – beaded doorways, red paper, bird cages, scraps, leaves, wood blocks, cold dark local rooms, gongs, figure headed both with balls and with no balls, flaccid and erect and neutered. Ask. The questions, those that burn. Even, mothers, during mono theism still, found a toy, the amulet, dangled on a neck chain, on a paper marked as yes and no for answering, is pressing hard, to make the apparatus operate as if, a compass, pointed where to go, to yes, to no, and wondered, what, so pressing, unanswered by the mono God -. What thing, of daily bread, or beyond, as if, a clue would come, for me, arriving on a dying bed, to call out eyes squeezed tight, “I want my mother” hard and painful as it was to force a lung to say for wind, but give the thought the life of words in air – and last things, point? To questions past, where is my mother now, and why, is it, a lifetime of the trust, to question something other, knowing having asked, the mono God had chose, to leave unanswered. Eyes squeezed tight, eyes squeezed tight. How much to squeeze them out candles. It is always a dream, as at a story end.

Going, being. Where the place is. Amniotic fluid curves the air. Tide was it, morning or dusk that made the home a beach or a mudflat-... of where we sit in each fair land, tells a tale, of someone traveled and someone stayed and in a story (Joyce) contrast the two to make conceit. How dumb, in the quiet of thought bubbles but for when they pop and wake us – gone. The bake filled something in the seaport, legend mix of battery and myth as manifest like days in falling flesh, in low places, in rubber boots and yellow raincoats, and moth eaten sweaters too-. If it forms a question might it become where is the concentration of the whole. And, where has the bad habit come from, or where has it gone to, is it tired out. And, songs of pasts, and distant suns, and pounded bricks and hammers broke on granite steps to bust and sledgehammers and practical things... and think, is there in that one thing and two to give the next, of all that, of all that uselessness as well, to lay on burden to dump on to be selfish and relieve, when good and well, each one coming blank will have it piled on for itself, to best, to leave alone, to bury in oneself, and be it, buried in it too. Dump on, would a person if same, pile, in a stack onto a metal pin (remembering the bait pin piecing fish bait hooking on a string, the trap, and sliding down the fish onto the string inside the trap the contents of the pin – and would a man dump that out, like those dead fish from his through lifetime of controlling gaining, pinned it good, relieve it with a slide onto a string to catch a thing... and as in that, to push the faces so associated with ones' stack, onto a pin, and feed it into such a blank and fresh and empty innocent a place – as on a blank and freshly raveled cotton string... what is fair, and what it... what of... what is... self-served, and what is best buried in the ground.

Throw the wood for, ask the undeserved, the overseer, the drunken or the glutton god, or amulet, are those, those question it is a question. Ask it, when best to just
Shut up. Some ReMemory speak. The rural, like the urban and the foreign traps, come up, emerge.

At the Farmhouse

Digging the well
they found
the decomposed
body of a baby.
It was on a farmhouse
with a field before
it was a commune
and before
it was abandoned
and resold.
A retired
theatre director
from New York
bought it up
and was fixing it
when
they came across
the corpse.
There was no mystery.
Hippies, like commies
kill their babies
like
they live loose
and want to
destroy society.
Yet, the new owner
from out of town
felt less sure
of his new neighbors.

Working on the Water

Sometimes
I want to be on the water
because
it can take choices out of your hands
and drive you to destruction
and throw water
in your face
when you don't expect it
and cold salt water in the sun
when you're not braced for it

is the most refreshing
single thing,
even if
you're on your way
to drowning.

AND

Chuck in a Trap

When Chuck was in the trap
I used to visit him.
Outside his house.
His mother went to work
at the packing plant.
Outside his house.
In the yard out back,
the lobster trap
was Chucks daycare,
it kept him out of mischief,
though other children
stuck him with sticks
and prodded him, all helpless there.
I would come to see him
and chase them off with rocks sometimes
and then Chuck and I me would talk
about the legends of our stretch of road
and woods
and water.

Chucks Mother

His mother used to put him in the trap
when he was bad
but then his father disappeared from sight,
and his mother had to
go to work at the plant
and on the weekend too
and then she would put Chuck
in the trap outback
while she was gone
and I could see as a monger even
that Charlie was getting
messed up.

The Mother Chased

Once Chucks mother came home

and I was fighting with some mongers
who were tormenting Chuck with sticks.
She walked across the yard really slow
the mongers stopped but didn't move
to see what she was doing, she was acting weird
and tentative.
And then, she grabbed a board that layed there
all full of nails like her
and ran at the mongers so fast
no adult should be allowed
and the mongers scattered, terrified,
the squat white haired toothless woman
surging and raving
"Don't you hurt my Charlie!"
up the street
blocks and escape into the woods and
backyards and under overturned boats.

Chuck Grew Out

In time he didn't fit into the trap
and this was graduation
left to be more a man and mischief.
On a Saturday I used to walk long miles
to see Chuck, there at his house in the morning.
Inside the door, his mother sitting at the old
metal table and yellow shades
drawn, reading the localest paper, toothless mumbling
sounds
Chuck was having instant coffee with her
having a bowl of mushroom soup
and the silence thick as pillow stuffing
in the ears and
had I been more removed
would have heard my own body sounds.
In the other room was
the hospital bed his mother slept on, all made
and another hospital cot
for Chuck with sheets turned down.

Dale

We walked up the street and around
where there was a front way and back way
houses sparse boats in yards and traps
in repair.
We'd walk by the boarding house that had a few
rooms and a falling-in porch.

Sometimes Dale would be outside
in a chair. Here he was someone
no one paid mind to, not a man
but just an old kid who was legend to us,
who had stacks of books on the floor
in his empty room.
He read books on ESP, flying saucers,
and abominable snowmen, hundreds stacked
trophies of his obsessive use of wasted time
his legend he said he read five hundred words a minute
he would give us books
flying saucers and
a rain of frogs or newts.
Dale worked at the plant
the sardine packing plant
and always smelled like fish,
and talked about the realm
beyond the senses.

Initiations

A ways away there was a greyhound bus stop
once in a while my father would go calling
at the hospital a ways away
and I'd go along, to look at paperbacks
at the bus stop.
They had some of Dale's books
but they also had stories like
H.P. Lovecraft and Poe and
other things I read like
Alfred Hitchcock presents. I read them
slower than Dale but they let me see
more than the world no beyond the senses.
Chuck read them too
and now we could look around
and see things extra from what was left.
The woods and old dumps, fallen in houses overgrown
became the blasted hearths the site of ritual
sacrifice, murdered wives abduction grounds
of men who came back
growing extra eyebrows, increased IQ
and mysterious burns.
That was where Chuck and me
spent time walking around.
Now the cemetery looked alive
and at night we snuck away
the cemetery tomb with the broken lock
had the box of dirt over which

we divined with an amulet and tried
to talk to the dead.
The moon on marble stones outside
the rustles of animals in the woods adjoined
drew breath and made the minds dwell
in the extra space not occupied
by broken things, or hard or hitting,
even though the stories lodged in these
might exceed the weight and break and impact of
the drunkest fisherman or
the longest years of grime beneath the nails
of someone at the plant.

Dale Knew Doug

Doug knew Dale because
sometimes Dale went to church.
My father was the pastor
of the next church over
but Doug was the youngest pastor
of the local church where Chuck lived.
Doug spoke cautiously to me, polite
he revered my older father whos
own legend spread broadly from his parish.
Doug did parsonage repair himself, we'd see him
on the roof with shingles and a hammer,
or fixing church steps.
When Chuck and me both learned to strum guitar,
Doug was high revered, he knew chords up the neck
and barred chords too,
great secrets of musicianship
and fixed the pulpit stage of church
with microphones and PA for
evening service music.
His wife sang while she strummed,
she took the popular songs
learned them and then wrote
her own Christian lyrics to
replace the godless words so that
rain drops keep falling on my head
became
Jesus keeps knocking at my heart.
Mysteries compounded
the secrets of instruments and competence
transforming of the songs we knew
into the atmospheres of narrower worlds
everything fit.
Sometimes Doug

would let Chuck help him pound nails
like would a dad.

The Plant and Fire

When the packing plant burned
the town turned out
slack jawed amazed horror
but mostly not to miss it.
Burned and burned, and then
the firemen fled, the building was too far gone,
the gas tanks in behind too close.
Police pushed crowds back
and then a muffled splitting boom
a column of fire straight up to the sky
a black and gray cloud rolling from the top
a shower of boards and metal slim and fat
appearing appeared as they fell
piecing cabins of boats in the harbor below
sinking dories children pressing hands over ears
deafened, one or two.
For weeks
the puffed out cans of sardines
washed up on the shores, while
Chucks mother and Dale too
wondered where they could work.

Related to Fire, Fire Relatives

Volunteer firemen, first on the scene.
Billy went along with them
to help flick hose or run and get.
Billy Moss, youngest twin, youngest of
three brothers, twins with matching
sixty someodd IQ too, Billy and Bobby,
oldest sibling Bunny older by years
and deadly dangerous man everything
in reach of him a weapon.
But harmless Billy worked his way.
Every time the fire engine went out
he made ten dollars.
He found setting grassfires
was a perfect way to bring home more.
Bobby came to our house once
councilled as my father called it
I could listen through the ceiling grate
Bobby had stuck a girl up the road
she was fourteen like a dog he said

pregnant couldn't help it, in heat
fucked him he could fuck like dogs.
Dad advised, like some other who
cut his arm or took too much drugs
Dad thought less of them every day
all too stupid to do the right things.

Brother Bunny

Bunny was around and
Bunny was gone, no one
knew his business which in little places
would seem to be a great and very intentional
feat, but Bunny wouldn't have cared. Bunny
was out of town sometimes in jail somewhere or
out of town to keep from jail.
What business was for Bunny was maybe
fighting stealing money or selling drugs somewhere
and committing other sin, sometimes the nature of which
would dribble back from
victims or family. Bunnys business for the most part
was too extreme to be imagined by
god fearing or simple folks humble.
But some contempt and fear
can be tinged with awe or gross respect
and piled on stories of Bunny with other
manifested doubt of darkness and of ruin.

Mosses Clump

But Mosses clump, so
it was hard to talk about the one
without them all, so intertwined
perhaps one,
husband-father-brother.
The oldest Moss, Vera or Verna
heavy three hundred pounds short five four foot
stray gray hair pushing out
all over her head, chain smoking drugs
on a stump
outside a house filled with thirty cats
and broken furniture.
Her oldest was Bunny
he maybe shared the bed with her
or maybe she just crawled
in somewhere with him
reputed father of his brothers
twins Billy and Bobby,

famed slow wits.

No one knew where they got their land and house from,
but it was theirs and there it was.

Roses and turnips grew together through
a jumble of chicken wire and lattice,
tractor parts rusted in muddy ruts.

Despite the wrecks of cars around their yard
they never knew the wheel,
they dragged their boards of rocks and alders
bundled up behind them like in an oxen pull
at the county fair next to the titty show.

Vera or Verna Died

Vera or Verna died.

Bunny was off in jail.

Billy and Bobby didn't really understand
her dead on the bed

so they left her for a week

but the smell was worse and worse

beyond the droppings of a thousand cats

or any ratty rug beyond the senses,

so they did what she'd wanted

half Indian recollection, half baked by drugged bewildered mind,

they tied her body to some pine bows

and Billy and Bobby went to dragging it across the ruts

and onto the logging road behind the house

toward the dump, where Vera or Verna could

find her rest

wherever there might be a fire

burning just now.

But she was buried in the ground

like any Christian

the sled spotted from the road

reported to the sheriff, and stopped.

Vera or Verna went in the ground

like any body else.

Dad vs. Bunny

Dad had run-in with Bunny once

Bunny held a gun to Billy and Bobby and Vera or Verna

lined up against a wall in

the stinking house.

Dad was calling like a minister was want to

and without patter walked up to Bunny

and took away his gun.

Men feared Dad

as did other living things.

The Secret of Vera or Vera and Bunny

If Vera or Verna was ageless
maybe a witch
than Bunny might have been fathered
by an older brother
as he himself had fathered his younger two brothers
by Vera or Verna
because
Bunny was a senseless
thing
and angry and mad as Billy and Bobby
were dumb.

Bad Bunny

She thought she heard something
outside her house
but she didn't call her son
or the sheriff
although she was elderly
and frail.
She locked the door.
Bunny broke a window and thrust himself into the house
through the kitchen.
He pulled the phone out of the wall
dragged Agnes by the hair into the dining room
took a doily out of a drawer
and took her outside the house
and into the woods upback.
He fucked her raped her like a crazed itching man
then left her on a nearby roadside
with the doily draped over her crotch.
Someone else had seen
Bunny prowling about that night and
called the sheriff so when the sheriff
found Agnes he knew
Bunny was to blame.
Someone broke into the Annex Museum,
an alarm went off,
police converged.
Bunny took an antique sword from the wall
and skewered three cops
before one shot his kneecap off.
Agnes passed but only indirectly later
she was old so who could truly trace the cause

her son could, Art had vowed to murder
Bunny
when he got out of jail
in seven years.

More Bad Bunny

The local chapter of
the NSKK bike club were
swimming at the quarry, their
motorcycles lined all along the edge.
Bunny drove his truck down to the quarry
but couldn't get near the water for the bikes.
He started kicking bikes into the quarry.
A dozen naked bikers were
quickly on him
ripping and punching and tearing until
Bunny'd had enough and
threw them off and half broken
got a clam hoe from the back of his
truck
and punctured every one of them
with holes
and there was a row of
ambulances fire engines and police
all the way up the side road.
Bunny had pretty much
eliminated the local chapter of
the Nazi Socialist Ku Klux Club
but not to be good.

Reading by Myself

Dad took Wanda with the black eye and three kids out.
He got the local Masons to pitch emergency money to put them in a motel
and then he rescued her, her angry husband half
passed out in a chair, my father led them out
his crowbar clenched ready in one fist.
The drunk kept calling our house, heard Dad say
"Oh, yeah?"
on the phone and hang up.
Home alone mom worked Dad out calling
I loaded up the twelve gauge double barrel
that used to be my grandfathers.
I moved the stuffed chair around
to face the front door and
sat on the sofa with my stack of
tattered paperbacks on the floor,

resting the barrel of the gun
across the arm of the stuffed chair
pointed toward the front door and cocked
both hammers
when I was gorilla educating and
the angry husband never came through the door.

Eulogy for Steven Standard and Others who Drown or Choke

1
Fleeting spirit
runs across the crests at night
fleeing what it dropped
inside the car
in the parking lot
at the lighthouse
late.

2
Shifting
in this water
on the wave
anticipating the rocking
the pendular swing
the lull, rise fall
which even when approaching
moves away.

3
It remembers in a form of memory,
sand
broken arms
cold tall cans of beer.

4
Who was there to
bear witness
was it it was
some loud tarts
with hair lip
and pulled down faces
lifting up dresses
dirty souled
and crotch display
town girls
punched out front toothed men
falling into closed windows
at the foot of the stairs

while others
flee.

Suspicious Fires

1
Nuberts turn to smoke
of eleven
in one old house at night
was lighted up like day.

2
Another
across a field
the wind sucked destroyer
all the way past it
and right through one
sleeping codger.

3
The nylon rope
caught up and
blazed like fuses
the factory
a million candle power
melting all
the snow.

4
Fire was spelled
on the blind face
with water.

Klein's Boots

Klein burned his boots
his feet up on the wood in his kitchen
fell to sleep
and rubber smell burning filled the room
He was the Patriot
Andy painted him
but right now more just silly, forgetful
tired from his saw mill,
rubber burning,
woke up fast, a no-toothed-faced surprised.
I saw him cutting lumber on a saw
run the mill by himself and
never lost a thumb

standing in his rubber boots.
I saw him too
a perfect picture of a man (in a helmet) WWI vintage
on his head, in a salute to a prideful self
American in arms.
It wasn't an old photograph
but it was his portrait.

Klein Parade

My father gave the 4th parade address,
he acknowledged the Gold Star Mothers,
the Legion, the Grange and Masons, all
who marched in pins and caps
and women with mustaches
and lamb skin aprons,
then in special place
saluting Ralph
who'd stood saluting
from a Chevy convertible
back seat, standing
side to side
the patriot
emblematic
me, I played the taps
in the cemetery
though my throat was
slightly triggered
by the blowing and the marching earlier
a kid hung over
(vodka) from teenage night before
the 4th.

Old Enough

When I was old enough to use a gun
I went deer hunting
and bird and squirrel hunting by myself in quiet time
logging roads and weaving walks
through tall pines off the roads.
There were red squirrels everywhere
I'd spend an afternoon and shoot a bag full
seven, ten or more loading me down
and Dad said eat what you shoot
so I butchered them and pan fried
the little legs
deep nutty meat I'd never forget.
I used a bird gun

a single shot 410 but I loved that gun
and cleaned and oiled it
kept the barrel blue and the stock
shiny, trigger and hammer parts lubricated.
It would be fine and presentable like
a museum piece
but shoot and the barrel was sprinkled inside
with little particles
a puff of smoke would waft from the end beneath the bead
and the smell of gunpowder would strike the nostril
effects of use, of action, breathe in deep
I'd always fill my lungs
and crack it open and eject the shell, smoking,
another waft,
look down the barrel
at the powder bits of grunge.
Get my bead on a squirrel
shoot and see it drop from the tree top
hear my bang echo while it falls
the hunter is here.

Clayson's Loaner

Clayson Coffin let me use his gun
it was a Three Hundred Savage
the words roll off my tongue,
Three Hundred Savage
to this day.
He'd sawed off half the stock
and fitted it with a rubber butt
the lightened the gun
while reducing the hit on the shoulder
to a friendly bounce.
It had a pump to put
the first bullet in the chamber
and then it loaded itself
from the magazine
as fast as you could squeeze them off.
A hearty deer gun.
He said that I could use it
but he never asked for it back,
the gift of what to say
when asked what you are hunting with
308, 30 ought 6,
no, a Three Hundred Savage,
the gun that rolls off
the tongue.

My Borrowed Gun

My borrowed gun
gave me hunting privilege with Clayson
like he could watch me use it or
show me how to do something special with it,
though he never referred to it like a ship or a lady.
Once Clayson said he'd take me hunting
up north.
We left at night
arrived at a spot after parking
then walking through the woods
and it was four A.M.
He sat us down on a hill
overlooking three converging hoof tread paths.
He kept us there motionless until noon
mice running over our feet
eyes fixed on the crossways-
finally releasing us as he stood
with a
"well..."
like my father would to signal leaving.
"I know where we'll find a deer."
I followed him, he took the lead.
Through then off any path
we came at last to a pile of alders
pulling them aside
we found a fully dressed
and stiff and dead deer
"Put your bullet in it"
he said.
I raised the gun to my shoulder
and put one through the deer's.
We dragged it through the woods
and roped it to the truck
and at the tagging station,
they laughed at me
tagging a frozen deer.
And Clayson could still go out hunting
even though he'd shot a deer
a day before.

In Front of Clayson's House

There was a field beside Clayson's house
and there were apple trees in it
and every season when the trees
would be heavy like milk cows

they'd pick the apples
and put them in bags
and baskets out in front of the house
beside the road with a cardboard sign
"take some" it said.
On the front lawn
was a big old rusty ship's anchor
huge enough, it might hold the house
in the deluge.
Sometimes I'd see Andy
on the roadside
sitting cross-legged on the hood of his jeep
sketching the anchor.
I never asked but
always thought it was likely
from one of Clayson's ships.
He'd captained ships since he was nineteen
when he got his masters of the sea
and had been on the water since the age of nine
when he shipped out as a deck hand
and now eight-seven.
Now he went on hunting trips, wore the lamb skin apron
and put his foot up in his living room
because of circulation.
From the widow's walk atop Clayson's house
you could look out to the harbor
and the sea beyond the mouth.
But he'd outlived his wife
now bottled up here
with his sister
and his sister-in-law
who both were old as him
and sported thick white bristled mustaches
while Clayson's lip was clear.
Clayson Peaceful

One Year Clayson must have been ninety
he went hunting by himself up north
the way he liked to do, in his truck
and gone for days
he was driving back without a deer
up the road toward his house where
his sister and sister-in-law waited
for his return as I imagine
a car behind him, the Miller kid,
son of Dave Miller of Miller's Used Cars up the road
watched as Clayson slowed way down
and pulled his truck on the shoulder of the road

and stopped
and turned off the ignition.
Miller pulled up behind and got out
because it seemed funny for Clayson
to stop a hundred feet from his driveway.
When Miller went to the window of Clayson's truck
he could see the window was open
just like Clayson's eyes
as he rested his head against the dashboard dead.
No one thought this an imperfect end.

Philosophy

He administered
the Bible and the crowbar
the way the Lord
administered with
heat and light on earth.
Evil and ignorant ignorance
not sleeping
but actively would fain sleep or tremble
under two unblinking eyes
the dark robed father
with mind set in an older world.
Dad unflinching
could not be pushed
he was the wall.
As a child I fled
I would run
but when he followed even more enraged
I would find a place and stop, and belly up
submit unless and maybe
lessen rage.
Mother hanging clothes
Frisky the cat scratched her leg in a mock hunt
I saw it from the window
Dad flew in the door grabbed my grandfather's shotgun
and went back out.
He caught the cat who'd bellied-up in fateful fear
and put him on the chopping block for chickens and rabbits
stepped back a few feet
Frisky smelling frenzy of rage
and both barrels exploding
sent Frisky into
a thousand directions
of space and the lawn
so scattered apart
my mother walked inside

to tend her scratched leg.
In such ways would Dad be appeased.

Axel

Axel was a Swede
he had a little house
it was half way down the peninsula
it had a little front lawn and
I mowed his lawn.
He was very old
he almost never went outside
he had a half Korean nephew
who brought him groceries
just like I came to mow his lawn.
When I was finished I'd go inside
but he wouldn't pay me right away
he'd have me sit at the table with him
while he talked.
He came here in his teens
and worked the biggest stretch of his life
in the granite pit in Rockland
and he told me a story about the
driving foreman and how once he swore he'd see him begging oneday
and sure enough someday
he saw him begging and spit on him.
And then he had a wife
he'd mention her and pause
and indicate the wooden wheelchair always present
how he mistreated her, how he didn't appreciate
until she was gone and how God must forgive
him for something
but he always stopped his story here
and paid me and I'd go
these two stories always the same,
the first a round tale of
work, abuse and revenge
and the second a vague litany
with a fearful incomplete resolution,
drawn short by the frame
of the world
of mowing and of paying.
A few years later his nephew Fred
had a party at the house
it got loud with drinking
and other things
and Steven Standard fell through
a window at the bottom of the stairs.

I guessed that Axel had died
though it seemed his
penance had been
to lived.

Pulling Traps

The history of the lobster pot;
angry men who's rocking boats
dislodge benevolence
and set it drifting like
the bouy that's cut.

Once Clayson Coffin even
shot up the bow of a boat
of someone out one early dawn
to pull up Clayson's couple traps
the story not from him but
from history.

And like the man who's traps
were empty all the time
who smelled a thief in his water
and lined his own ropes
with razor blades all the way
down to the traps
and yes they found a floating thief
adrift in a dory bled his hands
half slit off from pulling
razored rope.

And but then what about
the thief that wasn't but
instead was something else
when one man saw another in the distance over water
doing what looked like hauling the first man's traps
the first man sped toward the second but then
couldn't see him, just an empty dory
but then when he pulled his trap
which wasn't easy because it was heavy
he found the second man
had killed himself by roping
his leg to the lobster pot
and following it down.

And then there was Shannon
who went out early in a fog
to catch the man who pulled his traps
and when he caught him beat him to death
and sent him drifting in his boat
then went back about his work until he was arrested
and spent fourteen years in jail for the killing

and then when he got out
I worked for him
and heard the tale from him
Factory Rope

Melting nylon smells
like nothing other
make your splices count
because they're counting too, and
the Navy doesn't like
too many splices in inspected lengths, and
contracts count as well.
The wealth of what you add
in honest hardened hands
callused with burn and plastic gobs fused in fingerprints
who's or was dumbest in your class
you, someone less? Then bet he's here
and making rope and too many cuts
with the heat bar.
Dumb?
I do not want to be
but here I am
and who
can argue fact?
There are other facts too,
and facts go flying off of wheels
and jam in engines
making hollow bin imploding noises
even in this din that flattens sound.
A tall blond we
had named the Swede
I guessed he was thick accented
and a thinker,
he had plans and then just did it,
organized gauge of rope
into separate bins for each
most obvious but not the way
before the coming of the Swede.
Now they raised him up
and elevated his status
once a lowly spinner of bobbins on the number three machine
he oversaw.
His system of order
hadn't really changed a thing, or made the operation faster but
the need for tall and blond hero
superseded and the hunchbacks and the deaf
praised as one.
In his reign were many things

and
accidents of extremes
and disregards
with low intent.
With motor coverings off for quick accessing
for repair, a Swedish innovation,
they too were quick to nick off fingertips and joints
and decibels also raised to high degrees
and ear protection banned for hearing foremen's yell
a pallor in the ears
as if sound stared into the sun and lost its sight to spotty
after image of the glare.
This too, and all else
came to pass
in Rope's name.

Chuck Shaved

Chuck shaved his arms.
He came over when it was already dark
and we sat at the kitchen table
with a pot of coffee and a Franklin typewriter
taking turns, writing to top each other.
Chuck had some stubble on his arms
I asked him and he said he shaved his arms
so they'd grow hairy and manly
and he said
he also shaved his chest.
He told me
that he went up in the woods behind the library
with Angela
they took off their clothes
and she rode around on his shoulders
he said her snatch against his neck
made him go off.

Dad Made Another Fearless Intervention

There was a house-like-a-dump
the children went to school hungry and dirty
and frequently missed.
Social Services was called in
but was scared off by
the Doberman they kept.
The house-like-a-dump was within my father's parish
which meant a certain thing to him.
He went calling on them
but came home, car shooting up the drive

and he came out his pants in shreds
and blood all over his legs.
He came inside
put on a pair of work pants
while he huffed and breathed heavily
went to the shed and got a crowbar
without a word
he drove back to the house-like-a-dump.
The tenant let the dog out on him again.
Dad split the dogs head in two pieces
with the crowbar and
walked into the house.
The tenant put in fear,
Dad called Social Services
to send someone over now
to see why
the children weren't in school.

The Rope Factory Nightmare

A man is tending a rope spinner
it is
a big engine
winding twine from ten separate spools on a
long metal rack
that feeds into a center hole
that twists the twines
and wraps them on a drum
into a thick
thick rope.
On the metal rack
is a heat bar.
When a spool is low
you cut the twine on the bar
replace the spool with a full one
and then splice the ends together
this is easy when
one spool runs out at a time
but the nightmare is
that every spool is running out
at once and
there's a foreman near
who menaces you with a wrench
that
if he's angered he will let fly
in a violent and wild throw
and you never arrive
and you never go home

this is eternity.

The Fish Bait Nightmare

The lobster boat is in a fog
predawn just dawn breaking
up to a wharf
the wharf is high above
the cabin of the boat is several feet below.
The tide is low.
The sound of pitchforks
thrusting into soft matter making
a distinct and only sound
comes down to my ears
and is followed by a rain of flounders
lobster bait that falls through the fog
from an unseen source above
and I
must pitch them into bait bins on the boat
but I can't
keep up
I'm struck by old and slimy fish
that's falling faster through the mist
and I slip helplessly
behind as I'm overcome
by bait.

Eric and Steven

Two eggs, Eric and Steven Standard
too subtly weird
to be inside a carny or a freakshow or
the Union Fair
also subtle in a beauty not grotesque
though behavior might make
one reconsider what a human really is.
Two eggs were years apart
no father near raised by a mother or an older sister
no one sees
yet Steven and Eric so alike as
to be identical twins so strong the strain
or strand between them
dice thrown twice the same.
Eric, don't know much of Eric now
everything I know but how he looked
had drifted away
but Steven burned into eye and mind
the elder of the two by years

the more pronounced perhaps
evolving faster in self possession
inconsiderate of what else
no fear, no tolerance
all self same.

Steven

Quit school in grade school
was an adult enough for him.
From a window in his house
he shot the neighbor's dog
while the neighbor walked it by the house
shot the dog right out from underneath
his heels.
In grades, he had reached adult proportions
he was under six feet solidly set no fat
broad shouldered dark copper skin
long hair always parted in the middle
descending shoulders
almost white in color and as straight as straw
his brother also broad and strong beyond control
the dark skin almost white hair straight and mystical
while saddled with the nothing but the moment.
Painter painted them, both, now hanging in a museum
leather coated freaks but subtle
painter would pay for any college they wanted, paying them to pose
but Eric and Steven both left school in the grades
too much adults of some other stamp.
Like any young in years they had the immortality
but theirs was more complex
because from several points of views and many mouths
it was believed
they really were
beyond the mortal's laws.

When Steven Beat a Man to Life

And it was not rumor
but it was fact
that an old man driving a car
had a heart attack
accelerating his car into the backend
of Steven's car on a road
both cars stopped in the ditch.
Steven kicked open his car door, rage
he went to the old man's car
and pulled the corpse out

and there, Steven threw it onto the hood
of one of the cars
and punched it,
and beat it so violently
one of the blows must have
struck forcefully on the chest
because the man wheezed suddenly
and revived.

It was later that the medics said
the man had died and been dead
but the beating he received
had shocked his heart to resume
and he recovered living sometime after.
The horror felt, the thought
of Steven beating someone dead
was given credibility but the irony
reflected badly on a living god
if thought wandered too deeply
or confused.

Checks and Balances

Steven was at a party
he was on a couch a long time
he was passed out, his head back
people must have been fucked up and stoned
they left him alone for a couple of hours
but he was discolored
and someone saw his mouth was open
and it was full as a soup bowl with puke
and he was dead as well.
Some people put him in a van
and left the van in the parking lot
of the lighthouse on the point
and that's how he was found
dead with puke in his mouth.
Randy Brown already dwindling
much more now
found staggering and passed out on roadsides
took a bottle of pills and wound up
with his stomach pumped and hospitalized
and while in hospital found a knife
and stabbed his stomach
already so ruptured by the pills
he died right there,
generally, it was thought he blamed
himself for Steven dying having sold the drugs
but many for the same reasons thought

Randy was an angel.

Chuck's Eulogy on the Passing of Steven

There was a party at Schwab's house
the house the out-of-state Adams widow
bought for the Schwab family because
they were poor and she was a summer folk.
It was the party where Schwab's sister
lay on a bed in her darkened bedroom and
townies came in all night long
taking turns on her
who when she got pregnant couldn't name the father
because she lost count and consciousness.
At that party
smoking pipes made out of tin-foil
Chuck challenged anyone on honesty
to feel bad that Steven kicked it
and after some self righteous though mostly high response
everyone agreed they disliked him
and felt a relief that he was dead
when it was clear that that's how the wind was blowing,
Angela said, "I hae-ed him too, Charlie!"
she said it over and over and wouldn't let it go
because she'd rubbed herself on Charlie's neck
along time ago.

Chuck Started Early

Some ways Chuck was early
come ways late.
In grade school went behind
I think two grades
was slow to learn
a cognitive gear off track
or home-life shift to school radical
girls was early.
Me and Chuck was friends
but he got a second life that I just looked on
in the Port, though just two miles on foot for me.
Walter Anderson was legend like a fast reader
or guitar player who knew barred chords
but what Walter did was
drink the most beer.
He put down a case of Budweiser
every night of his adult life.
He was a lobsterman, putting down beers
while working

before setting in to drink at home.
Chuck was walking around on a weekend day once
and Walter invited him in for dinner,
Walter's wife, quiet and kind and reprimanding at once
brought out a bowl of baked potatoes.
Walter put one fat Russet on his plate and said
Baked tater" then hit it with his fist,
steaming potato stuck to and burning the side of his hand
"mashed tater!" He laughed and made Chuck
laugh. He gave Chuck beer to drink
so Chuck started beer at the table
of the master and I was introduced by Chuck to beer
I, once removed from the master.
Chuck got in a beer contest with Stoney once
Stoney won
because Chuck drank a six-pack in two minutes
but threw it up.
To win you have to keep it down.
Some other time later
Chuck's girlfriend called me
I went over
he was passed out naked on the floor
she said he said she didn't love him
and drank a full fifth of vodka on the space
of ten minutes. He got sick and passed out.
I was buzzed and couldn't deal
he woke up and started yelling so I left.
A day later, I went into the apartment
Chuck was cowering naked under the kitchen table
he got over it.

Two Deals

Todd's older brother Tim
played organ at church, hair short
tightlipped and playing the bass pedals
in his socks which always made
me feel too ill to be in church.
But then later with his perfect son appeal
appearance
wooed Mrs. Hutchins who owned the Eastern Inn
a big hotel on the water shut down and closed
since 1956 the calendars still on the wall
enormous building brass beds every room
though needing work because it was so long
boarded up. Todd and Tim came from enough and I knew it with
their father captaining an oil tanker and
their big house and a family too with

houses and land.

So Tim wooed Mrs. Hutchins for two years
just visiting and having tea and who knows what else
but in the end he bought the Inn from her
for they said one hundred thousand dollars
nothing to them though the wonder was that she sold
it, he must have been

just like a son. So he worked on it
investing to bring some summer folks,
just like that,

Big John knew an opportunity, though couldn't
play anything straight
there was a guy who had a fishing boat
a thirty-six foot junk that he'd had
hailed up on his yard

that just collected bird nests now
So Big John took to visiting, right out of nothing,
not even knowing his name
and Big John wooed him with
free cocaine at the kitchen table
and made his prospect hungry for it
more and more

with the endless supply
with the kicker that it was casually raised
that Big John take his boat off the yard
and put it to work
and they make money and shares
but really the plan was
for it to be all for Big John.

He activated accounts on the boat's name "Quest"
that got it gas credit and supplies
and nothing with John's name on it.

And with some tinkering
the Quest was on the water again
with some caulking in the seams
a can of ether to start it up
and an out of the way owner.

The Crew: Rip

Rip stood five foot four
stocky while lean in muscle
hair curled blond with blue eyes heavily lidded
t shirt with blue jeans
or wool shirt and blue jeans dressed.
His speaking mild
he was always a mild man like that
but determined and precise

when in action
a right machine of exactness.
He was made welded to gravity although
not to the earth
more fixed to his own center
by a strong but limber pole
he moved with waves
like born rolling.
If not born
then bound to water
he was working there
for decades of his thirty-eight years he was
when I knew him.
His name was Rip because
he could rip fish out of a net
faster than anyone
and fleck the net down perfectly too
a renaissance man of deck work
flecking and folding nets they
would simply fly back out themselves
and slide beneath the waves snarl and catch free
every inch a perfect ready net,
a hearty and meaningful net.
This was Rip complete
who worked and liked the air
and famously quoted saying
“when my time comes I’m ready”
of any trip on water
and didn’t swim because
“just take longer to drown.”

Crew: Paul

You could see
he was the kind
who could protect another
by standing near or over
as the roof and beams of the man he was
protector guard and wall
who’d been a body guard
until he crashed a car
and that way lost
what minded him protect.

Still powerful, scared across the forehead
he could lift and hit or break
though less decisive
best under guidance now
still capable and worth.
His face, a very big interior
exposed, big gums, lots of teeth
a load billowing voice to come out of it
frequently sang shanties
and old jingles.
His hair was straight and dirty brown,
a blond beard, coarse and straight
and red eyebrows thick but didn't meet.
He was muscled, piled over six feet
and weighing three hundred pounds on his frame
a friendly menace
quickly laughed but on some occasion
seen to cast a sideways glance
of some bad memory signaling an anger deeply sunk.

How we Started

We started the engine every day we went out
pulling up the floor boards
popping off the filter and
spraying hot gas in the engine.
And we went out, and when the storm hit us
we were out of gas straight away as we motored against the wind
and then as quickly, we were swamped, and water rushed in
through the cabin, and I saw
that all my stories left me
and the water and the waves
rushed it all away
and then one moment left, I knew
that this is how it goes,
that all the stories wash away
with every one who washes
away too
and that is how
the stories
always
start
again.

Should you try to pretty it, it is so much later now, to make appear just colors of grey commissions.
Bastard erosions. Invented a father, full blown, made of him a lobsterman, but raised alone, no father,
no marriage, made, to fit what made up in the head, a round head, darted eyes averting to catch a

picture of something away or in a corner to suggest as what to say, for something to tangle onto, for a few selects, no matter, of sense. Linking, to whatever offered up, to be held by a simple handed mind-. As big as life. Blasphemed like a log, covered with moss – some are drifting, some are waterlogged and half soil now - what is the complex reward for the short and simple questions – you should dig in the ground and into the back of your head for answers -. Virus, to invade the chest, long breathing, ratty hair -. String wire teeth, narrow narrow compacted dirt path two sides tall razor grass – nettles -. And, narrow books, and, many other walkways that spread out as if needles on the blowfish or the spiny urchin -... but the urchin and the blowfish are so good to eat -... leave a text, abandoned here or there, let the poor woman, (the poverty of spirit) dream, her words conserving wealth will bring enlightenment to natives who would take from her, in her dream of how the world... spills and spoils -... New dreams come, to recognize my dream in other's words, to see something other forged from the new metal, - this is, to build new dreams – bags of the past is solid, and enough, to pack and pile and pour -.. and make it of a house -... the dreaming of, a simple action over and over, with nothing learned, and each time fresh new new exciting mistakes, the simple act -...

Saw what I did, - saw something, done, saw something going on -... have felt doing, the strength , doing, the desire to resolve -...hatching mutuality... place a tiny speck of something somewhere -... mutual air fuzz, thread balls, collectors, discriminators...switches taped in one position... grinding edges away from objects -...holding onto the railing, supporting weight on one hand...the mind turned inside out... a log of activity, an evidence of activity... weave of sensation, one direction, emotional feeling, the other, a net to catch what... a fabric to clothe who...lands of snakes and spiders...a self contained place, you are within yourself there,... you have no connection out -...might, want, to lash that self to a board that is nailed down -... pressure on the hand -...our feeling for the freedom... to wake from sleep... judge by use of template... lines drawn from converge into a tangle -... the Famous Hotel a row of flags dress the front, a neon blue, it says the same, Famous Hotel. Colored smoke in daylight fireworks, rainbow colors, street is red with firecracker paper. Local god of land. They carry a carving of him, dressed in colorful silk, sitting in a carriage, carried by 6 men who shoulder poles – the poles are flexible and the carriage is made to bounce, so the figure of the god appears like he might be walking by himself -... sitting upright in his carriage -... the god is slightly smaller than human scale, so his walking has a creepy puppet quality -... glass front of the gallery across the street, an artist maintains something inside, doing something, several hours every day -... foreigner -... convinced of something... culture is sometimes strange investigation... to find the door in the dark. Seen shapes, mended. Maybe, changed. Several locations. Alternating compatibility of skin. Wreckers move in the flight of mercy. A belch cloud of steam. It is the moil of dawn.

Intro. Duction of Ker Null

On the basis of a past, is assessed the likelihood of positive future outcome for some as yet unrealized project or thing - . But, positive must be such as some not new project or thing, as based on past- and, if realized must have been at least successful enough and supported enough to be realized, so, it is hoped to realize something having some minimal level of relevance and perhaps "one more" step beyond to make a thing new - so- appear to have a purpose, twice- maybe, time difference, enough to satisfy. So, if the maker agrees to this unsaid contract to honor a minimal quality of past achievement expect a

successful realization, a duplication of the shell, the inner statement nullified by the - repeat - in this way individual development is confined to a personal art history, and creation the singular experience it is, is placed far and invisibly beneath the dressing of continuity.

Ker Null

Face the thing as it speaks this one time, while framing through the toothless tongue-free mouth - neither chews nor tastes - a formulation sits outside abides, and guards, and holds, and imprisons, too, so, we can see what happens in our world.

A

In practice find items with varied levels of give/ flexibility, weight resistance, either attached but loose, heavy but can be picked up/ moved, or, completely inflexible- grade them- in a series- easiest to move, to hardest- use as inhibitions on artist to gather, on different limbs/ parts. A graded simultaneous distribution or, as a series, in a sequence-

B

I validates and points to unique place of each variant and content point of time use -, intentional and external both -, and codifies content, too, - while giving a value place- that is not qualitative like place holders in an equation not stigmatized by size or scale of quantities in application-. The time is in use, the wakefulness validated by presence of purpose and desire for accountability and meaning.

Take a package of 500 sheets of copy/typing paper

bring it out-of-doors and take paper out of packaging

place paper on the ground

wait as if to stand guard

if sheets blow away or move, collect them, wherever they go

end as wished, but all paper that has departed must be collected

use paper for purposes as condition of paper allows - remember the paper's rich adventure

bare the hand of audience (1 person)

several performers converge on the audience member's hand ...

performers perform simultaneously

performer 1 touches hand with feather on wrist and palm

performer 2 rolls ice cube over knuckles

performer 3 holds warm piece of metal to thumb

performer 4 rubs small stone between the fingers

performer 5 sprinkles salt over hand

performer 6 tugs at one of the fingers

performer 7 pinches places where the skin seems loose

this may take place over an afternoon or also very quickly in under 2 minutes

The talk is placed, no room for adornment, looking for the doorway out, a door swings in and blocks the way naturally, the way an animal moves by shift weight from one leg to the other, and put one forward, then the other -. The day self lubricating rain. Spirit flutter, the drawing that doesn't talk, polished surface deflects the wind-. Sleeping deflates living moments. A meditation of the damaged cylindrical move, the pesticide for powdered milk- consciousness(?) is to be digested as would raw vegetable. The story is the stump. The work, the engine, winding, the cold-air temple, the local god of burning ice, they bounce him on the wooden runners in his carriage, three feet tall... the weak alone- bind, one to two, four to eight, double each then compounded the mix – not confused in lines lure burrowed into each other, as the tick – animal becomes the vegetable, something something, or, something of something. Venue residue, went out, consider going, too. It is far to move but far to be too still. The fingers have their life. The hand has knowledge, but, to pull it takes the fingers too. The fingers have the local truth. The hands, they need the fingers too, relating to the venue in the place. Prepare the hand, humility, and special treating. Ways to go. Nine prepared roads, sprinkle of roads, spring of roads, fountain of directions, every sprinkle takes a different way. Go, to decide aside. Force feed desire, force feeding motivations. Tripping fall forward. The brain stroke humbles the hand. The fingers wrestle to move now. The hand should help. The hand should involve, local. The hand should pick up slack, become a friend. The treacherous pathway of words forms a mouthful of broken teeth, a ballet of breaking teeth, bits of white and freed gold held inside the mouth that fills like a lake with warm red liquid. It is a massive induction with a whistle. The unused parts are gathered, it is like a harvest. They, they are collected and logged, not in too, much of order, but, enough, contained. In bags. Of Canvas sack. Cloth. And. In later conditions meeting, bags, emptied the way, in a special imitation of the snake farmer dumps off handed casual and dramatic suddenly from a sack two huge cobras falling into the dust of his yards and angry hissing striking in the air, the rolling spit sound. Striking him his pant leg then the bare skin he will swipe away the way he does a nat... so common to him bite immune by generation snake and man, generation I have seen in lobstermen and fishermen infection free from blood poison harmless bacteria bites them. Drama, presentation. Unused part, conjoined, dramatic in their clusters on the yard, magnetic sucked together gathering into a pile with vertical attraction, up like piles of body growing to the sun, a column way the way of spines, backed up. In the rubble, metal gates are rusted, lowered, walls beside them gone. Brick juts into air, suspended of imitation branch, and tattered, every block a flag beside a stone walled courtyard, through the hole some broken pipe, the cracked ceramic, litter, piles, crazy lady clings to you for walking in uncultivated ground where weeds grow cracks are widened tar reduced, was parking is a broken lot, a government reclaim, a sign, of interest it marks a spot, to look for signs in wandering, a someone tagged it, looking like the masts on fading flags, the unexpected tag of golden circle painted on a door, and mirror on an inside wall and far apart to make you walk -... old army barracks – old soldiers, dead now. Shanties, feral cats, roaming dogs. Cars, driving through the

crumbling road, shortcut somewhere else -. Flags as if in that distant place, some years hence, perhaps, no matter. Collide.